

June 1929

THE RED BOOK

N E



"How to Choose Husbands"

by the authors of
"I've Got Your Number"

An astonishing
Love Story of the
Future

by S. Fowler Wright

who wrote *"Deluge"*

Garet Culkin
Sanning's

First Novel of Youth
Seeking

Excitement"

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦
Laugh of the Season in
HELLMAN'S Flying Story

A new Adventure of
"Iod" by Albert Payson

Waterman's No.

Seven
Points



Seven
Dollars

Red	Yellow	Purple	Pink	Blue	Green	Grey
Standard —Suits most writers. A splendid correspondence point. Medium flexibility. For home and general use.	Rounded —A different pen point. The tip is ball shape. Writes smoothly on any paper in any direction. Suits south-paws.	Stiff, Fine —Writes without pressure. Makes a thin, clear line and small figures with unerring accuracy. Popular with accountants.	Flexible, Fine —As resilient as a watch-spring. Fine, tapered point; ground fine to shade at any angle. Loved by stenographers.	Blunt —An improved stub point. Makes a broad or fine line as desired. Unusual and rapid writers like this pen.	Rigid —Tempered to armor-plate hardness. Will not shade even under heavy pressure. Unequaled for manifolding. The salesman's friend.	Oblique Point —A slanting stub, preferred by those who hold pen at an angle or between fingers.

Why "Number Seven"? To have a sharply distinctive name for a sharply new idea—a color band around the cap to signal at a glance the kind of point. A system original with Waterman's that is revolutionizing pen selection.

Why Seven Points? To permit wide selection by meeting every pen-fancy and pen-need. One of these points will precisely fit your taste, whoever you are.

Why Seven Dollars? To put the most reasonable possible price upon a pen embodying the greatest possible quality—larger ink capacity, simple self-filling device that locks, stainless and perfectly balanced Ripple Rubber holder, and Clip-Cap.

Waterman's number 7 with 7 points at 7 dollars means accurate selection made in a few moments—and satisfaction for life.

At any one of our fifty thousand dealers try all the seven points—the dealers expect it and are glad when you do. One of the 7 is exactly the point you prefer

**Guaranteed Forever
Against All Defects**

L. E. Waterman-Company, 101 Broadway, New York
Boston Chicago Montreal San Francisco

**Use Waterman's Inks
Sold Everywhere**

Waterman's



This soft deceptive Food

THERE are fads and fashions in foods as well as in gowns, and the present generation is committed by custom and the mode, to serving soft, delicious meals—without fibre, without roughage!

Which is precisely why the American nation, the most advanced in dental science, has the greatest burden of gum troubles to bear.

For the human gum needs exercise! Deprived of it by the fare of modern civilization, gums grow weak and unsound. And teeth become affected.

Watch out for "Pink Tooth Brush!"

If ever your tooth brush "shows pink" set it down as a warning that somewhere

on your gum wall a soft spot has come. Unchecked, this tender spot may lead to serious trouble—gingivitis or pyorrhea.

Get after "pink tooth brush" with Ipana and massage. Gently massage your gums twice daily, with your brush or with your fingers. Speed the flow of blood to the tiny cells of the gums—wastes are swept away promptly—depleted tissues are restored—and healthy gums are yours!

Ipana Tooth Paste has a special virtue that gives it power to tone the gums: it contains ziranol—an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by the dental profession. Thousands of dentists recommend Ipana and massage not only for the beauty that it brings to teeth, but for the health it gives to gums.

Give Ipana a full month's test!

We will gladly send you a ten day sample of Ipana, if you will mail the coupon. Even the small sample will show you that Ipana has a delicious taste, and that it keeps the teeth clean and sparkling!

But to demonstrate all of Ipana's good effects in oral health, a longer test is needed. Buy a full-size tube (enough for

*It is harming your gums,
endangering your teeth,
.. protect them both with*

IPANA Tooth Paste

100 brushings) from your druggist. Start to use it tonight. Use it for at least one month. You will be amazed how clean your mouth will feel, how white will be your teeth . . . how healthy your gums.

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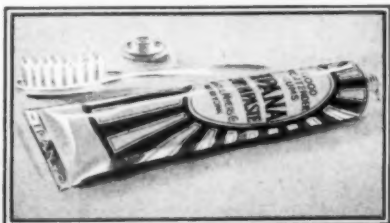
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. G-69
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Teachers KNOW which are the *cleanest* homes



SCHOOL children from nice homes have an advantage . . . are better liked, get more consideration, have better times.

And it's that way all through life. Everywhere we go the people we meet are sizing us up. Very quickly they decide that we are, or are not, from nice homes.

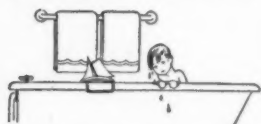
What counts most in winning this ready acceptance? Isn't it *cleanliness*? . . . the deep seated and habitual kind, that must be taught young?



Parents are judged by their children

Teachers cannot help judging one child against the cleanliness of others. Nor can friends or neighbors.

Every child is a little ambassador of his home, and his appearance represents its standard of cleanliness.



Do children take enough baths?

No mother would fail to bathe her small baby every day. For older children, however, daily baths are frequently thought not so necessary. Is that true? Think of the dust and dirt that young-

sters get into, and the germs that baths wash away. Also, the daily bath clears the pores of perspiration waste. Many a fine, clear complexion is endangered by clogged pores in early life.



The "inspirational" method

When it comes to clean clothes there are three principal ways in which mothers can help:

1. By correcting that guilty family feeling that, above all else, "We must keep down the size of the wash this week";
2. By keeping drawers well filled with clean clothes...for father, sister, brother;
3. By being a good advocate herself of fresh, clean clothes, even in the mornings around the house.

It is also mother, and no one else but mother, who must see to the regular changing of bed linen . . . both sheets at least once a week. (Twice a week is better yet.)

Pillow-cases should be changed twice as often as sheets because they soil so quickly as restless heads grind into them the dirt carried from the dusty activities of the day; and because, too,

the pillow-case is exposed to daytime house dust.



Women who cook must wash more often

Careful housewives must also manage:

1. Always to wash before turning to the preparation of food;
2. Always to wash after sweeping, dusting, or other household tasks;
3. To so schedule the sweeping, dusting and cleaning that the whole house, every day, is a splendid lesson in the cheerfulness and importance of cleanliness.



"The brightest corner on earth"

Clean, genial, cordial homes . . . is there anything finer? . . . or anything that can be counted on more surely to teach a deep-down, daily lesson of all-around cleanliness?

And isn't it those seemingly secondary things like fresh curtains, scrubbed woodwork, and clean linens regularly that have most of all to do with making any place, modest or pretentious, a happy haven . . . a real home?

To men nearing 40 with nothing *definite* in sight

HENRY FORD once said, "I think that much of the advice given to young men about saving money is wrong. I never saved a cent until I was 40 years old. I invested in myself—in study, in mastering my tools, in preparation. Many a man who is putting a few dollars a week into the bank would do much better to put it into himself."

Mr. Ford had nothing at 40—except more knowledge than his competitors. At 50 he was one of the richest men in the world.

The men who make their money after 40 are those who have learned to do business quicker, with a surer touch, a sounder judgment. It is surprising how large a percentage of these men have, at some time, written their names on the lists of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

Does this mean that they have read through completely the great business library of Institute texts? Does it mean that they have followed every lecture? Probably not.

What it means is this. A man says to himself:

1. "If I can get one really good new idea a month I shall have 12 advantages a year over my competitors."

2. Or, "These Institute volumes are the boiled-down essence of thousands of volumes. By giving me a quick answer to problems they will help me to move faster than my competitors."

3. Or, "Until now I have relied mostly on my youth and energy. From now on I must rely more on my judgment. This Institute Service will help me on any question I submit. I can enrol myself in a partnership



with the Institute for a cost of a few cents a day."

With men who are approaching 40, and whose minds are working along these lines, the officers of the Institute would like to engage in correspondence. Perhaps the best way to begin is to clip the coupon and read the stimulating little book which it will bring. But if you prefer to write more at length, giving your personal problem in detail, your letter will receive the personal and confidential attention of the executive vice-president.

Forty is a turning-point. Either a man feels himself in a blind alley and gets discouraged, or he gets his second wind. He finds that it is possible—by a very easy investment of time

and money—to equip himself to do more business, quicker business and sounder business than his competitors. Such men, like Henry Ford, make their personal fortunes in the forties.

Our files contain the names of hundreds of such men. We invite you to let us write *you* more fully.

Announcing Three New Management Courses

The rapid developments in modern business have brought increasing demands for an extension of Institute service.

To meet this demand the Institute now offers three new Management Courses in addition to its regular Modern Business Course and Service. These are a Course and Service in:

- 1—Marketing Management
- 2—Production Management
- 3—Finance Management

These new Courses are of particular interest to younger executives who want definite training in the management of the particular departments of business in which they are now engaged.

The details of this interesting development in business training are included in the booklet which the coupon will bring you. Send for it.

To the Alexander Hamilton Institute, 839 Astor Place, New York City. (In Canada address Alexander Hamilton Institute, Ltd., C. P. R. Building, Toronto.)

Send me the latest edition of "Forging Ahead in Business" which includes a description of the new Management Courses.

NAME _____

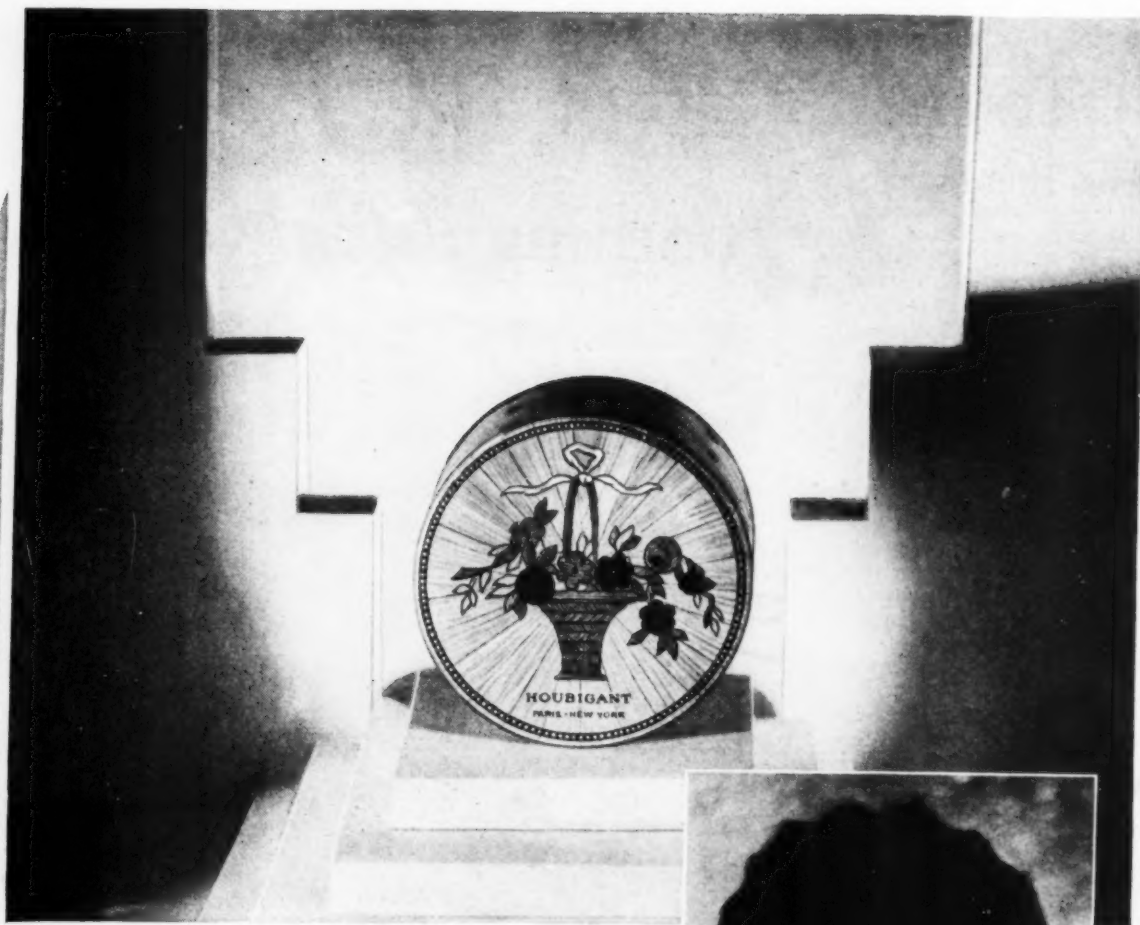
BUSINESS ADDRESS _____

BUSINESS POSITION _____



ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE

Executive Training for Business Men



Face Powder Quelques Fleurs and Ideal

The last touch, the crowning bestowal to the makeup is—face powder. Upon its perfection everything depends. Before its importance price is as nothing. The toilette of your complexion needs the suave, caressing smoothness—the lasting, invisible adherence—the exquisite natural coloring, that only Face Powder Houbigant can assure. Alluringly fragranced with the supreme parfums—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Mon Boudoir, Subtilite and Le Temps des Lilas—it is obtainable in your most complimentary shade—Rachel, Naturelle, Rachel Soleil, Ocre. Rosee, Ocre-Rosee or Blanche.



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VOL. LIII, No. 2

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Photo by Underwood

RUFUS KING

"Lieutenant Valcour of the police" became famous promptly upon his appearance in "Double Murder" in the pages of this magazine. No wonder, for he is an actual and very famous detective with his name and situation altered.

Rufus King has recorded another extraordinary case of Lieutenant Valcour; and we will give you next month the first chapters of the startling and fascinating mystery—

"The Murder in the Storm"

Subscription price: \$2.50 a year in advance. Canadian postage 50c per year. Foreign postage \$1.00 per year.

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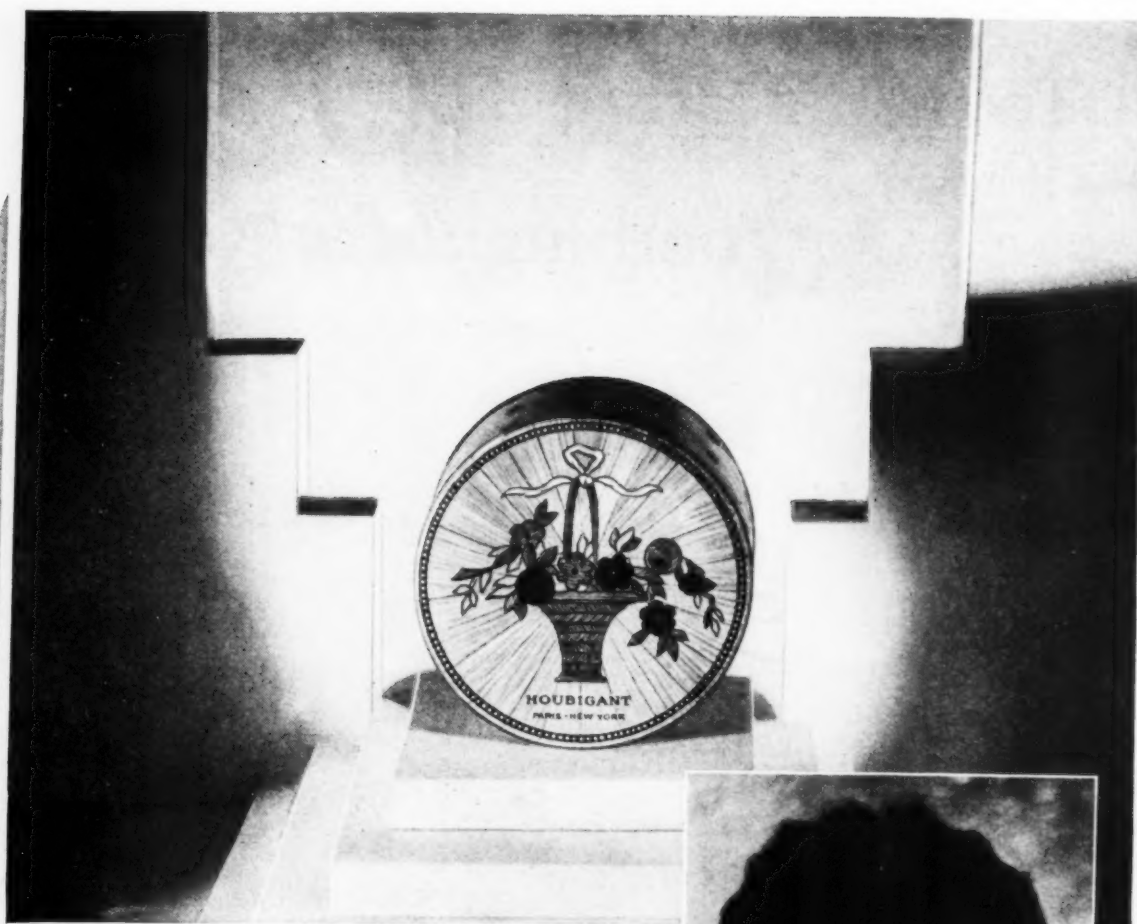
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Mothers—Fathers—Daughters—

By LAURA I. MATTOON

National Secretary, Camp Directors' Association

IT WAS Parents' Visiting Day at a Girls' Camp—one of the merriest days of all the summer. There had been events on land staged to test the skill and prowess of the fathers. The mothers, in proud array, occupied comfortable seats under the trees and fondly surveyed their stalwart husbands and nut-brown, husky daughters. There had been the contests in archery, base-ball, and log sawing, and now the water sports were in progress: swimming, diving, and life-saving—no! Life-saving was ruled out as none of the fathers could "break holds" except by methods known only to bullies—gun-wale riding, tilting, canoeing for form—no! that also was ruled out to spare the "feelings"—of the fathers.

Two fathers stopping to gasp for breath stood side by side watching their frolicsome daughters. "Say, old chap, do you know that when this next generation visits its children in camp that it will not be a day just for fathers and daughters but a day for *mothers* and *fathers* and *daughters*. Can you imagine these brown, hard-muscled damsels sitting over there under the trees while their husbands and daughters gayly sport in the lake? By

Jove! They will not. Those mothers will be right in the water giving us a run."

"You're right," said the second father. "This very morning I asked my wife to hurry into her suit so that we could reach Camp in time for the morning dip with the girls. Instead, she insisted upon my taking her to the 'Far-away beach.' Will that happen in 1950? Not much! This kind of summer vacation for our girls works wonders. They become such good comrades, not only with me but with their brothers."

"Yes, indeed," said the first father. "Every fall when the two girls return, I am amazed at their increased interest in home affairs—in the doings of their brothers, their mother's plans. And say, have you noticed another thing? Does your daughter take disappointments, failures, and other knockouts standing on both feet?"

"Does she? I'll say she does. These camps are giving the next generation not only a big boost toward better health but also toward more sensible mental attitudes. Come on, there goes the whistle, let's get in that next event."

Editor's Note—When we asked Miss Laura I. Mattoon, Secretary of the Camp Directors' Association, to write an editorial for us about the influence of the summer camp, she responded with the significant little story printed above.

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE'S CAMP SECTION

SUMMER CAMPS AND SCHOOLS FOR BOYS AND FOR GIRLS
NEW ENGLAND STATES



CAMP E HAWEE

FOR GIRLS 8-20

In beautiful Wolfeboro, N. H. Just a good, reliable camp. Land and water sports. Free horseback riding. Sleeping cabins. Moderate rate. Booklet.

MRS. & MRS. A. O. CHRISTIANSEN
69 E. High St. AYON, MASS.

WAUKEELA CAMP

FOR GIRLS—CONWAY, N. H.

All land and water sports. Horseback, canoe and hiking trips a specialty. Skilled instructors and completely equipped camp. Booklet on request.

Miss Frances A. Davis, Director
30 Bay State Road Boston, Mass.

CAMP CONTENT

GIRLS UNDER 18

Lake Sunapee Region. All Sports—Simple regime—Responsible Supervision—Riding and Dramatic Features. Crafts and Dancing. Inside Housing—House Mother—Auto Trips. Rate \$225.

Elizabeth Griffin, A. G., Director,
St. Faith's School, Saratoga Springs, New York.

KINEOWATHA

WILTON, MAINE

A recreational camp for girls with separate tutoring unit. Booklet of either sent on request.

ELISABETH BASS WILTON, MAINE

For Your Vacation—SILVER SANDS

Grace Christie Camp of Rhythm For Women and Girls. On Lake Sebago, Raymond, Maine. Relaxation—Strength—Poise—Grace—Abundant Vitality—through Rhythm. Games and water sports. Circular. GRACE CHRISTIE STUDIO, 1 West 47th Street, New York City.

MOLLOCKETT

FOR GIRLS
10-18

Camp for individual development, Fryeburg, Me. Mountain, river, lake trips. Riding, dancing, screened cabins. Christian clientele. Booklet. Principal and Mrs. Rudolf Sussmann, Owner Directors, High School, Reading, Mass.

MOOSEHEAD

For Girls 8-14. Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Me.

Ideally located. All land and water sports. Many features. Special Trips. 42 B. Lanes. Licensed Guide. Experienced Counselors.

Ann v. D. Singler, Box R. Calvert School, Baltimore, Md.

CAMP SEBOWISHA

For Girls

Indian Lake, Greenwood, Maine. Real Camp Life. All land and water sports, specializing in swimming, dramatics, and handicrafts. Complete equipment. Excellent supervision. Resident nurse. Mrs. E. B. Hesse.

610 Cedarhurst Ave. Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.

T-LEDGE CAMP

for Girls of all ages

ORR'S ISLAND, MAINE. An ideal camp on the wooded Maine Coast. All land and water sports. Write for booklet.

Mrs. N. B. Knorr, Director, ORR'S ISLAND, MAINE

WAWENOCK—OWAISSA

Camp on Lake Sebago for 50 girls. 200 acres; mile of shore. Free horseback riding every day. Trips into White Mountains. Land and water sports. WAWENOCK, separate camp for little boys 4-10, rate \$200. Catalog. Mr. and Mrs. Elroy O. LaCasse, Box A, Fryeburg Academy, Fryeburg, Maine.

CAMP WICHITTEE

WEST DRESDEN, ME. Girls 8 to 18. All sports and crafts. Moderate rate.

MISS HARRIETT M. BALCOM,
30 Harrington St. REVERE, MASS.

FRENCH ECOLE CHAMPLAIN

CAMP
FOR
GIRLS

On Lake Champlain. Recreational camp program PLUS FRENCH as a living language. Land and water sports, riding, and mountain trips. Sixth season.

EDWARD D. COLLINS, Ph. D., Middlebury, Vermont, Box R.

TEELA-WOOKET

For Girls THE HORSEBACK CAMP Roxbury, Vt. A wonderful land in Green Mountains. Famous for its fine saddle horses, free riding and thorough instruction in horsemanship. NO EXTRAS. Booklet.

MR. and MRS. C. A. RUTY, 10 Bowdoin Street, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

OGONTZ WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP FOR GIRLS

EAGER, healthy girls in a glorious 600-acre playground. Meadow, woodland trails, piney hills sloping to the lake. Two horseback rides a week under West Point Cavalry officer included in fee. Golf, archery, rifle range, aquaplaning. All sports, including golf. New sailboat. Program and optional days. Electricity, running water. Stage, dance floor. Log Hall Club for older girls. Direction Ogontz and Rydal schools for girls. Catalog. Ogontz School, Rydal, Pa.



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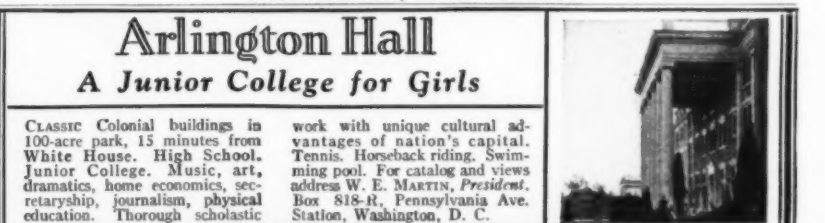
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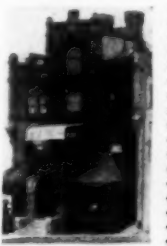


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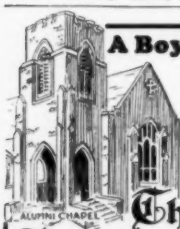
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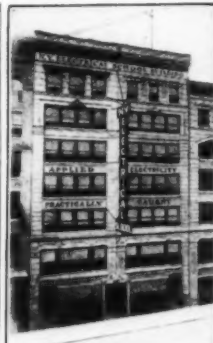
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NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

***The Disease-of-Neglect Ignores Teeth, Attacks Gums—and Health is Sacrificed**

As your dentist will tell you, the daily brushing of teeth is not enough. For there's a grim foe that ignores the teeth, even the whitest teeth, and launches a severe attack on neglected gums. It ravages health. It often causes teeth to loosen in their sockets and fall out. And it takes as its victims 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. It is Pyorrhea.

Don't let white teeth deceive you into thinking that all is well. Provide protection now. It is easier than relief. For when diseases of the gums are once contracted only expert dental treatment can stem their advance.

Have your dentist examine teeth and gums thoroughly at least once every six months. And when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously. For additional prophylaxis use the dentifrice made for the teeth and gums as well . . . Forhan's for the Gums.

Once you start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night, you'll quickly note a distinct improvement in the condition of your gums. They'll look sounder, pinker. They'll feel firmer.

As you know, Pyorrhea and other diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, the way Forhan's cleans teeth and safeguards them from decay will delight you.

Don't wait until too late. To insure the coming years against disease, start using Forhan's regularly. Get a tube from your druggist. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.



Forhan's for the Gums is more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

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Women everywhere gave three cheers when 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate created the **PIECES OF 8** (Trade Mark Registered) idea two years ago. Instead of the usual, short-handed half dozen of each piece, here was a silver service with a full eight of each in the essential knives, forks, and spoons . . . Now, for 1929, 1847 ROGERS BROS. steps ahead again. The new **PIECES OF 8** set comes in a Paris designed modern-art silver-and-gold tray as illustrated. \$44.75 brings you this famous 34-piece set of the world's most illustrious silverplate, with the tray included! You can see this new 1929 **PIECES OF 8** set at any silverware counter, or write for booklet F21 to Dept. E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut . . . Salesrooms: New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Canada: International Silver Company of Canada, Limited . . . Hamilton, Ontario.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SERVICE

By Angelo Patri

Decoration by Franklin Booth

SERVICE is the high art of living, and few among us, it must be confessed, have learned its rudiments. We too often offend by offering our cup of cold water in a grudging spirit. We grumble and grouch about "the no-account people about this place who wouldn't know the door was open unless I shoved them through it." We render some trifling service in the line of our duty and manage to convey to those concerned that we alone bear the burden and heat of the day. "If it weren't for us—"

Service must wear the guise of gayety and gentleness. There ought to be a hint of pink roses in her hair, dimples in her cheeks, and a suggestion of something other than bills for service rendered in her hands. Her voice should rival the bird's of the springtime, though men be plunged to the depths in the winter of their discontent. Clear to the eye as the very plain pikestaff, she must wear the cloak of invisibility. Joy lurks in her smile, and in her presence magic.

For we never quite lose that first quaint charm of childhood when we were so close to the understanding of all mysteries and wove spells and laid enchantments that dissolved stone walls and bastions into airy nothingness, set wings to seven-league boots, banished time and distance, and

ruled right merrily in our rose-hued world. Now, as then, at the first hint of harsh reality we draw our help from the distant radiance.

No fairy godmother rises to offer sword and wings and wealth untold, but her spirit that ever dwells in you and me stands ready to serve. It may be your turn to serve today—it may be mine; and forthwith we drop the drab garments of self, and take on the invisible selflessness of the serving spirit.

The world goes forward on the hands of the workers, but it is proved among us that it cannot go far on efficiency alone. Into each bit of labor, if it is to endure, must go some little of the magic of service. Would you have your name written in the hearts of men? Then serve them gladly. Let yours be the hand that is stretched and ready at the first call, never obviously, never self-seeking, but in pure selflessness in the joy of the serving.

The world has enough of the bitterness of efficiency. The letter of the law is a deadly thing, driving the milk of human kindness out of shop and office and mill, until all joy in service is lost in drudgery. It is not enough to do a job well. It is not sufficient to meet obligations promptly and justly. The spirit of service must breathe life into the work of our hands, or it perishes—and we along with it.



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The Vamp Explains

How do I get 'em when girls who are prettier
Sulk in the shadows without any beaux?
How do I hold 'em when frills who are wittier
Sit on the side-lines in suitorless rows?

Baby, it's simple:
I giggle and dimple,
Bug-eyed and thrilling
At what they are spilling.

Then—and it works with the clever or blunderful—
This is the hook and the line and the bait:
"Oh, you are Wonderful!
My, you are Great!"

Strong silent dumb-bell or keen intellectual,
They're all the same to the dame who is wise.
Always the worshipping pose is effectual;
Always they fall for the awe in your eyes.

"Oh!" them and "My!" them—
It's sure to get by them.
Greet with rapt cooings
Their words and their doings.

Cave-man or chorus-man, poor man or plunderful,
All of them eat up that stuff by the plate.
Tell 'em they're Wonderful!
Tell 'em they're Great!

Never waste time on a line that is humorous;
Girls who are "brilliant" are left on the shelf.
See that your gasps and your "splendids" are numerous—
Keep the poor simp all wrapped up in Himself.

Do it with finish,
And then—when you're wed—
You can diminish
The size of his head.

But, with the tame or the wild and the thunderful,
Till you have reached that connubial state,
Tell him he's Wonderful!
Tell him he's Great!

By
BERTON
BRALEY

Decoration
by
John Held, Jr.

Photo by
De Haven Studios
New York



MARSHALL FRANTZ:

If one were not reluctant to pun, one might remark upon the singular fitness of Mr. Frantz's militant given name; for he has come in for a prodigious lot of battling. Born in Russia, he arrived in America, aged three, per steerage. Philadelphia became the family's home, and here he spent his early life. In high school he had won distinction with his ability at drawing. At graduation there was among the rewards a scholarship to an industrial art school. Young Frantz claimed it, and used it so well that at the end of a year he won a prize for the best work in all departments. The need of making a living had now become imperative. He obtained work in a department store, but contrived to devote his evenings to study. Soon by dint of diligent saving, he managed a trip to New York to lay his work before the serried ranks of art editors. A premature venture! Undaunted, he went back to Quaker town, and during the next seven or eight years returned again and again to attack the sacred editorial circles of New York with a new armful of his work. Eventually he got a job on the art staff of one of the Philadelphia papers, stayed there a year, and again went to New York. This time the story was a different one; he "connected," and today, ten years' struggle behind him, he is going to "do it all over again." Having earned a reputation as an illustrator, he now aspires to become a portrait painter. So absorbed is he in his new studies that hobbies do not exist for him.



DOROTHY FOSTER: In her native Philadelphia Miss Foster had a convent education. She later studied dancing, posed for Mr. Frantz, and coming to New York, made her first appearance before the public via the films. Just then Mr. Ziegfeld was getting together his amazing collection of beauties for one of his gorgeous productions, and Miss Foster did not escape coming to the ken of his eagle eye—nor tried to. She is now one of the particular ornaments in "Show Boat." It is not her intention to succeed by merely looking handsome. Indeed, she is busily engaged in the study of voice and of the drama. Still, she manages to save some time to pose for Mr. Frantz.

Photo by
Mitchell
New York

DOROTHY MEAD: It was, says Miss Mead, quite a long time before she discovered that she was born to any particular purpose, in Louisville, Kentucky. She took lessons in art from some of the best dealers in that sort of education in her home town. Picture-making was then looked upon by most Louisvillians as an unimportant adjunct to a general education. However, her hard-working fellow-students went about their tasks with such ardor that she soon fell into their ways, learned quickly, and one day took a train for New York, intending to put her knowledge to practical purpose. Costume designing offered that chance. She took it and succeeded. By now art had become her obsession. She began to fear it, and even resorted to music. No use. She drew for advertisements, made show-cards, then flopped back again to music—vocal, instrumental. Same story! Presently she was decorating furniture, boxes, lamp-shades; she painted frocks and even wore them. Again music. Then fashion editing. Then music—art—music—at irregular intervals for fifteen years; then the complete shift. She found her real medium—pastel, and sold her very first portrait so painted. Came applause, orders, a studio of her own, without fear of the rent man. She had "arrived."



Photo by
Apella
New York



VIRGINIA MORTIMER: She is the lady who poses for most of Miss Mead's drawings. Born in Texas, she came, via vaudeville, dancing into Broadway, and is at present in the cast of "Hello Yourself." Intent upon improving her proficiency in fancy stepping, she came one day to a certain building where dwelt a famous teacher of the dance. The word "studio" meant to her something terpsichorean, and when she came to a door so labeled, she promptly entered and found herself confronting an artist busy before his easel. She would have backed out, had she not been fascinated by the, to her, strange spectacle of a first-rate limner "creating." Evidently she was welcome, and she stayed to pose. Since then many famous artists have perpetuated her charms, among them Everett Shinn—indeed, she is the original of a recently much discussed picture by him.



Photo by Rossi, New York

DOROTHY DAWES: Port Jervis, New York, is a beautiful city; but Dorothy, its native daughter, was eager to leave it for New York Town, and in time, she did. Presenting herself as an aspirant to movie fame, she was quickly engaged, and eventually became leading woman with several independent producers. Then the wave of re-financing and merging did away with the smaller picture companies, and the capitol of moviedom moved to the Pacific Coast. Miss Dawes became a teacher of the dance for three years. Now she devotes much of her time to posing; and has become particularly popular. She is a brunette, and has green eyes. Horseback riding is her passion, and she has at it whenever her time permits.

ERNEST R. BURGGRAPH

The very first people to hear of Ernest were the inhabitants of Downers Grove, Illinois, where he was born. An older brother had done splendidly in commercial art, and the younger resolved to do likewise. A public school interested him mildly, which is not to be wondered at, with his plans for the future. No sooner was he out of that institution of learning than he galloped to Chicago, and into a "studio job." A quick learner, he readily absorbed all that this establishment could teach, and saw that art, to be good, must be individual. So he set up his own studio. In a little while he had so many satisfied customers that he was able to take time to improve his technique in the studios of the Fine Arts Academy and the Palette and Chisel Club. He liked Chicago, liked his work, liked his fellow-workers, but said to himself: "To make a good job of me, I've got to go to New York." The thing Ernest likes better than almost any other is doing a good job; so East he went. Came the war, and he was now Private Burggraf, U. S. A., A. E. F. After the big fight was over he stayed on a couple of years in Paris, and acquired a lovely studio in Montmartre. Also, he looked around Italy. Now he is back in New York, and is a prominent Sunday golfer, which perhaps accounts for his still unmarried state.



Models and Artists Series

CARL J. MUELLER: Mueller, Senior, was a journalist in Cleveland, Ohio, and when his son was born it was assumed that the literary population of Mr. Rockefeller's favorite metropolis was thereby increased by one. The young man grew up in tacit accord with the idea of a pre-ordained vocation, and even during his high-school period he did reportorial work for the Cleveland press. Incidentally he attended the Cleveland School of Art. Suddenly came the great event that definitely shaped his future. In a competition of art students' work he took first honors! He was now seventeen, and announced to his surprised progenitors that henceforth he would be a devotee of the pencil, the brush and whatnot, and would they please see that he might have a couple of years at the Art Students League in New York? Winning their consent, he went through two years of ardent and enthusiastic academic labor, paying his expenses by illustrating advertising copy, a field he continued tilling after his student days were over. Also he married, remained in New York to work, and chose to do his living in the wondrous *faubourg* of Westport, Conn.



PHYLLIS INGRID BERGLIN:

Sometimes the desire to act is overpowering to those of Viking lineage, and the blood of Ibsen and Björnson. So strong was that urge in Miss Berglin that she ran away from her home in Brooklyn and right into the cast of "The Song and the Flame." With that show she toured and was with it when it returned to New York and disbanded. Now she began posing as a tide-over until her next engagement, which came presently and took her to Texas and Cuba. When she resumed posing, she found one of her pleasantest tasks in working with Mr. Mueller. Between posing and acting she aptly describes her work as "two-timing the arts." At present she is a member of a stock company in Hoboken, N. J. Her pet recreations are dancing and horseback riding.



Photo by DeBarron Studios, New York

In Paris: LINA CAVALIERI



Portrait, by Argnani, of Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful opera star, who now conducts a smart beauty shop in Paris. Mme. Cavalieri's own loveliness is proof of the wisdom of her beauty advice.

*celebrated beauty
specialist*

**advises washing for beauty
with this palm and
olive oil soap**

"In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend the soap blended of palm and olive oils. It leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Lina Cavalieri

61 AVENUE VICTOR EMMANUEL III, PARIS

LINA CAVALIERI has stepped off the operatic stage to share her beauty knowledge with the world's smartest women.

Ensclosed in her sumptuous salon, on the Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, Lina Cavalieri tells her patrons of a simple home beauty treatment. "I find," she says, "that a soap blended of palm and olive oils, by cleansing the pores thoroughly, leaves the skin in a smooth, healthy condition."

Madame Cavalieri has made an extensive study of beauty methods both in Europe and America. "I am visited by some of the most famous beauties of two continents," she says. "In addition to my own beauty products, I always recommend them to use Palmolive Soap."

When dirt, dust, oil, powder and rouge get into the pores they are choked up. To these poisonous secretions Madame Cavalieri attributes blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores, blemishes.



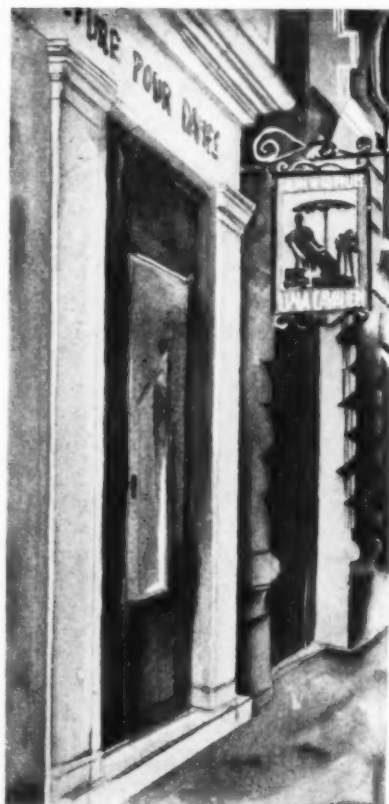
Retail Price 10c

Palmolive lather, Madame Cavalieri feels, frees those hardening masses of dirt and make-up, leaves the complexion soft and glowing with healthful color.

This opinion has long been held by beauty specialists of prominence throughout the United States. They, too, recommend this famous twice-a-day treatment which Cavalieri suggests to her discriminating clientele:

With both hands make a bland lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. For two minutes, massage this well into the skin. Then rinse, gradually cooling the water to icy temperature. For dry skin, a touch of cold cream. Oily skin is refreshed by an astringent lotion and day cream before make-up is applied.

Not only in America but in Vienna, Berlin, London, Rome—everywhere one finds the same approval and recommendation of this 2-minute beauty treatment. France has made Palmolive one of its two largest selling soaps... think of it, France, the beauty dictator of two hemispheres. And in forty-eight other countries, of all soaps it is the choice, just as it is here in the United States.



Cavalieri's Salon de Beauté, 61 Avenue Victor Emmanuel III, where she advises famous beauties of two continents on the care of the skin.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time, 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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ART DIRECTOR: HENRY A. THIEDE

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

The Chatter of Fair Women

By BRUCE BARTON

A MAN who was lunching with me suggested that I glance around the crowded restaurant and note the difference between the actions of the men and women.

"Where there are four women at a table," he said, "all four are talking at once. Where there are four men, one talks and three listen. At some of the tables you will see two men, who have finished their luncheon, smoking their cigars and not talking at all."

He then went on to make some uncomplimentary remarks about the amount of useless chatter indulged in by the fair sex. The inference was that because men talk less they presumably think more.

I asked him if he knew why it is that some women chatter, and he answered that he supposed it is because they are built that way.

"There's a more scientific reason," I replied. "I do not claim credit for discovering it. I got it from my friend Miss Ida Tarbell, who discussed it with me one day and subsequently wrote a magazine article about it."

Miss Tarbell said that she was riding on a train, and in a Pullman seat across the aisle there was a young mother with a two-year-old baby. It was raining.

The mother pointed out the window. "Rain," she said, "rain." Over and over again she repeated it, until

finally the baby puckered his little lips and emitted a sound that was almost like "Rain."

"That is the reason why women chatter," said Miss Tarbell. "Because for a million years they have had to chatter to their young. On them devolves the interminable task of teaching each new generation to talk."

Insurance actuaries have proved that married men live longer, on the average, than bachelors. There are obvious reasons for this: better food, comfortable homes, settled habits. But one reason the actuaries have overlooked. They never refer, in their reports, to the soothing and healing influence of women's chatter.

A bachelor goes home to a silent room and retires with his work and his worries. A husband may go home with a mind equally distraught, but he is presently supplied with other and quite different thoughts.

"Willie has passed his geography examination. The Pattersons are expecting a new baby. Mother writes that Father's rheumatism is much better, and they may stop off to see us on their way south. Helen is going to have an operation. And who do you think I saw at the club? You'd never guess in a hundred years."

There are doubtless many things in the world that should be changed, curtailed or legislated against. But not the ladies' chatter.

Prestige

The glory of past triumphs and the power to win fresh laurels. The word that stands for reputation based on ability, success and service.

Fit name then for the chocolates that sum up the best skill and tradition of eighty-seven years' fine candy making — Whitman's PRESTIGE CHOCOLATES.

At \$2.00 a pound, Prestige Chocolates give value plus the pleasant consciousness that you are getting absolutely the finest thing of its kind. Every piece of chocolate in the package is a Prestige special. When you wish to give a very particular gift—send a Prestige.

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Decoration by
Frederick J. Garner

THE VIKINGS, putting back and forth in their swift sharp-prowed vessels, had commenced the settlement of Iceland as early as the year 870; and it was when sailing from one of the Iceland ports that Gunnbjörn sighted islands to the west.

Eric the Red determined to visit the strange lands, and in 982 he explored new coasts which, upon his return to Iceland in 985, he called Greenland "in order to make people more willing to go there."

He found them so willing that he set sail with twenty-five ships and established the Greenland colony.

Then one Biarni, on the way from Iceland to Greenland, was blown out of his course and sighted new lands to the southwest; and Leif Ericsson (son of Eric the Red) determined to have a look at these lands; and thus, in the year 999, he came upon the mainland of America.

Thorfinn Karlsefni led the first great expedition to colonize the American mainland. He had arrived in Greenland in 1002 and married Gudrid, widow of Red Eric's son Thorstein. He set out with three vessels, one hundred and sixty men and some women, including Gudrid and Freydis, a daughter of Eric the Red.

They sailed a long time till they found a coast with "self-sown wheat-fields" (corn) and fish and caribou in abundance; "and their cattle thrived there. They built houses up from the water, some nearer and others farther away."

They remained half a month before, early one morning, a great

number of canoes approached. As a sign of peace, the Norsemen took a white shield and held it out towards the visitors. The natives came ashore, remained awhile "gazing around in wonder" and went away. The Norse dwelt there that winter. "No snow fell, and the cattle fed themselves outside."

In spring the Skraelings (as the Norse called the natives) reappeared in skin boats, "so many that the sea appeared to be sewn with coals." They were peaceful and traded skins for colored cloth, and the barter went on until a bull bellowed and scared the Skraelings away.

Three weeks later they returned: "They swung poles against the sun and shouted loudly." The Norsemen carried red shields against them, and fighting began.

The Skraelings had war-slings and raised on poles a large ball with which they fought. The Norsemen, outnumbered, retired to some rocky hillocks. . . . "Freydis came out and saw how they retreated. Finding Thorbrand killed with a stone in the head, she took up his sword, whetted it; and the Skraelings took fright and ran to their boats."

Many Skraelings and only two Norsemen had fallen; but the advantage of the Skraelings in numbers was too great.

It was the helplessness of the few against the many, when the whites had no better weapon than sword and shield, that led to the abandonment of America by the Europeans who were the first to come.

Playboy

By
Gene
Markey

HERE is youth and a high heart—and the feeling for romance which made notable Mr. Markey's "Stepping High" and that great singing success, "Close Harmony," which he wrote in collaboration with Elsie Janis.

THE storm howled savagely in from the sea and across Long Island, sluicing the clay road with black torrents of rain. St. George Vibart drove slowly, for the headlights were ineffectual, and the winding wet road was only revealed by intermittent lightning-flashes. Yet somehow the fury of the storm echoed his own exultant mood. One of his hands left the wheel and found a hand of the girl beside him.

"I'm terribly happy," he said.

And Alicia said: "So am I."

"Not afraid?"

"Of the storm? No. I'm so glad to get away from all those people."

"I thought driving up to town tonight would be a brilliant idea—the only brilliant idea I've ever had, in fact." Saint laughed. "I'm not very bright."

"You're everything I want in the world."

"Then nothing else matters." He turned to her, and her eyes looking up at him were like dark stars.

"Darling!" he said.

In that instant, as if the little gods would not be cheated of their laughter, the car swerved abruptly and skidded into a shallow ditch. With a deft twist of the wheel Saint kept it from turning over.

"Sorry," he muttered.

"I don't mind," Alicia, the thoroughbred, had shown not a tremor of fear.

The car settled into a deep puddle. Saint threw it in first speed, and turned its nose toward the bank. It was a foreign car, powerfully motored, and it responded with a roaring plunge out of the ditch. But the wheels, hitting the slippery clay, whirled futilely. Again he headed it up the bank, and again. Each time the car made a gallant struggle, only to swoosh slowly, helplessly back into the water.

"All we need is a boat," Saint said; and crawling out into the rain, he waded around in the mud, searching for planks to put under the wheels.

"Please," she called. "Come back—you'll be drenched."

He got into the car silently, and by a lightning flare she saw that his face was very grave. "It's no go," he said. "We're stuck. And on this out-of-the-way road nobody's likely to come by. We'll simply have to sit here till morning."

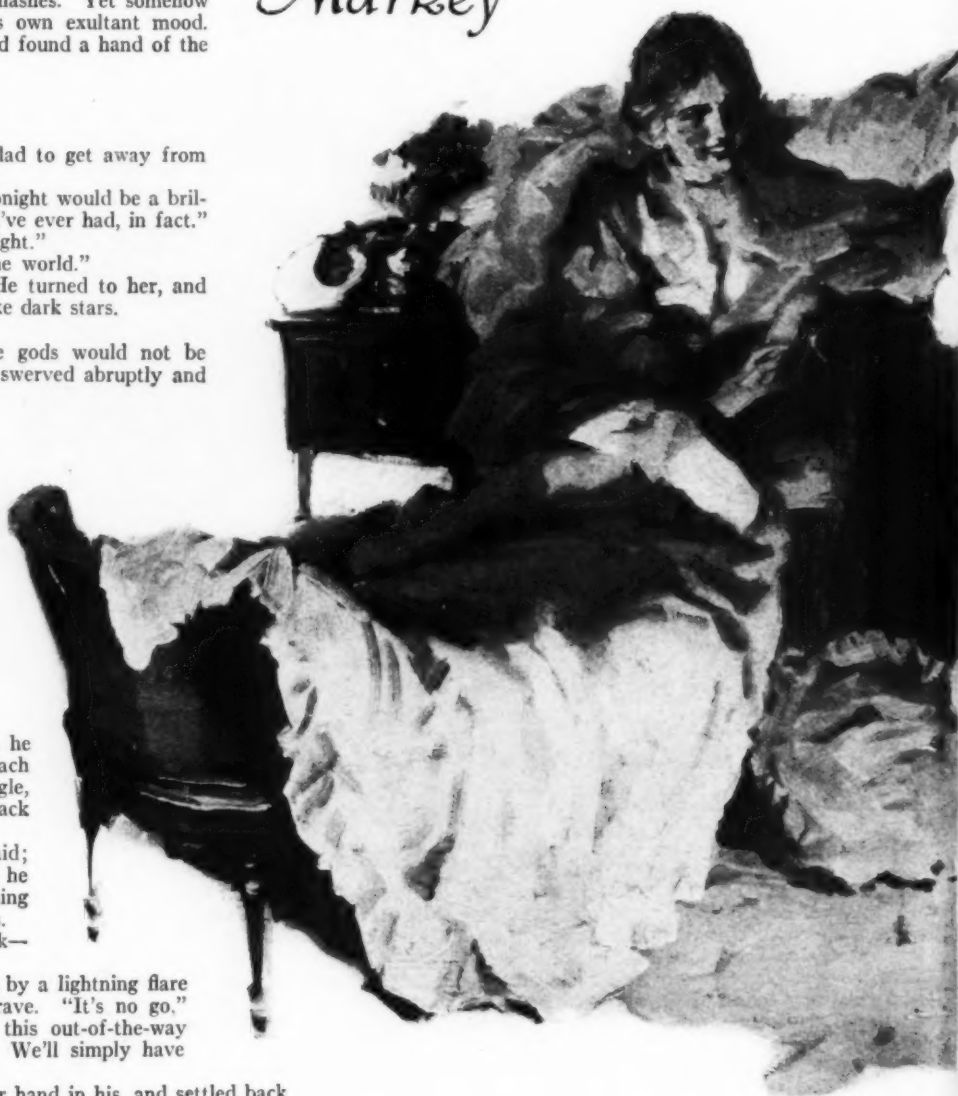
"I don't care," Alicia slipped her hand in his, and settled back with a contented sigh. "It's a lot better than Paxton's house-party."

Saint stirred with a sudden uneasiness. Would his bad reputation always be coming back like a ghost to haunt him? How awkward if he and Alicia were forced to spend the night here! More than awkward—if David Thane, the steel master, found it out.

And sensing his fear, David Thane's daughter said: "Father isn't likely to know. He'll think we came up with the others in the morning."

"But if he *should* find out?" worried Saint. "He just wouldn't understand—"

"Probably not," Alicia said. "Father's a darling, but he's been on so many morals committees—he believes there's nothing but wickedness in the world."



"Naturally he won't think much of me. . . . And when I tell him I want to marry you—well, he'll believe all the things he's heard. It's funny how the newspapers can make a bum of anybody."

"But that's all past." Her voice was gentle, and the clasp of her cool, firm fingers reassured him. "Everything's going to be different now."

And while the storm raged and beat about their stranded car, they sat close together, talking through the May night, unmindful of the rain splashing in upon them under the canvas top; and they were completely happy, as only young people who have been in love less than three weeks can be.

Illustrated by
William Meade
Prince



"I'll stay," he said; and late into the night they sat together before the fire, talking of many things with the intimacy that had been theirs before her second marriage.

And toward morning, Alicia fell asleep there in the protecting curve of his arm.

SAINT'S mother, Mrs. Pomeroy, reclined among silken coverlets in a canopied bed that had once upon a time belonged to a lady-friend of Louis XV. The elaborate furnishings of the ivory-and-orchid sleeping-room had cost more than a house in the suburbs. The year before, when Jay Pomeroy married Colonel Vi-

bart's widow in Paris, press dispatches had emphasized the fact that she was one of the wealthiest women in New York society.

Mrs. Pomeroy, by the grace of God and an able masseuse, was still beautiful; but her violet eyes betrayed a sleepless night. She was reading a newspaper taken from her untouched breakfast-tray. It

had been sent in to her by mistake, for this was Jay Pomeroy's favorite newspaper, devoted to the interests of actors and race-horses. On the front-page a headline caught her attention: "WILL ALICIA THANE MARRY 'SAINT' VIBART?—STEEL KING'S DAUGHTER RUMORED ENGAGED TO MILLIONAIRE BROADWAY PLAYBOY."

Mrs. Pomeroy frowned as she read it. With the cynical air of sensational journalism it reviewed St. George Vibart's career as a rich wastrel; it touched upon several lurid escapades, including his runaway marriage to Sally Cairn, Follies girl—and their subsequent divorce; it wound up with a grim portrait of David Thane, philanthropist and reformer, and suggested that he might balk at accepting this picturesque playboy as a son-in-law.

The blatant sneer in that phrase "playboy" hurt Mrs. Pomeroy. Saint had been wild—no one realized that so well as she; but he was in love now, really in love, for the first time; and she knew how desperately he was trying to straighten out his tangled life. It seemed that the newspapers would never let him alone.

A door opened, and Jay Pomeroy came in, wrapping a blue dressing-gown around his orange silk pajamas.

"Hello, Pom-pom." She smiled, putting down the paper. "Sleep well?"

"No." He ran a hand through his tousled hair, and his dark, attractive face was sullen. Pomeroy was ten years younger, and after the first few

months of their marriage he had ceased to take the trouble to groom himself before coming to her room in the morning.

Walking over to the bed, he made no move to kiss her, but picked up the newspaper and glanced at the headlines. She saw from his eyes that he had been drinking the night before.

"You didn't come to the Quarriers'." There was more regret than reproach in her voice. "I waited till two o'clock."

"I was busy." He scowled at the newspaper. "Well, your angel child has made the front-page again."

Saint's mother sighed. "I wish you didn't hate him so, Pom-pom."

"He's no good."

"But he's never had a chance."



Sally Cairn raged at him: "Tomorrow morning old man Thane gets the story!" "Tomorrow

"He's had every chance in the world. You've spoiled him outrageously."

"I suppose I have. I wish his father might have lived—but then I wouldn't have had *you*." She held out a shapely, patrician hand. "Come here and kiss me, Pom-pom."

Pomeroy sat down on the edge of the bed, and leaning over, brushed her cheek with his lips. She put her arms around him, and held him close.

"You seem so distraught, dear. Is anything wrong?"

"Plenty." He caressed her shoulder, where the peach-colored peignoir had slipped away. Pomeroy had a way with women. He had never had to work.

"I need some money," he said. "Rather a lot."

"What a bother!" She smiled. "I haven't a penny."

"I'm not joking."

"Neither am I. The check from the estate isn't due till the fifteenth. I've a pack of bills to pay, and I telephoned Mr. Jarley yesterday. He's in Washington—won't be back till Thursday."

"I can't wait till Thursday." Pomeroy drew away from her abruptly, and stood up. "I've got to have it today."

"As bad as that, dear? Well, can't you—"

"Where the devil could I raise any money?" he snapped.

"How much do you need?"

"Several thousand."



morning," said a quiet voice, "will be too late."

"But, Pom-pom, I'm overdrawn at the bank. You know I'm not good at money matters. It sounds absurd, but I'm literally quite broke. If you could wait till Thursday, the trustees—"

"I've got to have it right away. I tell you—I'm in a jam." His mood was ugly. "If you didn't make such a fool of yourself, throwing away money on your prodigal son—"

"That's not true—he's been living on his own income for months!" "He comes first with you always," snarled Pomeroy. "I don't know why the hell I married you!"

"Pom-pom—please!" Being a foolish woman, and very much in love with him, she began to cry softly.

Pomeroy strode from the room and slammed the door.

SAINT completed the tying of a perfect black bow, and turned to put on the dinner-jacket which Bolm, his valet, was holding. He was to dine with Alicia at seven-thirty. The clock showed six-fifteen—but he was all impatience to be seeing her again. Odd, he mused, how a man could change! Three weeks ago—at this hour—he would have been engaged in serious drinking, with other playboys, and ladies who took love lightly. But now he was thinking only of Alicia.

It seemed weeks since ten this morning, when he had let Alicia out at her father's house, after their night in the stranded car. A farmer's truck had pulled the roadster out of the ditch, and the adventure was only a sweet memory now—unless, of course, her father should hear of it, which wasn't likely. David Thane, outside his financial and philanthropic interests, had few contacts with the world. Saint was dreading his first meeting with this austere, forbidding man: Alicia wanted to arrange it for tomorrow. . . .

"Your cocktail iss made." Bolm, known as "Bum," was an amiable little Austrian who valeted Saint, cooked his breakfasts, paid his bills, kept the apartment in order and possessed the rare gift of being able to say that Mr. Vibart was out when the wrong persons telephoned.

"I don't think I'll have a cocktail." Saint surveyed himself in the glass, and carefully brushed his fair hair. "I've got through the day so far without a drink."

Bum looked grotesquely surprised, and went off to answer the door-bell.

A moment later Saint heard feminine laughter, and Jack Lenyard's voice mingling with the rattle of ice in the cocktail-shaker. Bum did not need to be told to bring drinks when Jack Lenyard appeared. Saint walked into the library.

Making themselves very much at home there were Dorothy Vane, a languid blonde chorus-girl, and two other pretty girls from her show. Jack Lenyard was pouring cocktails on a large scale, and they all greeted Saint with shrill cries.

"I'm giving food to these starving women," Jack announced. "You've got to come to dinner with us."

"Can't," said Saint. "Sorry."

"Oh, Handsome!" wailed the little dark chorus-girl. "You gotta come along, or I wont have any appetite."

"The only thing that'd spoil *your* appetite," retorted her red-haired friend, "would be ptomaine poisoning!"

"Is *that* nice?"

And as they bickered in their clamorous Broadway fashion, Jack drew Saint into a corner.

"That was a hot story"—he gulped down a cocktail from a silver goblet—"about you this morning."

"I didn't read it."

"Said you might marry Alicia Thane."

"I'm going to."

"My God!" Jack clapped a hand to his brow, and hastily downed another cocktail.

"Have a drink," Saint said.

"Thanks, I will." His friend grinned and reached for the shaker. "No kidding, what *is* all this nonsense?"

"It isn't nonsense—I'm in love."

"You need a drink," protested Jack.

"I'm not drinking."

"You need a doctor, then!"

"It's the first time I've ever been in love in my life. I mean it." There was a strange light in Saint's eyes.

"So *that's* what's been the matter with you for the last two weeks!" Young Jack Lenyard, Saint's companion of a thousand-and-one Broadway nights, sole heir to a tremendous copper fortune, divorced husband of a Russian grand duchess, had the reputation of being New York's most spectacular spendthrift.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "I'm throwing a slick party tonight—with Dorothy and these ladies of the ensemble. I've got the yacht on the river, and we're going out to Fuzzy Waring's place at Greenwich."

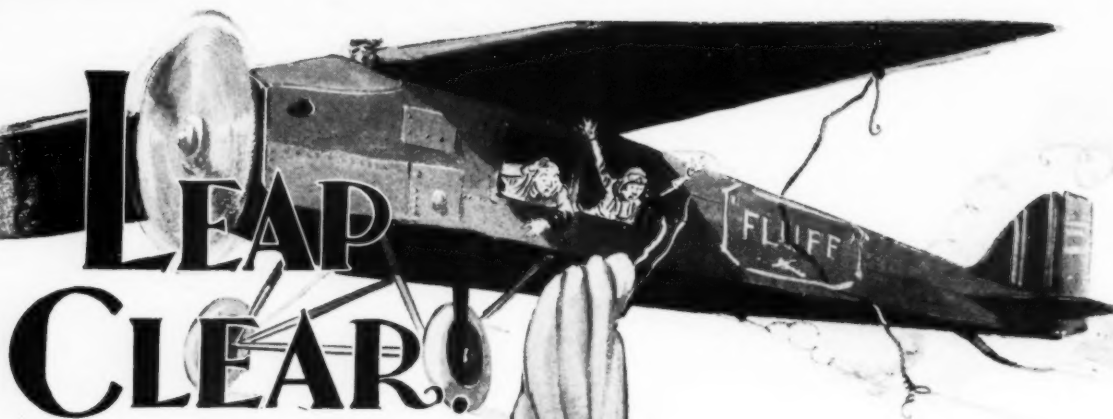
Saint smiled and held up a protesting hand. "None for me, *thank you*."

The ladies of the ensemble had turned on the phonograph: It was blaring forth the dance-hit of the Scandals. Saint felt somehow ill at ease with them in his apartment. He wished that Jack had not brought them, wished they would all go.

"If you don't want to go out on the yacht, I'll phone for my plane, and we'll fly out. What d'you say?"

"You don't understand," Saint argued quietly. "I'm in love. No more bright lights."

"Good Lord," groaned Jack. "I never thought *you'd* get it as bad as this!" Sadly he emptied the shaker. (*Please turn to page 140*)



By
Sam Hellman

Illustrated by
Tony Sarg

"KICK off those congress shoes," growls Breeze Emerson. "and get in step with the times. This is the age of commercial aviation."

"Maybe so," says I, "but it's not the age of my consent. As far as this earthworm's concerned, flying of any kind's still wet behind the ears."

"Wet, nothing!" he snaps. "You got any idea how many machines are used in business today?"

"More than that, probably," I returns; "but the rush for our stuff's hardly reached the point where we have to Lindbergh smoked herring and marinated pig's-feet 'cross country."

"But think of the publicity!" urges Breeze. "Pomme-frite Products—Through the Air to You—Neither Dust Nor Dirt Defile Our Delicacies. Is that a clicker?"

"Considerable clicker," says I. "But seeing that more than ninety per cent of our line comes in cans—"

"What of it?" cuts in Emerson. "Even a clean can's a selling point. Anyhow, I don't aim to transport heavy staples by plane—just caviar and *foie gras* and such fancy provender. It's all arranged—"

"What do you mean—it's all arranged?" I interrupts, angrily. "Have you tied the firm up in any deal?"

"Not exactly," says Breeze, "but I have closed with the Curtwright folks for a trial flight around the big burgs. They're to provide us with a new five-passenger Fluff, a guaranteed schedule and a pilot who knows his aerial onions and how to peel 'em in a pinch. We'll take along a jag of samples—"

"Why the samples?" I asks. "You planning to pelt the peasantry from the clouds with tins of potted ox-tails and slices of salami? What is this Fluff—a sausage balloon?"

"The Fluff," replies Emerson, "is the last syllable of the last word in aircraft building. It can knock off a hundred and fifty miles an hour standing still. You've seen the ads, haven't you—'The Fluff Is to Flying What Ham Is to Eggs'?"

"What kind of eggs?" I inquires. "Scrambled? . . . Not to change the subject but just to give it a novel twist, what does Pomme-frite think of this hop-dream of yours?"

Breeze and I, you may have heard it buzzed about the marketplace, are the American representatives for a *de luxe* French food layout of which Marcel Alceste Pomme-frite is the head cheese. Though Emerson is related to the frog by marriage, we're equal partners in the New York branch, I being the bird that's seen, Breeze the lad that's heard.

For all addicts of the air (and their heirs, successors and assigns) Mr. Hellman gives a brief but spirited report of a certain flight.

"I cabled Paris the other day," says Emerson, "and the old man gives me Blanche's cart to do whatever I like toward spreading the gospel of *haute delicatessen*. We'll have a great time—"

"Just who's we?" I demands. "You and I and our assorted anchors," he answers. "The gals are all a-flutter to fly—"

"Let 'em flut," I comes back, "but without me. This bairn was brought up to respect the law of gravity, and until it's repealed he's going to stick close to terra cotta."

"Terra firma," corrects the Missus, who's drifted into the room with Breeze's French Frau, Chérie.

"Whatever it is," says I, "that's sold by the square foot and has to be washed out of spinach. A chappie who gets dizzy looking down at his shoe-laces has a buxom lot of business skating across the sky and twisting the tails of inoffensive rainbows."

"Is it that it is that you have the fear?" asks Chérie.

"No," I returns, "it is not that that it is. It's just the idea of chaperoning a flock of fish-eggs and goose-livers through the ozone that fails to wow me. However, I will admit that I'm also somewhat less than agog over the thought of festooning a tree-top with my charred fragments."

"Don't be an Airedale," growls Emerson. "More people are killed every year by cornices dropping off of churches than are bumped off in airplanes. You'd be safer in a Fluff than a mother in its baby's arms. Know who's going to pilot us?"

"I will now give an imitation," says I, "of complete indifference." "Joe Hawkins," announces Breeze. "He's flown more than six hundred and fifty hours—"

"Magnifique!" exclaims Chérie. "Where he go on the trip?" "Back to the plumbing shop for his tools," I guesses. "Or maybe he was delivering a rush telegram around the corner."

"Of course he didn't do it in one trip," scowls Emerson. "Aviators' records are based on flying-hours. This fellow Hawkins holds



My last appearance in this airplane. A sudden wild lurch, a vain attempt to grab something—and I'm out in the air on my own.

all kinds of marks for speed, endurance and whatnot. He's a big guy in the Quiet Birdmen—"

"What are Quiet Birdmen?" I inquire. "Good Indians?"

"It's a sort of club," explains Breeze, "that only guys who've saved their lives by parachute-jumps can get into. Hawkins has made the grade on six occasions."

"Yeh," says I, "and he'll probably make the grave on the seventh. What a fine bozo to take a bunch of innocents aloft! Crashed a half-dozen times already—"

"Joe wont crash with us," promises Breeze. "He'll do no trick flying—just ordinary widow-and-orphan stuff. Anyhow, there'll be enough parachutes to go around—"

"Including one," I cuts in, "that wont be used, but that's all right. In case yours doesn't open, you can climb back and get mine."

"What does one of a verity," asks Chérie, "when the parachute, he do not open?"

"When the parachute, he do not open," says I, "one immediately cancels all future engagements. For instance, if you have a bridge date for Tuesday and the parachute, he do not open on Monday, you'll find it quite impossible to be at the party."

"*Pourquoi pas?*" puzzles Frenchie.

"You just wouldn't be in the mood," I tells her. "Besides, you'd be needed at the inquest. It'd be a complete flop without you."

"Judas H. Priest!" yelps Emerson. "Can't you think of anything but graves and inquests? That bootlegger of yours must be putting formaldehyde in his wild moose milk."

"There really isn't any danger, is there?" inquires my Jennie.

"Not the slightest," says Breeze. "We'd be safe even if something should happen to Hawkins. I could take a turn at the joystick—"

"You!" I gasps. "When did you ever go up?"

"I never have," returns Emerson, "but I've been reading a bit on the subject lately and—"

"That makes it perfect," says I. "One pilot who practically lives in parachutes and another who's done his flying-hours between book-covers! All we need now is a machine heavier than air that discovers it is at about five thousand feet and acts with becoming gravity."

"Not with me, it wont," brags Breeze. "The motor hasn't been built yet that I can't make behave. They all purr for Papa."

"Maybe they do for you," says I, "but they wouldn't for me. I'd probably have no more luck with horsepower than I have with horses."

"I, *aussi*," chimes in Chérie at this juncture, "know somethings about the flyings."

"Yeh?" I exclaims. "How many Germans did you bring down in the recent skylark?"

"Two years ago," relates Madame Emerson, "I cross over La Manche—what you call the English channel—in the airplane."

"Were you frightened?" asks the Frau.

"*Pas du tout*," returns Chérie. "Not none. When we first go

up from the ground at Le Bourget, I make what you call the fainting. In a little soon I open *les yeux* and I demand where it is that I am. *Croyez-moi*, I am in *le drome* at Croydon near London, and the flyings, it is over."

"For you and *moi* both, baby," says I, "the flyings, it is over. Ever hear of the Noisy Birdmen?"

"*Non*," she answers. "What it is what they are?"

"It's a club," I explains, "made up of guys who've saved their lives by refusing to go up in planes with leaping Lenas like Hawkins and associated saps. I'm the president, secretary, chairman of the ladies' auxiliary and eight of the seven members of the board of directors. Our motto is—'*Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return, but why the rush?*' Want to join?"

"I do not understand," frowns Chérie, "but I wish to make the flyings in Le Fluff."

"You mean the faintings, don't you?" says I. "If I were you, I'd stand pat on the Paris-London pass-out until some one beats it. Everybody swims the channel, but few can swoon it."

"I'm taking the trip," declares the Missus with an ashy eye for the veteran provider, "and so are you. The air'll do you good—"

"Yeh, I know," I cuts in, "but you'd be surprised at the amount of prime air that still can be reached from the ground. It's been estimated by eminent oxygeners that—"

"Afraid?" sneers the iron duchess.

"No, I'm not afraid," says I, "but why should I make myself ridiculous? I'd look swell, wouldn't I, dangling from a parachute with a fainting Fifi in one arm and a canister of caviar in the other?"

"How absurd!" sniffs Jennie.

"Absurd or not," I returns, "that's my theme song, and I'm going to stick to it. You can go if you want."

"Not without you," comes back the Frau. "I wouldn't trust you on the earth alone." . . .

A couple of days later we drifts out to Curtwright Field, but a flash at the Fluff doesn't make me feel any better about birding it. The plane's a fragile looking buzz-can made of aluminum and having the general appearance of an overgrown horsefly that'd been dipped in a silver solution. To this jaundiced eye, it's nothing to go picking air-pockets in.

The interior of the bus must have been laid out by a guy who builds efficiency apartments for midget troupes. There is room for four passengers in back of the pilot, but believe me, they've got to be folks who are all wrapped up in each other and willing to fly that way.

"Where do you carry the samples?" I asks, after a peek around. "In your ears?"

"We'll have no trouble stowing 'em," says Breeze. "There's lots of room in the fuselage."

"Fuselage, eh?" I remarks. "I always thought fuselage was the stuff they poured off whisky."

"Hell," snorts Emerson, "that's fusel-oil. Don't you know anything at all about airplanes?"



The vintage buzz-wagon breaks down, and a pair of Percherons have to be requisitioned.

"No," I admits, "I don't, either. . . . What pretty fun we're going to have cooped up in this tin canary eight and ten hours at a stretch!"

"Could we not bring the cards," inquires Chérie, "and have the games of bridge?"

"Probably," I replies; "but I'd rather counted on whiling away the time with association football and perhaps a few chukkers of polo."

"Here's Hawkins!" exclaims Emerson as a tall, leathery-faced lad strides across the field into our midst. I looks the parachute-addict over closely. He's about six feet five and slim enough to turn hand-springs in a flute, but he's stout enough in the eyes. I never saw a colder, steadier pair of peepers.

"What do you think of the ship?" he asks.

"Looks great," I tells him, "on the ground."

Hawkins shakes his head kind of doleful. "That's the trouble," says he. "They all look great on the ground. Only last month I took up a new Fedink that had everything—in the hangar. I aint

"Well," says he, "I figured I was due. I was a fool to give up deep-sea diving."

out with her more'n a half-hour when the gas-tank springs a leak, the steering-stick snaps off short and one of the wings folds up. That's not so bad—"

"No?" I horns in. "What else should have gone wrong to put things in the perfect pink—your watch and chain?"

"What you do?" inquires Chérie, clutching the skyscraper's arm in her excitement.

"Shot the 'chute," returns Slim, "but the darn' trick wouldn't open until I dropped a couple of thousand feet. In some way I gets myself all tangled up in the cords and falls head-first."

"Go on," I urges gleefully, and with a grin for the Missus, who's gone a trifle gray about the gills.

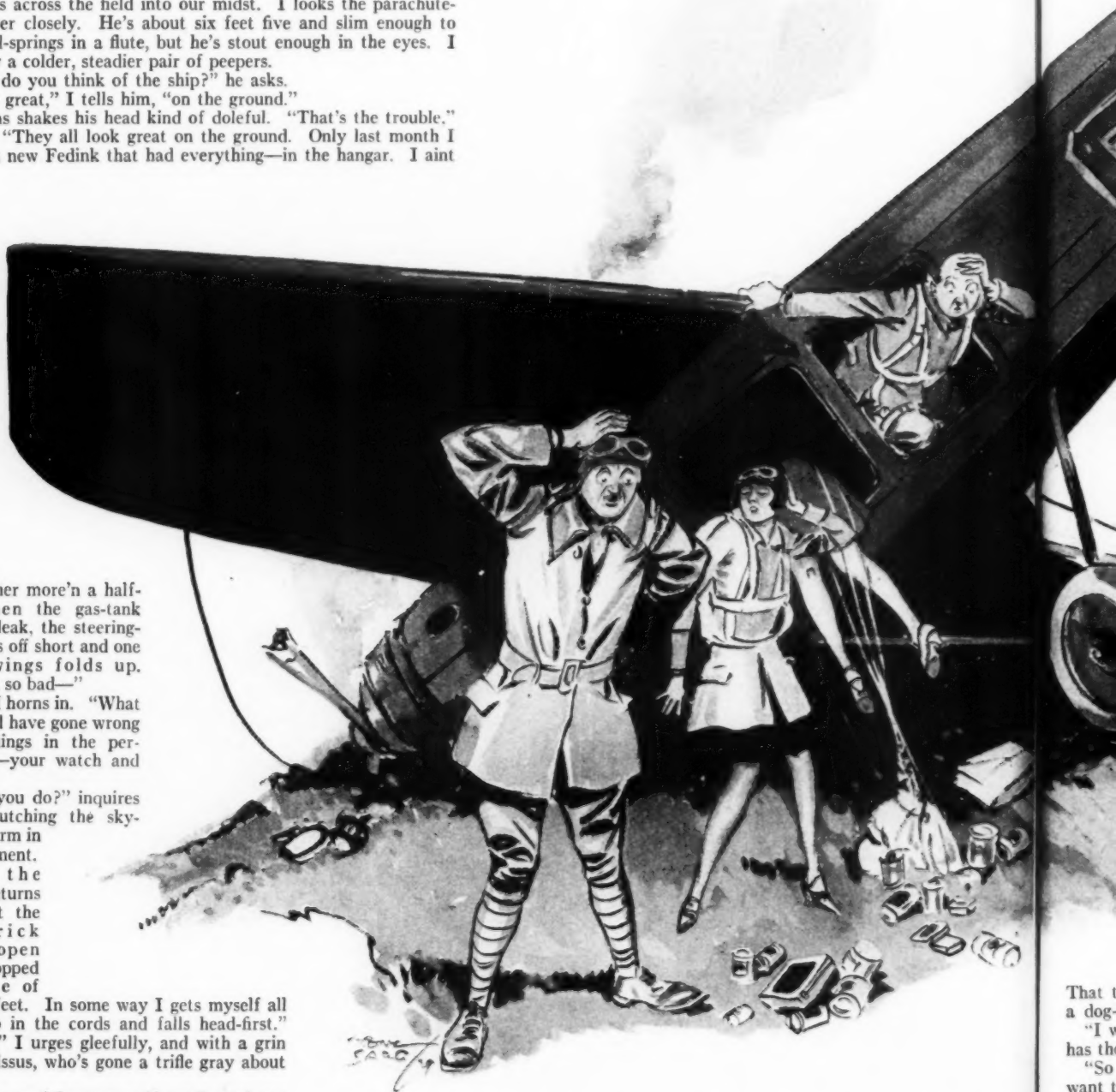
"I finally straightens myself out," continues Hawkins, "and makes a landing in a farmer's kitchen garden. There's a vicious dog there, and I'm clawed plenty before he's pulled off."

"At that, you got the breaks," says I. "There might have been two or even three dogs."

Upon my urgent solicitation, the cloud-comber retails more of his experiences on the bounding ether. They're all of a piece—leaps from burning planes, forced landings, crashes in midair and other accidents and incidents calculated to make you move out of your second-story apartment and take basement space. That boy certainly sells me on real estate.

"With your luck," I tells him, "there'll soon be another papa on the Curtwright line."

"It wont be long now," agrees the pilot gloomily. "And to think that I gave up a soft job as a deep-sea diver for this!" With



which he climbs into the Fluff and starts pottering with its innards.

"Well," says I, when Hawkins is out of earshot, "you folks still hipped on waltzing around the welkin with that swell insurance risk?"

"Don't be such a come-on," growls Breeze. "Joe was just giving you the works. Can't you tell when you're being taken for a ride?"

"You mean," interjects Chérie, "he make of us *le spoof*?"

"Sure," says Emerson. "Hawkins is the most successful and reliable driver the Curtwright folks have. Is it likely that they'd assign a reckless whosit to a party including a couple of women up for their first flight and take a chance of losing a big piece of business?"

Of course, that angle had occurred to me too, but I have no intention of permitting the effect of Joe's narrative on the gals to



wear off. Reckless or reliable, the idea of soaring into the cerulean with that laddie remains

without appeal to me.

"What about those six parachute-jumps?" I demands. "They were on the square, weren't they?"

"Yeh," returns Breeze, "but all they prove is that Hawkins keeps his head in a pinch. Lindbergh's taken it on the lam four times, not to mention landing on one wheel with a certain important lady. Would you be afraid to hop off with him?"

"Lay off that afraid stuff," I yelps. "If you don't like a thing, does it mean you're afraid of it? Hawkins may be everything you claim he is, but I'd sooner have a pilot with less ability and more luck.

until we're a mile in the air. I once had a motor just like it that practically split in two—"

"I wouldn't worry," interrupts Emerson. "After all, you haven't been scrambled over the scenery yet."

"No," returns Hawkins unhappily, "but I'm about due. This may be my last ship. Want to take a little spin? No, no," says he, as the gals nod brightly. "Just the men. These trial flights are pretty dangerous."

I starts spluttering excuses, but Jennie fetches me up with a look of contempt that makes ashes of my alibis. In a kind of a daze I stands around while the propeller is being spun and the engine warmed. Not until a leather coat's thrown over me and I'm thrust into the Fluff do I become quite conscious of what's going on. At length everything's set, a kid pulls the blocks from under the wheels, we taxi a half mile or so across the field and up we go.

"Up's" wrong—you don't go up at all. It's the earth that has a sinking spell, a sensation in which I share as large farms drop away into insignificant splotches of green and gray, and broad highways become so many dusty eels wriggling across the countryside. However, I have none of the dizziness I'd expected, and pretty soon I'm fairly well at ease with the exception of a few vagrant thoughts as to what'd happen if Hawkins should suddenly drop dead of heart disease.

I turns my head for a look at Breeze. The brag's all out of that baby. His face is a sickly ensemble of spinach and boiled-turnip tints, and his glassy eyes are staring into the end of the world. His appearance is just what my spirits need to make 'em sparkle.

"Do you feel as bad as you look?" I shouts into his near ear. "Or could you?"

Breeze mumbles something that's lost in the general roar and racket, and I makes no further attempts at being chatty, devoting my entire attention to aerostatics in its higher and fewer manifestations. With the exception of some banks in taking turns, the Fluff oozes through the ozone as if it was running on greased tracks. After about fifteen minutes in the air Hawkins turns the

That thirteener can't even fall out of a plane without landing on a dog-house. . . . What do you girls think?"

"I would make the flyings with the tall one," says Chérie. "He has the nice wavy hair—"

"So has my Uncle Anthrax," I cuts in disgustedly. "Would you want to make the flyings with him?"

"Is he the aviator, *aussi*?" she inquires.

"Not exactly," I tells her. "He's a track-walker for an airplane line."

"Hawkins is quite satisfactory to me," says Jennie. "The fact that he has had a half dozen mishaps in more than six hundred and fifty hours of flying is of no consequence. A cook who burned only six steaks in that many hours of frying would still be a most reliable cook, and I wouldn't hesitate to entrust her with the choicest cuts."

"Cooks and curly hair!" I howls, but at the moment I'm unable to elaborate further on my feelings. Hawkins has unwound his length from the Fluff and is approaching our little group of gags.

"Everything stack up in good shape?" asks Breeze, with the genial grin of one who is in the know.

"As far as I can see," grunts the pilot, "but that doesn't mean a thing. There are probably a dozen defects that wont show up

nose of the bus downward, the earth rushes up to meet its absentees, and the plane's grounded without bump or jar, fifty yards or so from the starting-spot.

"Well," says I to Hawkins, as we're walking over to join the gals, "nothing went wrong that time for a change."

"The hell it didn't," comes back Kid Grief. "I don't know whether you noticed it or not, but for a while there, the motor was sort of dying—"

"That wasn't the motor," I cuts in. "That was Emerson."

"How do you get that way?" barks Breeze. "You must have been looking at your reflection. I was a bit worried about the engine missing—"

"How was it?" asks the Frau, busting up at this point and throwing her arms around the new Lindbergh.

"Please," says I, pushing her from me with some hauteur. "We who have pierced the empyrean are not to be approached familiarly by those who are merely of the earth earthy."

"*Et tu, mon brave?*" inquires Chérie of her husband. "Did you enjoy him, yes?"

"It was rather insipid," yawns Emerson, back to his old self. "I'd sort of hoped that Hawkins would put the ship through some barrel slides, falling spirals and double (Please turn to page 108)

She Asked of Life Two Things

A Mystery Story by
Harvey O'Higgins

Illustrated by
Rico Tomaso



IT was like meeting Jesse James. At least, it was like that to Duff. It was like meeting a rich and triumphant Jesse James who had come back from the outlawry of his youth and held up the community for so many millions, now, that he was as respectable as a bank. Duff had never seen him before, but he had heard of him often enough, for thirty years past. And what years! The years of an old wolf who had never been trapped by the law, never been hit even by the amateur birdshot of the pot-hunters, never so much as scratched in his long life of preying and fighting and fleeing to cover.

He had sent for Duff. "Mr. Enger wishes to see you," the message read. Duff's secretary had it when Duff returned from lunch. "Is it Ole Enger?" Duff asked, in the tone in which one asks the incredible. And it was Ole Enger.

"Well," Duff said, "that's what it is to be a detective. You can never tell what sort of criminal you're going to meet next. See if you can make an appointment for four o'clock."

He was really flattered. After all, there was only one Ole Enger in the world. Enger was unique—not in kind, perhaps, but in degree. Like a true genius, he was the product of the social



Once in Petrograd, when she saw an officer beating a soldier, she slapped the officer's face. There had been a terrible row about it.

conditions of his day, the fruit of the contemporary tree; and the tree was now loaded with lesser Ole Engers; but he was on the top-most bough, fat and juicy in the unobstructed sunlight, the first and finest of the crop. "He must be growing old," Duff thought. "I'd like to see him before he drops."

The secretary reported that Enger would see him at four o'clock. "That's funny," Duff said to himself. "He must have made room for me. I wonder what he wants."

Ole Enger, born in the tenements, had first gone to work as an office-boy in a bucket-shop, during the day, while he studied law at night. The world did not hear of him till he appeared in the police courts as a young attorney for the lesser criminals of his district, for the cadets and petty thieves and gangsters who had been his boyhood friends. These he defended with conspicuous success. Then, with their aid as ambulance-chasers and perjured witnesses, he began to prey on all the traction companies and insurance companies which could be sued for damages; and in this way he made his first reputation as a dangerous man; and he made money, but he also made powerful enemies. They stirred up against him the district attorney of that day, an eloquent reformer who was on the way to becoming governor and perhaps President. He summoned Enger before a grand jury and indicted him on a charge of forging evidence for a crooked client, and

Enger took a holiday in Europe, a fugitive from justice, his career apparently ended.

But not so. He still had his criminal friends. They attacked the district attorney's political ambitions. They helped to prevent him from getting a nomination for the governorship. They helped to defeat him for reelection to the office of district attorney; and Enger returned to his old haunts, unmolested.

And now a queer thing happened. All his powerful enemies, all the shrewd business men on whom he had preyed—seeing him return to the practice of the law and seeing themselves threatened with a renewal of his old activities—hastened to retain him as their lawyer, to subsidize him and his friends, the little criminals, in defense of just such damage-suits as Enger and they had once prosecuted. From that foothold, he climbed quickly until he was the eminent and learned counsel for some of the richest corporations. He was a new kind of lawyer, the lawyer who studies a statute as a doctor studies a disease, in order to outwit it. He was called in on every sort of doubtful financial scheme, and his fees were as big as blackmail. He organized New York's famous "bankruptcy ring" of lawyers who forced ailing enterprises into insolvency and then bled them to death. He was hated and feared and flattered and imitated.

Duff knew all this. Everybody knew it who knew anything about lawyers in New York, and Duff had been especially aware of it, of late, because he had been engaged to investigate a bankruptcy that looked as if it had been manipulated by some of Enger's ring. He had not found Enger in the case, perhaps because Enger had been growing inactive, of recent years, declining in virulence, reposing on his wealth. And what Duff was wondering was this: had the old crook decided to become respectable? And was he therefore sending for Duff on a case, instead of using the private blackmailers whom he generally employed as his sleuths?

"Well," Duff thought, "maybe I'll find that out when I see him."

Enger was on the twentieth floor, and he rented most of the floor for himself and his score of assistants and their clerks and stenographers; but there were no partners' names on the glass of his double entrance doors; there was no name but "O. Enger," in letters large enough to occupy the entire transom. "There's an ego," Duff thought.

He opened the door on a crowded reception-room. He gave his name. A girl murmured it to a desk phone and beckoned to an office-boy across the room, and then nodded to Duff.

The crowded room watched Duff pass in ahead of them—dozens of them, waiting patiently to be let in to Enger, or his assistant leeches, to be bled.

He opened Enger's door, to his surprise, on flowers and sunlight and fresh air. Enger's private office had rows of windows on two sides, looking toward the Hudson River and the Bay, and a bright sea breeze had filled it with a soft stir of autumn freshness. It was also filled with flowers, September flowers, chrysanthemums, asters, zinnias and dahlias, as well as hothouse roses and some goldenrod, in vases on side-tables, on Enger's desk, on low book-shelves around the walls. Among the flowers were photographs, in silver frames, of Enger's wife and children; and among the flowers and the photographs, Enger was sitting, at his mahogany desk, in his swivel chair, reading some foolscap pages.

"Here's a swell set-up," Duff thought. "Or is it real? Maybe he likes flowers. Maybe he's a good family man. Why not? After all, he's human."

Enger did not greet him. He did not look at Duff. He went on reading, patiently, absorbed, his face expressionless, his mind entirely occupied.

Duff closed the door, looked around the room at his leisure, studied Enger at a distance, and then approached to sit in a convenient chair across the desk from him. Enger moved his head, as if in a nod that acknowledged Duff's presence, but he continued to read.

He was old. He was bald. He was gray. He had the serenity of aged indifference. There was nothing crafty about his face; it was neither keen nor wrinkled. He looked merely like a tired business man, in business clothes, rather bored. His flat features were markedly commonplace. "Well, there you are," Duff thought. "That's how he does it. He just looks like nothing at all."

Enger continued to read, slowly, without glasses, as though he were not used to reading and had to take it word by word. His hands, Duff noticed, held the foolscap pages in stiff fingers that were shiny and clawlike. The skin on them seemed to be too tight. "Gosh," Duff thought, "if any of his victims see those hands!" —And then he remembered: There had been a fire, a

domestic accident of some sort, wasn't it? A servant girl? Her clothes had caught fire in the kitchen, and Enger had burned his hands beating out the flames.

And then Enger spoke. He laid down his typewritten pages, and with his eyes still on them, raising his eyebrows in a pathetic frown, he said: "There's a Russian woman in town—a Princess Sipiagin. Have you ever run across her?"

It was a deadly voice. There was no other word for it. It was toneless, indifferent, inhuman, very low, dry, chalky.

Duff was startled. His reply boomed from his big chest: "Sipiagin? No. Never heard of her."

Enger aligned the papers with the edge of the blotter on his desk. He continued, indifferently: "She has some letters from a client of mine. We want to get them back."

"Have you tried to get them?"

"Yes. We sent a man after them."

"What happened?"

He answered, coldly precise: "He was killed."

"I see," Duff said. "Who is she?"

Enger swung around in his swivel chair to give Duff his profile. "She's a Russian refugee. She met my client on the boat from England, and he fell in love with her. He must have had softening of the brain. She's using his letters to blackmail him. We put a detective on her, and he tried to steal them. She's surrounded by a lot of Cossacks, Turks, Georgians, and people like that. They knifed him in the hallway of a tenement house."

"How do you expect *me* to get them?"

Enger shook his head. "That's up to you. We don't care how much it costs. We're paying her a thousand dollars a month now. She hasn't the letters in her possession. She's turned them over to one of her outlaws. If anything happened to her, it wouldn't help us. The letters would still make my client look like a damn fool. He can't afford to have them used. His public wouldn't stand for it. He'll pay anything to get them."

"Well," Duff said, "I'll look her up and let you know."

Enger swung back to his desk and reached out for his foolscap pages again. "You'll find her in the phone book—Madame Marya Sipiagin. She has what she calls a studio where she sells Russian things made by her friends."

Duff stood up. "All right. Good-by."

Enger did not answer. He had begun to read. And when Duff glanced back at the door, he was still reading, absorbed, his face expressionless, his mind entirely occupied, just as he had been when Duff first entered. Throughout the whole interview, he had not once looked at Duff, so far as Duff knew. "Well," Duff promised himself, "he'll look at me before I'm done with him. I'll make his eyes pop, if I know myself. Gosh, what a voice!"

He decided that Enger had sent for him, not out of any impulse toward decency, but because he had vainly tried every crooked means of getting the letters and now he was willing to try something honest. "He probably intends to see me as far as I'll go, and then ditch me for some one who'll finish the dirty work. It must have been his damn-fool client who told him to put me on the job. Gosh, what a voice!"

It proved easy enough to get a line on the Princess Sipiagin. He called in little Dottie Parkins, a newspaper woman who had worked for him when he was Major Duff of Military Intelligence, and he said to her: "Look here, little Bright-eyes, there's a Russian refugee in town with a whale of a story. Here's a note on her. You ought to be able to sell her to one of the women's magazines. Give me a good report on her. I don't care what it costs. Go as far as you like. Only don't be seen around *here* while you're doing it. She travels with a lot of Russian refugees who're nervous about their pasts. If they get an idea you're spying on them, they'll stick a knife in your fair young gizzard. Send your reports to me by mail."

Dottie Parkins dimpled with smiles. She seemed perhaps twenty-five years old, in her short skirts and her leopard-skin coat and her little *cloche* hat that looked as if it should have been lined around her face with rosebuds. But then she had been looking twenty-five for the last ten years at least. She put the note about Madame Sipiagin in her handbag and asked: "What's the case against the lady?"

"No case," Duff assured her. "Just a commercial inquiry. She's trying to get capital for some sort of business she runs—selling handicrafts for her refugee friends."

"Yes?" Dottie said. "What a liar you are, Major!" She wrapped her leopard-skin around her like a bath-robe. "All right. I'll send you the dope. You want everything, do you—past, present and future?"

"Everything you can get."

"Don't fret," she fluted. "I'll get plenty. I'll tell myself I'm working on space rates. Ten cents a word, say? Toot-toot."



In the spring her Cossack got

She certainly got plenty. And she certainly delivered it like an oil gusher. She became an unlimited flow of words impelled by an inexhaustible enthusiasm. "The most wonderful woman I have ever met," gave her, "the most interesting story I have ever heard," and she poured it out on Duff in pen, pencil or type-writing, at the top of her literary voice, breathlessly.

To believe her, the Princess Marya Sipiagin was a true aristocrat. She was beautiful, charming, distinguished, petite, spirited, brave, gentle, ferocious, chaste, affectionate, witty, musical, artistic, truthful, educated, imaginative, and everything else that was dazzling, contradictory and delightful. And her story was beyond words. For instance, her father, the old Prince Sipiagin,—he was one of the Czar's advisers, and he had been in America at the Russo-Japanese Peace Conference which met, under President Roosevelt, at Portsmouth, to end the Russian-Japanese war,—this Prince Sipiagin, a widower at the age of forty-two, being piqued at his family, had married a beautiful gipsy girl, and the Princess Marya was their daughter. That was why she was so temperamental, and that was why, once in Petrograd, when she saw an officer beating a soldier, she went up to the officer and slapped his face. There had been a terrible row about it, and she was sent away from court and kept in a sort of exile on her father's country place near Moscow; and years later, after the Bolshevik revolution, when she was a refugee on the streets of Constantinople, she met this Cossack whom she had defended from



himself killed in a street brawl and the gang decided that she had better leave Constantinople.

his officer, and he— "But that comes later," Dottie wrote. "I mustn't get ahead of my story."

Or take her marriage. After the Bolshevik revolution, her father fled from Petrograd to his country estates and lived there, in retirement, with her mother and her and two maiden aunts. Her two brothers, who were Czarist officers, were killed by the Bolsheviks, and their home in Petrograd was looted, but most of the peasants on their country place were loyal, and though the horses and cows and farm stock were all seized, and the agricultural machinery stolen at night and taken away, their house was not attacked, and they were allowed to live in it with some of their old servants. Then a Bolshevik *commissar*, named Yakov, came to the village to organize it, and he confiscated all their furniture and rugs and pictures and sent them off to Moscow to be sold, and when he saw the Princess Marya he fell in love with her, and he told her that he had orders to execute her father and mother, but he'd spare them if she married him. And she said "Never!" So he called in some soldiers, and they took out the two old aunts and shot them both, in front of the house; and when Yakov came back for her father and mother, she said: "No. I'll marry you!" So they were married, that afternoon, in the church down at the village, and he slept with her that night, and next morning he took her father and mother out in the garden, under her bedroom window, and shot them both.

"At that," wrote Dottie, "she went kind of crazy. Something

happened to her eyes. Everything looked small, as if it were a long way off, and everything sounded distant. She could see and she could hear well enough, but people didn't seem to be near her any more, and their voices were tiny little voices, and she had to strain to catch what they said. Nothing mattered either. It was all small and far away."

She seemed not to be angry at Yakov. She said: "They were old. Their world is dead. What had they to live for? They are better off." But there was a deaf mute who did chores around the kitchen and fed the pigs, and he was a huge, half-witted giant whom they called "Baba" because that was the only sound he made. She had always been kind to him and he was devoted to her. She got him to steal her some boy's clothes, peasant's clothes that would fit her, and a pair of heavy boots; and she got from him the sharp knife that he used to kill pigs with when it came time to butcher them in the autumn. She hid the clothes and the knife in her bedroom. And one night when Yakov came to her, drunk, she coaxed him to go to sleep, and then she cut his throat with the pig-knife. Then she cut off her hair, like a boy's, dressed herself in the peasant's clothes, and ran into the woods with Baba.

They were not caught. They got away. Of course, they hid during the daytime and only traveled at night until they were miles south, below Moscow; but there the roads were so full of refugees, tramps, pilgrims, demobilized soldiers, beggars, thieves

and all the human wreckage of war, famine and revolution, that they were in no danger of pursuit. They were nearly a year on the road. The Princess could recall very little about it, and that only dimly. After the murder of Yakov, she seemed to see everything through a red mist. "I walk in my sleep," she said. "It is a nightmare. I think it is not all true. I dream it. I don't know which is dream and which is true."

They had started out in the late winter, about March. They arrived in the Crimea in the autumn. There Baba was shot while he was stealing food for her, in some seaport town whose name she never knew, and she was pursued to the waterfront, where she succeeded in stowing away, unseen, on board a French destroyer, bound for Constantinople.

When the sailors found her, she told them who she was and they took her to the captain. He shrugged his shoulders. "Very well," he said, "if you so prefer to starve to death in Constantinople instead of here, why not?" There were thousands of Russian noblewomen on the streets of Constantinople. "It had one good," she told Dottie. "There were so many women to give themselves for a plate of food that no one attacks me."

Her adventures in Constantinople were a new Arabian Nights. She met her Cossack while she was disguised as a gipsy playing a guitar and singing on the streets, and he got her work as an entertainer in a restaurant where he washed dishes. He lived in the native quarter with a lot of brigands from the hill tribes above Armenia—thieves, counterfeiters, outlaws and murderers who adopted her with delight. "They were the most kind," she said, "of all the peoples I ever met, and the most loyal." She lived with them very comfortably all winter, learned to cook, to speak Turkish and to play the *tar*, and she made a manuscript collection of their folk-songs and dance-music. In the spring her Cossack got himself killed in a street brawl, and the gang decided that she had better leave Constantinople. One desperado brought her a passport which he had altered to suit her needs, being a professional forger, and the original owner of the passport having died suddenly. Another of the gang contributed a pillow-case full of Turkish paper money, "warm from the oven," as he expressed it. He was a counterfeiter. Thus equipped, she got passage on an English boat for Liverpool. . . .

The Princess now had a studio-flat in New York, near the edge of the Turkish quarter, and she employed a group of exiles and refugees whose stories were only one degree less picturesque and melodramatic than her own. They dyed and painted silks for her to make into dresses, negligees, shawls, handkerchiefs and pajamas, with the assistance of some Circassian sewing-women and a little Russian adventuress who was a genius as a costumer. Those of her friends who could sing or dance or play the guitar, she helped to get vaudeville engagements, to find work in cabarets, or to appear as after-dinner entertainers at fashionable homes. When they became involved with the law, she went to court with them. She took them to the hospital, when they fell ill. She sent word throughout the Russian colony that the key of her studio was under her doormat for anyone who found himself on the street at night without a bed; and sometimes as many as a

dozen homeless tramps would file down her front steps at dawn and disappear for the day.

She had a small income from the rental of property in Paris that had belonged to her father—or so she told Dottie Parkins, anyway; and she used this money to support her business and her friends and herself. She used very little of it on herself. She asked of life only two things: "Each day a good dinner, and each night a soft bed." She once had possessed everything—youth, beauty, wealth, rank, envy, adulation and every enjoyment of culture and the most refined esthetic sense. She had lost everything except, as she said, "the breath in the lungs." And she had found that nothing really mattered to her except food and sleep. "You people are such great fools," she philosophized. "You have not a bed in America." She had hers piled high with feather ticks and down coverlets and fat pillows. And every day she herself shopped, in all the foreign food-markets, for the native specialties that only cosmopolitan New York can supply. She was her own cook. She had assistants, but she allowed them to do only the apprentice work of carrying out her instructions. "I would as rather let one court for me as cook for me," she said. "Eating and loving! It is only with animals that they are to satisfy the appetite—just." And Duff said to himself: "This is the first sensible woman I ever heard of."

After a month of such enthusiastic reports from Dottie Parkins, it began to dawn on Duff that the Russian lady was not only sensible but shrewd. She was too shrewd for Dottie. In all the



varied transports of their intimacy, not a word had been said about Ole Enger's client, about his letters, or about the monthly blackmail which he paid—unless this was referred to as the income from property in Paris. "She's a damn' smart woman," Duff assured himself. "Dottie'll never make her. I'll have to try another approach."

After much pacing up and down his dingy little office, he sent for an operative who worked chiefly in the theatrical district. Duff gave him a list of the Princess' musical protégées. "These people," he said, "are all being helped to get work by this Sipiagin woman, see? I want you to rope some of them and get next to her. You can make friends with them and try to land them theatrical engagements. That ought to bring you into touch with her. Be careful. They're dangerous. They knifed one of Ole Enger's detectives."

He sent for another operative whose business it was to know the underworld. "Here," he said, "are the names and addresses of some people from Constantinople who had criminal records on the other side of the pond. Go slow with them. They bumped off one of Ole Enger's dicks not so long ago. Don't touch them yourself. Get a line on them from some of the gang that travels in

cealed the operatives and secretaries and typewriters and filing cabinets of an up-to-date detective agency; but Duff was careful to appear neither up-to-date nor detective. He was too large a man to be associated with anything sly; you could as easily think of an elephant being employed as a ferret. He had a big, clean-shaven, open countenance that looked peculiarly innocent and barefaced. He seemed slow and lazy and good-natured.

In that atmosphere the reports that arrived about the Princess Sipiagin and her entourage were glimpses of an impossible world. She was promoting the success in vaudeville of a violinist whose whole family had been tortured and killed during the revolution. His boon companion was a Petrograd professor of bacteriology who had come through the revolution so disillusioned about humanity that it was his one ambition, now, to get work as a keeper in a zoo and associate for the rest of his life with animals only.

They were completely peaceable and law-abiding. Whatever monstrous way of life had been imposed on them by the atrocities in Russia, they were no more bloodthirsty now than any demobilized soldier who has seen too much of war. Duff's underworld sleuth reported that none of them were known to the professional criminals of the quarter. "So much the worse for Enger," Duff concluded. "None of his little jackals will be able to warn him if these lads go after him."

And then his underworld operative reported something else. He found a "tip," among the local gangsters, that Duff was on the trail of these Russians. "Don't know where it came from," he phoned Duff. "Ducked as soon as I heard it. Didn't want to spoil my cover." And Duff replied: "Back out of it, for the time being. Wait till you hear from me."

He was puzzled. If there was a leak in his office, how could it have reached these people of the underworld? Not through Dottie Parkins. And not through his operative in the theatrical district. No. And no one else in his office knew. The leak must have come from the outside. It must be that some one in Enger's office—

Among the cases on which Duff had been working, there was that bankruptcy proceeding which he had been employed, by a suspicious creditor, to investigate. It involved an obscure lawyer who had guided the bankrupt through a series of devious evasions of the law. Duff had been trying to find out how that young attorney had come into so important a case. And suddenly, out of nowhere, with a certainty that came upon him in a cold chill, he saw Enger concealed behind the young lawyer in the bankruptcy case; and he saw that Enger, when he found himself endangered by the bankruptcy investigation, had conspired to rid himself of Duff, the investigator, by putting him on the trail of a dangerous gang of "outlaws" (as Enger believed them to be) and then sending them a warning that he was on their trail.

Duff saw that Enger's coldly precise admission of the death of the previous detective was probably an admission which he made to assure himself that he was concealing nothing; that Enger's indifference in their whole interview was unconsciously assumed so that he might not later accuse himself of having pretended any friendship for the man whose murder he had plotted; that Enger had been saying to himself: "You and I are enemies. I don't pretend any friendship. If you want to work for me, do it and be damned to you. Here's a dangerous case. Take it if you want to. Take it at your own risk. You can't blame me, if you get tripped up in it. That's your own affair. You're trying to trip me up in this bankruptcy investigation. Go ahead. We'll see who'll do the tripping."

Duff took his office phone. "Is Benny up there? Yes. Put him on." He blew his noiseless whistle while (*Please turn to page 166*)



Enger continued: "She's using his letters to blackmail him. She's surrounded by a lot of Cossacks."

the Turkish quarter. I want to lead into that Sipiagin woman if I can."

And he telephoned to Dottie Parkins: "If your young Russian friend gets into any legal difficulty, recommend me as a lawyer. You don't know anything about me except that I'm said to be honest. You met me in Washington during the war. Give her my office number and tell her to look me up. If she finds out that I simply use the law business as cover for a detective agency, you're surprised, understand? You didn't know anything about that."

It was true that before the war Duff had been a lawyer, and to all outward seeming he was a lawyer still—an unsuccessful lawyer, sitting all day at an old walnut desk, in a shabby old office, on the second floor of a shabbier old four-story building just off Union Square. On the floors above him and below him were con-

Preface and the Poet Maid

By
Frederick
Hazlitt
Brennan

who is one of the most significant of the new writers—and who was a real boy himself.

Illustrated by
R. F. James

AFTER the Corresponding Secretary had announced to the assembled members of the Sunset Heights Child Study Club that Miss Patricia Jacobs, twelve-year-old poetess, had graciously consented to give readings from her latest volume "The Under Side of Sidewalks" at the Club's next meeting, there was a silence.

This silence was broken finally by a dubious pattering of applause. The lady president then arose and said: "Mrs. Carrie Mooremans Jacobs, mother of our little guest, writes that Patricia is looking forward eagerly to being with us. Mrs. Jacobs very graciously explains that Patricia requires the peaceful retreat of a private home. Therefore our original plan to have Patricia and her mother stop at a hotel must be changed. Now, will any member volunteer to entertain our distinguished little guest?"

Another silence. Then up spake Mrs. James Southworth Brown, a leading spirit in the Child Study Club and chief instigator of the visitation from Parnassus.

"Madam President," said she, "I will be very glad to have Patricia and her mother stay with me." And she added impressively: "My son Southworth has taken a very great interest in poetry, as indeed he does in all cultural and spiritual things. I am volunteering particularly on his behalf."

"Thank you, Mrs. Brown. I am sure that will be a happy solution of our problem," said the President sincerely enough, although her mind was preoccupied with an effort to remember certain stories about Southworth Brown. . . .

"Aw-w, heck, Mom! Aw-w, rats! Gee whillikers, Mom! Have a heart, Mom! I said it sixteen times already."

"Just once more, Southworth, so you wont forget it: I want Patricia to feel she is appreciated by a representative American boy. She is the poet of childhood, and I want her to know childhood appreciates her."

Southworth's face was twisted as in mortal anguish. Futile



Her scream broke off the sentence. "It's Southworth Brown!" cried Miss Jacobs. "He's making that face at me again."

tears long since had dried on his cheeks. He tried one last appeal to his father, an untrustworthy ally.

"I know it already, don't I, Dad? Do I have to say it any more? Do I, Dad?"

James S. Brown, a prosperous hardware merchant, who liked Kipling and Robert W. Service, had retired behind thirty-six pages of the evening paper.

"Mind your mother, Southworth," said he.

"Now, Southworth, be Mother's little gentleman. You said it so well last time. Now recite it just once more before Patricia comes."

"Heck—it's just crazy. It's just goofy; it's—"

"Southworth! Do you want that new bicycle or don't you?"

"Well, I don't see why I hafta— It's got to have a double-size sprocket wheel an' racing handlebars. You promised—"

"Yes, I promised. But you've got to keep your promise first, Southworth. Now let me hear you recite the poem."

Pressed to the wall, Southworth planted his feet in a desperate pose and fixed his bland blue eyes on a point above the chandelier in the living-room. He was about to commence when he noticed the pantry door at the rear of the dining-room adjoining sway slightly.

"Josephine's listening. You got to make Josephine stop listening. She's back there listening."

Josephine, the maid of all work and Southworth's sworn enemy, was ordered not to listen.

Whereupon there issued quickly from the rather wide mouth of Southworth the following monotone:

here for a luncheon in her honor. Then we shall go to the Study Club meeting together to hear Patricia recite."

Tomorrow was Saturday.

"Well, I don't hafta stick around in the morning, do I? Bum and I have a lotta important things to do. I can't be here in the morning, Mom."

"Now, Southworth, we'll not argue any more about it. You are going to stay at home, of course, to entertain your guest."

"She's not my guest. I don't even *know* her, Mom. How can she be my guest if I don't even *know* her?"

"James, will you please tell Southworth not to talk back to me?"

Mr. Brown lowered his paper, looked with carefully veiled sympathy at Southworth and remarked:

"You made the bargain, son. A new bike for being nice to this—er—poet. Live up to your agreement."

"Well, Mom keeps adding things to it. She keeps adding things. First she said all I had to do was to learn that pome. Then she said I had to play with Patricia tonight until bedtime. Now she says I got to stay home—uhuh—all Saturday morning, when Bum an' I got important business to 'tend to—uhuh—an' everything."

It was Mrs. Brown's turn to become tearful.

"Oh, Southworth," she said, "when you talk like this, it just breaks my heart. I try so hard—so hard—"

Southworth moved uncomfortably about the room, looking at his mother. Finally: "Aw, heck, Mom! Heck, I never said I wouldn't, did I? I never said it, did I? Whatcha go an' hafta start crying for, Mom?"

The doorbell broke in on the reconciliation scene. Southworth promptly fled into the hall and up the back stairs. He did this because he dreaded the ceremony of greetings at the front door and because he wished to wash the tear-stains off his face before Patricia saw him.

Upstairs, he heard his mother gushing. "So this is our little singer! You sweet, clever child!" the murmur of his father, and a woman's voice saying: "I'm sure this will be a very happy visit. You have a little son, I understand? Patricia loves little boys." And a thin piping voice saying: "Southworth, Southworth? Is that his name? Why, it's simply *mel-liferous*, Mrs. Brown!"

Feet on the stairs! Southworth fled the upper regions for panic-stricken indecision in the pantry. Josephine, the ogre, said: "Don't try no running off, young man. I'll call your pa,

so I will!" Feet coming down the stairs!

His mother's voice:

"Southworth! South—worth! Where are you, dear?"

He shuffled across the dining-room, hands in his pockets, and moved, stricken, into the living-room.

"Mrs. Jacobs, this is my boy."

"How do you do?" said Southworth in muffled tones.

"Well, well, my little man! Isn't he a fine, upstanding lad, Patricia?"

"And this is Patricia, Southworth."

A skinny, big-eyed little girl moved from the side of her mountainous mother. She held out a skinny, sticky hand.

"How do you do?" said Southworth again, in more muffled tones.



"Oh, the rose it has a sly smile;
The vi'let is so fey;
The lily's sweet defluxion
Takes my heart away;
But the analgyptic onion
Weeps my eyes all day.

"There! Didn't he say it nicely, James?"

"Uh-huh," said Mr. Brown, and coughed.

With this horror thrust aside for the nonce, Southworth's thoughts turned to other dire possibilities.

"How long is she gonna stay, Mom? She wont be here tomorrow, will she?"

"Why, of course she will. I've invited all your little friends

"Greetings, new friend of my incunabula," said Patricia in a shrill voice.

As Southworth shook her hand weakly, he thought: "She's uglier'n Maudie Simms" (the ugliest little girl at Southworth's school) "an' twice as hard to stand, I bet."

"*Incunabula* is Patricia's word for *youth*," Mrs. Jacobs interpreted.

"Isn't that clever, James? I declare, I don't know where the child gets her language," said Mrs. Brown.

"Quite large words for a little girl," said Mr. Brown.

Southworth glowered at Mrs. Jacobs, the direct cause of this little girl's being on earth. Mrs. Jacobs had ankles that overflowed her high-buttoned shoe-tops, and chins that overflowed her high collar. She beamed all the time. She was beaming now as she tapped her forehead and said to Mr. Brown: "We do not know the mystery of genius, Mr. Brown."

The boy perched on a chair as far across the room as he could get from Patricia. The child prodigy seated herself complacently on the divan and stared at Southworth. Their elders talked a great deal of grown-up talk which Southworth heard as so many meaningless words. Then Mrs. Brown cleared her throat.

"Southworth is a great admirer of your poetry, Patricia. He's learned—"

Southworth slid off his chair.

"Mom, can I go an'—"

"Don't interrupt, dear. As I was saying, Southworth knows your poems by heart. Southworth, can't you recite that exquisite little ballad about the roses and violets?"

"I used to know it, but I've forgot it, Mom."

Patricia clapped her hands enthusiastically. "Oh, that would be such an apolaustic shive!"

"I'm sure Southworth is just bashful," said Mrs. Jacobs. "Patricia gets such delight from hearing little playmates recite her works."

"Of course you remember it, dear. You know how it starts: 'Oh, the rose—' Go on, dear."

In his agony Southworth once more appealed to his sire, but James S. Brown was anxious to get it over with. He said, "Spit it out, Southworth," and received a frown from Mrs. Brown which meant, "Why, James, such an expression!"

"Now, dear, take that piece of paper out of your mouth and show Patricia how well you can recite. Go on: 'Oh, the rose—'"

Southworth screwed his pudgy face into a grimace and without stopping for breath said:

"Thuh rose has a sly smi' thuh villet is so gay thuh lily's sweedefluckshun scares my heart a way but thuh alangyptoc onion weeps all day. Now, Mom, can I go out?"

"Very nice," murmured Mrs. Jacobs.

"He didn't get *analgypytic* right, Mamma, and he ran the words together so fast I couldn't tell whether he said *scares my heart* or *takes my heart*. *Takes* is right," said Patricia.

It was too much. Southworth scowled at Patricia and remarked: "It's a bum pome, and I didn't care if I got it right or wrong."

"Now, Southworth, no remarks, please," put in his mother sweetly. "Supposing you take Patricia upstairs and show her your books."

Patricia stood up promptly.

"I forgive you freely, Southworth," she caroled. "You *are* a bashful boy, and I understand bashful boys. Let's go and see your books, shall we?"

Southworth got a glimpse of his mother's face and decided that retreat, even with Patricia, was best. He suffered her sticky, thin handclasp as far as the first landing of the front stairs. Then he jerked his hand away and bolted ahead of her. She laughed, taking this as a flirtatious gesture and kept close at his flying heels. They brought up at the door of Southworth's room. Here Southworth bumped his head, trying to dive at the light button.

"Oh, you poor boy, did you hurt your head?" squealed Patricia. She was prepared to be solicitous and maternal.

"Naw," said Southworth. "Here's my books. I got a full set of Rover Boys an' Tom Swift, an' Motorboat Boys an' a lot of Alger books, but Bum borrowed most of 'em off'm me an' never brought 'em back. Bum's got my Henty books too, an' I lent Gladys Merriam all my West Point books, an' she's never brought them back neither, and I'll let you read any books you like if you promise to bring them straight back. Well, I guess that's all."

Patricia surveyed the books with her hand pensively on her chin. "Have you read Flaubert's 'Salammbô,' Southworth? Or Gautier's 'Mademoiselle de Maupin' or Byron's 'Childe Harold'? I love Byron and Shelley, don't you?"

"Naw. I like books with football or shooting in them. No mushy stuff. The Rover Boys got mushy toward the end. It makes me sick to my stomach!"—with an expressive gesture.

"Haven't you any books of poetry?"

"Aw, silly old pomes make me sick to my stomach."

"Why, your mother said you liked my poems."

"Aw—I guess I like your pomes all right. You've seen all the books. Let's go. Want to see my dog? He's down in the cellar."

She had settled herself Turk-fashion on the floor and made no motion to get up.

"Have you ever been in love, Southworth?"

"Heck, no. That's jest a lot of mush."

"What about this girl Gladys Merriam you loaned your books to, Southworth? Aren't you in love with her?"

"Naw. She's just my girl, sort of."

"Well, if she's your girl, you must be in love with her. You're not very hypostatic, Southworth."

"Aw, I guess I can have a girl without bein' mushy, can't I? Come on, let's go down an' see Terror. 'At's my dog. 'At's

the funniest ol' dog. He can do tricks. Come on, I'll show you."

She peered at him languidly. Southworth kicked at the rug and started off toward the door.

"I've been in love lots of times, Southworth."

"Aint you comin' to see my dog? There aint anything to do up here. Come on."

"I believe I'm falling in love with you, Southworth. Yes. . . . I feel thrilled with a riant concinnity—"



"Have you ever been in love, Southworth? How about this girl you loaned your book to?"



He said: "Aw, I guess she can tease me if she wants to. You're an ol' s'narty yourself. All the time using a lotta big words."

"Aw, bologny. Aw, bologny. Come on—aint you comin'?"

She sighed.

"But Southworth, don't you even like to *talk* about being in love?"

"Mush," said Southworth. "lot of ol' silly mush! You can stay up here if you want to. I'm going downstairs."

He went on the run, and she galloped after him. It was his plan to lead her straight down to the cellar. He was confident that the charms of the Terror, his well-beloved dog, would provide a comprehensible topic of conversation.

But to his horror this precocious child ran into the living-room. From the cellar door he heard her piping:

"Oh, Mother dear, Southworth is the sweetest boy. I'm falling in love with him. I'm going to write a sonnet to him."

There was general laughter.

His mother's voice: "Why, I think that's just too sweet for anything. You write it by all means, Patricia, and read it at the club tomorrow."

A pome! She was going to put him in a pome! She was going to write a mushy ol' love pome about *him*! And read it at the club!

He stumbled down the cellar steps, his ears burning. The Terror awoke from a nap and whimpered, walking to the bottom of the steps and wagging his tail. Southworth sank weakly to the bottom step. The Terror licked his hand. What if all the kids found out?

Pieface Brown, so they say,
Goes a-courting night and day;
Sword and pistol by his side,
Patricia Jacobs for his bride!

That verse would ring around the neighborhood. He would never live it down. "*Pa-trishia Jake-obs for his bride!*" "Southworth!"

"What do you wa-ant?"

"Do you want that bicycle or don't you?"

"Well, I guess I can come down here and help Terror if I wanta. Terror had his foot caught in—uhuh—something. I had to help Terror."

His mother advanced a few steps down the stairs and closed the cellar door behind her.

"*This* isn't being nice to Patricia, Southworth. You should feel ashamed of yourself. The child has taken a great fancy to you and is going to write a sonnet in your honor."

Darkly: "She'd jest better not. Huh! She'd jest better not."

"Why, Southworth! You should feel very proud to have inspired such thoughts in Patricia. No other boy in Sunset Heights ever had a sonnet written about him."

"She'd jest better not. That's all. She'd jest better not. I'll—I'll fix her if she does."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, young man. You'll march right up these stairs or I'll call your father and he'll settle you. The idea! Because a little girl genius wants to put you in a sonnet, you act up this way. I'm ashamed of your lack of literary appreciation, Southworth, I certainly am! When I tried so hard—so hard—"

Southworth marched up the stairs snuffing.

Mrs. Jacobs met them in the front hall with word that Patricia had gone into seclusion upstairs to compose her sonnet to Southworth.

"I do hope she gets it finished in time to include it in her readings at the club tomorrow," said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, she will," Mrs. Jacobs assured her proudly. "When an inspiration seizes her, she never stops until the poem is completed. She composes with simply astounding rapidity. The words seem to come straight down from,"—Mrs. Jacobs rolled her eyes heavenward—"from the stars!"

With an incoherent cry Southworth (Please turn to page 156)

'The Commonest Thing We

An interview with HENRY FORD

upon a subject of great importance to everyone, followed by some comment by Dr. Royal S. Copeland

United States Senator from New York and former Health Commissioner of the City of New York.

Reported by
Norman Beasley

"THE commonest thing we do is the thing we know least about—eating. Some day people will learn how to eat, and there won't be any more hospitals."

Henry Ford said that, and the circumstances surrounding the expression will, I think, interest you.

I had put aside the coarse, wheaty, nut-flavored muffin in preference to some white bread when I heard a voice behind me:

"Why don't you eat those?"

Mr. Ford was indicating an assortment of rolls, muffins and buns on a tray which, shortly before, a waiter had placed on the lunch-table in the dining-room off the Ford Motor Company's experimental laboratories in Dearborn.

Instead of answering, I had asked:

"What are they?"

Nor did Mr. Ford answer my question. Rather, as he turned away, he made the observation:

"The commonest thing we do—"

The food, as I later learned, had been put through its experimental paces in the kitchen-laboratory. Through years Ford has made a study of foods, and values in foods. But not with any thought of public education, nor for the spreading of his ideas—but for the purpose of keeping himself in physical trim. At sixty-five he has the activity and quickness of a man twenty years his junior. He ascribes his physical fitness to the fact that he eats what is good for him—no less than what is good for him, and no more than what is good for him.

His comment on the nut-flavored muffin recalled a somewhat similar incident. Ten or twelve years ago I was with him in the Ford experimental laboratories when he handed me a glass containing an opaque fluid.

"Drink it," he suggested. I did.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Milk."

"Come on over here, and you'll see how we make it."

I followed him, and afterward wrote for the newspapers the "tale of the synthetic cow." Following that interview Mr. Ford was quite liberally joshed by the newspaper paragraphers and cartoonists of the country. He didn't seem to mind. Laughed over it!



Photograph by
Ford Motor Company.

HENRY FORD

At the time I tried to get him to discuss, for publication, his experiments in foods. He refused; gave no explanation for his refusal, but plainly indicated it was a subject that ought to be discussed by others.

So, you see, a number of years were to pass before the subject was again to be under discussion. Following the incident of the nut-flavored muffin, so to speak, we were sitting in the office of one of his secretaries. I reminded Mr. Ford of his comment on "the commonest thing we do."

"I was thinking about that this morning, while shaving," he began. "Thinking about that and thinking about the clergy. For a long time now the clergy has been teaching people to be good. They cannot do this and disregard habits of living. Health is a condition that affects everything. Instead of cluttering up re-

Do We Know Least About

Decoration by
Frederick J. Garner



Photograph © by Harris & Ewing, Washington, from Wide World Photos.

SENATOR COPELAND

ligion with a lot of things that do not belong to it, why doesn't the clergy teach people how to eat? There are such great changes of mental attitude to be obtained by correct habits of diet, that it would better pay the clergy to attend to the commoner and more respectable habits, such as eating, than to some of the bad results of bad eating.

"Most wrong acts committed by men are the result of wrong mixtures in the stomach. Booze is no food, but people put it into their stomachs, and you know what frequently happens. Dope—wrong foods—wrong mixtures of good food. . . . Crime, if that is what you want to call it, comes from wrong mixtures."

"Granting that, Mr. Ford, but how can ministers be expected to give intelligent discussions on food-values? How can they know?"

"They can learn. They can first find out for themselves by experi-

ment. Religion has always had a lot to say about eating—you have only to look into the Bible to see that. Ministers can learn, or if they don't want to learn, they can invite people who do understand into their pulpits."

"You mean, instead of talking so much about religion, you would have ministers—or, persons expert in the subject—discuss food values?"

"I didn't say 'instead of religion;' this is a part of religion. In fact, you cannot have a thorough-going complete religion without it. You may have a system of ideas, but not a complete system of life. And after all, the life is the religion."

"Then you think it could be taught?"

"Yes, and with great advantage. First, discover the vital connection between food and attitudes of mind, between food and the energies of mind and of body; then experience the benefits of a proper course."

Mr. Ford was sitting facing his interviewer. His thin face was intensely earnest in expression. Barring one occasion, some years ago, when he was discussing his abhorrence of war, I do not believe I have seen him exhibit more concern over a subject. Frequently, when being interviewed, he sits on the edge of a desk, or table, one knee caught in the crook of his elbow—the visitor feels, at such times, that his mind is somewhere else and that he is merely being courteous.

This day he was sitting squarely in his chair. On most other days he would leave the room, after first excusing himself, to return and resume the conversation where it had stopped. This day he did not move until the interview was ended. . . .

Suddenly he shifted into another phase of the general problem of eating and drinking.

"Talk of bringing back booze is merely a political dodge," he said. "The general trend toward respect for the law is better than it was. The era of childish defiance is past. Fewer and fewer people, every year, are making home-made beer or wine. It is ceasing to be a joke. After a little time it will cease to be a topic for discussion. The press will change its tone, and then we shall enter the third era of reform. There are always three stages to reform:

"The stage of agitation.

"The stage of victory, with a hangover of intense opposition.

"The stage of acceptance.

"The prohibition, or abolition, of slavery passed through the same stages. If you will look back into our history you will see that agitation against liquors began

before the Civil War.

"This agitation was sidetracked, for a time, by the agitation against slavery. Prohibition, today, is passing through precisely the same stages that emancipation passed through for ten years after the Civil War. For a time it was expected that the liquor reform would be the first to come. But it happened that slavery got into politics first and brought on the Civil War which ended slavery. Otherwise, the abolition of alcohol would probably have come first. Then liquor was given a new lease of life by the Federal tax; to pay our national debts we went into partnership with booze. But slavery and liquor were the two evils the American people were determined for a hundred years to be rid of. They have now got rid of both. There is less drinking today than there was a year ago; there was less drinking (*Please turn to page 164*)

Excitement

By Margaret Culkin Banning

We live in a new epoch, with manners, moods and morals of its own. It is not the epoch of splendid and tragic exaltations and debasements which we called the war; nor is it now merely the epoch of reactions, violent and reckless, which we call post-war. It is the new epoch of prosperity undreamed-of in which Mrs. Banning finds these people who live before you their lives of this day.

The Story So Far:

JANIS WARE knew that it had been Clem's thought which had made her one of his wedding-party. There had always been sentiment underneath everything else in her older half-brother Clem. He wanted some one of his own family at his wedding, and he had liked her best, always.

So she had come, lured more by that sentiment than by his promise of a gay week—the promise which his fiancée Angelica Baldwin, in her off-hand note of invitation, had carelessly accented. . . . Janis never found it too easy to blend with a strange crowd. And when neither Clem nor Angelica met her at the Long Island station, but sent a chauffeur and the station wagon, she was distinctly ill at ease, though Angelica overtook her on the driveway of the great Long Island country-house and explained Clem's absence simply enough.

"He's playing tennis with Olive Dunn, the champion. She wanted to whet her racket on some man. Clem promised last night at dinner that he'd play with her today, and this was the only hour they could get together. That was the reason for all the shattered promises that will probably ruin my marriage. If it does, we'll have the ice-cream anyway. Would you like a highball or something?"

"Heavens, no!" said Janis. "I wouldn't know what to do with it. I'm the Louisa Alcott kind. You'd better know at once."

A gay glamorous week followed for Janis with these perplexing and fascinating people:

With Clem, who proved the same beloved Clem. With Angel Baldwin, who had been engaged before but had always shied away from marriage at the last minute. Now she was to leave all this and go with Clem to the inland city where his work was to take him. Clem answered one who doubted this eventuality:

"Sure we are. We're going to have a house and lot and a bunch of baby-carriages. Aren't we going to have a flock of kids, Angel?"

"Oh, quantities," said Angel. "Who doubts it? Boys and girls and twins!"

Then there were Angel's hard-working business-father and her much-divorced-and-remarried stepmother Sally, who was even now contemplating still another shift of partners: Lord March, an Englishman of good position, attracted her now!

And there was Ben Towne, a young man who pleased Janis very much and who devoted himself to her, and guarded her in the matter of the unfamiliar drinks.

"Was I making a fool of myself in there?" she asked him one evening when they strolled outside.

"No—but I wouldn't take what Lise drinks. She's made of metal and you're not. That stuff was pretty vivid. It's all right," he added tolerantly, "but it's just not your game."

"What is my game?" she asked.

"Yours? To be yourself—fresh and sweet and exactly what we all need."

"What you need?"

She lifted her face, and he looked down into it.



"What I need most of all," he murmured, with his lips on hers.

But only a little later Janis learned that Ben had been engaged to Angel Baldwin before Clem—was told that he still loved her. Shortly afterward Ben, smiling, breaking through the crowd, as some one else became the center of the nonsense, saw Janis. She turned and left the room, but not swiftly enough. By the great west staircase he caught up with her.

"Janis—what's the matter?"

"Don't you touch me," she said furiously. "I'm no proxy!"

(The story continues in detail:)

ANGEL had no idea of what this small city St. Anthony thought of her, or even that it was thinking. The composite opinion of business and society in such a place, its so personal concern with new residents of importance, was something quite outside



"We've been pretending I was the center of your life. It's the treat men give women to keep them satisfied for the rest of their lives—the honeymoon!" Her words were harsh, but her voice was pain.

her experience. She had always been spectacular but she had lived against the indifferent vastness of New York or with fairly homogeneous groups in Paris, Palm Beach or Southampton, groups held together loosely by breeding, habits and prestige. That she would attract attention, be constantly subject to comment, that men would admire her and a few always lose their heads, was only what she took for granted. And she expected, as a matter of course, to choose her own companions.

She certainly did not imagine that Mrs. Henry Randall would regard her, sight unseen, as a personal responsibility. Yet Mrs. Randall, pouring the coffee and thinking as she did so that the laundress was becoming careless and must again be told to iron the breakfast cloths when they were still wet, was considering her duty toward Angel.

"I suppose," she said, "that we must entertain for them, Harry. If he's taking Mr. Hart's place, it's only right that we should, when you are counsel for the company. I had a card from Mrs. Hart, by the way, and she says that Mr. Hart seems much im-

proved. That stiffness in his knees is better. No doubt it's the climate and the sunshine. This young man who's taking his place is the son of Frank Ware by his first wife, isn't he? I never knew her at all. They say she was a very pretty woman, but wasn't there something just a little queer?"

"Ware's rather young to step into Joe Hart's shoes," said her husband, ignoring the questions. "But if it suits them down East, I suppose it's got to suit us. Nice fellow, from all I hear."

"She's just a bride, you know. I was thinking that I might give a little dinner for her and Leila Heathcote. I wanted to do something for Leila when she first came back, but I never got around to it."

They're both brides. Leila's still going out though she isn't feeling very well now."

Angel did not know of that kind of preparation for her coming or of Mrs. Randall's making a tentative list of sixteen people to whom she was "indebted" and deciding that while it was easier to give a dinner at the club, it was far nicer to have it at home. Nor did she guess that Rosamond Jones, who had been at school with her, was telling her friends that Angel Baldwin would soon stir up a dead town and that they'd all better hang on to their husbands. There were a good many stories about her afloat, stories illustrated by her photographs, which had been published in the fashionable magazines, and

hundreds of women and girls had read the descriptions of her wedding avidly. The local papers had quoted all the dispatches about the wedding, accenting the fact that Janis Ware had been one of the bridesmaids and that the Clement Wares would make their home in St. Anthony. Real estate agents also had marked that fact down and considered the Wares as prospects already.

She did not know nor care. Places only existed for Angel as she and Clem chose to touch them these days. There were times

when she thought that they could do without any world at all, other times when it was a delight to plunge together into its music and beauty and extravagances. As for St. Anthony, she liked it. She said so almost at once.

"How do you know you do?" protested Clem. "It's dark. It's raining. You've only just arrived. You don't know whether you do or not. Does she, Janis?"

"Probably she does," said Janis, "though I wouldn't think much of it on a night like this."

"Rain brings me luck," answered Angel. "It rained in Paris. For days and days."

Her voice was playing with memories and in the half-darkness of the car Janis saw Clem reach for his wife's hand. There had been no waning of their passion. This was as Janis had been hoping; and yet now, for some reason, the sight of it almost

Illustrated by
C.D. Williams

It would have been natural for Clement Ware's wife to be taken into their group. But it did not happen. The guests were all aware of her and most of them simply drew into themselves.

hurt. Angel had never been more beautiful. She was a fashionable outline in her French clothes and her face was thinned almost to fragility, but there was a new response in it as if she had gazed frankly at happiness. Janis felt obvious, commonplace and pastel beside her. Angel sometimes made her feel like that. Janis was glad she had managed not to have Uncle Will come to the train. He would have made such hearty jokes and comments about the wedding journey.

Janis had met them with Uncle Will's limousine because that was the most luxurious car in the family and was taking them to her own house. It bulked large and high above the sidewalk as they got out, the plate-glass windows glistening in the rain, the porch light a misty yellow glow.

"Well," said Clem, "this is the stop signal, Angel. Get out and take a look at the house that brought me up."

Angel looked up at the solid square house-front and laughed.

"You can't fool that house," she said. "No wonder you're always right."

"Try to brace yourself for Aunt Esther," said Janis; "she has a new dress and just took a shower in lily-of-the-valley perfume."

"Is she the one who lives with you?"

Janis nodded. "They won't let me live alone. They think it's indelicate to suggest it. Here she is."

Angel knew what to do; she met Aunt Esther as one woman of experience meets another, and Aunt Esther, in the wildly patterned cerise silk dress, beamed and smiled and approved of Clem's wife.

"You've left things much as they were," said Clem to Janis, "but it's pleasanter than it used to be."

"Because you're happier," she told him. "I haven't changed much—couldn't afford to tear it down and start over, and as it is, it's the velvet portière kind of house. There you and I are, over the mantel, playing in the field of daisies the photographer put in."

Clem grinned.

"Look, Angel—want to see me at an early and unspoiled age?"

Angel only glanced at it. She was enjoying the game of fascinating Aunt Esther, and old children's pictures did not interest her.



"Homely little embryo, weren't you?" she said. "I certainly hope all the children look like me."

Aunt Esther gasped and remembered to be modern. She was always hurrying along after modernity in a slightly disheveled and panting condition, hoping some day to catch up with it. She changed the gasp for an arch, sophisticated smile; and Clem, feeling that the background was rapidly becoming one against which Angel would enjoy being outrageous, said that she'd probably manage to have her children carry on her vanity.

"But how can you arrange it?" asked Angel. "You know you can't. We aren't having any children yet," she explained to Aunt Esther, "although of course—"

Clem put hand under her chin and told her to try to be a lady.

"How's the town, Janis? Stirring at all?" he queried.

"The gay ones are all agog about Angel's coming. She's certainly well advertised. I've become suddenly popular, since your wedding, with a lot of people who never had me sorted out before."

"There was something funny about that wedding," said Angel. "I couldn't figure it out. As if it had died in advance. You certainly didn't have your heart in it, Janis. And the parents were a little estranged because of the Lord High Chancellor that Sally brought on. Then in the middle of the four-minute speech



the minister was making, with Clem drinking in every word, I caught sight of Ben Towne; and he looked so needy that I almost joggled the minister's arm and said, 'I'm taking that one instead.'

"I would have socked you," said Clem nonchalantly, "and married you unconscious."

He wasn't jealous. Her generosity and her honesty must have been excessive to give him that confidence, thought Janis.

Then she felt herself stiffen at Clem's next joking words.

"I want you to lay off Ben if he comes out here, Angel. Give him some air. Let Janis take him on. Remember you're not the girl you were."

"I'm a broken blossom," Angel agreed cheerfully.

"Ben Towne?" asked Janis, wondering if her rouge steadied her color. "Is he coming out here?"

"Yes. At least that was the line-up when we saw him last week

in New York. I thought he said he'd written you. A friend of his in some law firm out here developed a tubercular lung and can't stand the climate. I think it was Judge Cady's firm. Anyway this fellow wrote to Ben to recommend some one to take his place—it's Ben's

line, corporation law, and Ben wrote back that he'd come out and take the place himself. As I understand it, it can be either temporary or permanent. But Ben seemed rather to like the idea."

That was what had been in the letter, then—the letter Janis hadn't read but had sent back unopened. After she had done that, it had seemed such a childish and melodramatic thing to do. But even to think of him still brought that sick feeling of shame. Of course he had been sorry he had let her down. All that next day he had tried to tell her. But to think he had let her go on, telling him all those romantic things, all those things that she had never felt before, giving him the best, the first of her love when all the time he would have been Angel's lover, Angel's hus-



"He's not always like that, Tony. Ben can make love beautifully." Ben was staring

band if he could. Letting her substitute. Queer that she didn't blame Angel. But it didn't seem Angel's fault.

She was aware of Angel now, looking out of place among the adequate, undistinguished, expensive furniture which had served two generations and beginning already to look a little restless. And Clem was asking something.

"What did you ask?"

"Will there be trouble finding a place to live?"

"Some one said the other day you ought to take the Mason house."

"What's that?"

"It's quite a beautiful house. It was built a few years ago by a man called George Mason whom the city seems to be frowning on. Uncle Will thinks he's a moral lesson."

"What did Mason do?"

"He spent too much money."

"I admire his temperament," said Angel; "probably I'd like his house."

"Probably we can't afford it," remarked Clem.

"You'll be expected to have a good house," said Janis gravely.

"Mr. Hart did. Of course you could build."

"Why build with a world full of houses now?" inquired Angel.

"There's something indecent about stark new houses anyhow. Wood shavings all over the floor. And cuckoo blueprints. When Sally did over the house in Sutton Place, it was an awful mess. Sally didn't mind because she was enslaving all the plumbers and carpenters and making the horny hand of labor shake with emotion when she went around inspecting. But when they noticed me bumming cigarettes from a carpenter, they packed me off to Europe."

"That hasn't anything to do with the case," said Clem.

"No," agreed Angel, reflectively. "Just my memoirs."

"I think memoirs are fascinating," said Aunt Esther, and wondered why they all thought that was so funny.

"Uncle Will sent over some stuff that you might like to drink," suggested Janis.

"The old sport! He didn't make it, did he?" Clem asked.

"No. He's had it for years. It's out in the dining-room. I had the cook make some sandwiches and things because I thought you might be hungry after two days of eating on trains."

"I am. Let's go out and see what you've got."

That was one of the scenes that Janis never forgot. She didn't know why. So much that was more important had gone before and was to come after. But again and again that hour came back as a kind of pause. Perhaps it was her own excited sense that



at her incredulously. . . . "At Angel's wedding we had a red-hot time, didn't we, Ben?"

Ben Towne was coming close to her life again. To be near Angel, perhaps. Well, Janis could show her indifference to that. She wanted the chance. There was something ahead now. The world had vitality again; there was wind in it, driving away her listlessness.

They pulled chairs about the round mahogany table and brought food and glasses from the sideboard. The glass prisms of the over-heavy chandeliers shook and tinkled a little as they always did when a man walked heavily across the room, and the light fell softly into the depths of the mahogany which glowed with the polishing of years upon years. Clem sat close to his wife. Aunt Esther was alert, looking like a curious drawing, her cheeks quickly feverish with sherry, her airs and graces and attentions excessive.

"Never was a better party than this," said Clem.

"You can't call this a party!" protested Aunt Esther.

"What is a party?" asked Janis. "I've wondered."

"It's any convivial occasion," Angel answered, "like this. This is a good party. They're born. Of people and usually liquor. The infant mortality of parties is terrible. But you can't get along without them in the home. It's Aunt Esther who makes this party go."

"I'm going to give a real party for you," promised Aunt Esther,

bridling at the praise. She leaned toward Angel. "I'll ask interesting people."

"Not those people who travel with their acts," said Angel, "—not the one who wrote a book and the one who plays the piano. Let's have nice dumb people who drink fluently."

"You'll meet plenty of them," Janis assured her. "The gay ones are on your trail."

"We want to go a little slow," said Clem.

"No, we don't," said Angel. "Why slow?"

"I mean until we have people placed and know who they are."

"I like them better anonymous."

"You're a little fool," her husband said fondly. "I'm going to be a pillar of society and you'll have to live up to it."

"I couldn't possibly be a pillar. I'll be the Leaning Tower of St. Anthony," remarked Angel, "or maybe I'll be its temptations."

It was amusing just then. But when Janis had taken her guests to their room, the big alcove room where the crisp Marseilles spreads were folded back over the footboards of the beds and the old soft linen sheets turned smoothly down, she came quietly downstairs again. Aunt Esther had gone to her own room, protesting happily and rakishly that she was dizzy. An ivory cigarette-case of Angel's lay forgotten on (Please turn to page 126)

Love in the Year 93 E.E.*

By

S. Fowler Wright

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin



"*Deluge*" sensationally proved Mr. Wright's skill at thinking in terms of the future. His interesting speculation about civilization's end made it instantly a best seller. Here he shows what love and elopement may be, when we are all eugenic.

"You'd better go now, or we'll neither of us go anywhere. The disk has changed color twice already." She pointed to the signal.

IN the ninety-third year, second period, of the Eugenic Era, there lived a girl named P. N. 40, who was, on the fifteenth of April of that year, within a fortnight of the age and ordeal of marriage.

For, as we know, the Eugenist government of that time had decreed that every girl who was sufficiently sound in health and ancestry should marry between the first and tenth days of the May following her twenty-second birthday—the intention being that her first child should be born in the early spring, which had been shown to be the ideal period for such natiivities.

P. N. 40 was an exceptionally beautiful girl, but she was an acutely miserable one at the moment.

She sat on the sunlit loggia of her ground-floor bedroom, in the early hours of that mid-April morning; her mouth—which was made for a quite different purpose—was shut savagely, and her eyes were sullen. The reasons for her discontent will appear presently.

*The year 93, of the second Eugenic Era, corresponds to 2029 Anno Domini, as once quaintly reckoned.

The Eugenist government, being laudably anxious to improve the quality of the race, had realized that it cannot be done very rapidly under a strictly monogamous régime. It is a lamentable fact that the two sexes are born in approximately equal numbers. The prohibition of the marriage of the unfit, enacted at the commencement of the second era, was of no assistance to the solution of this difficulty, for the unfit also were found to be of about equal numbers in either sex.

It was the epoch-founding brain of Professor Gested, working with its usual mathematical precision, which had resolved the problem. He perceived that the Potential Maximum Birth-power is not increased by a multiplication of husbands, whereas a plurality of wives may lead to a substantial increase in the P. M. B. of mankind. Building upon this premise, he evolved a plan

by which such a plurality, up to a maximum of six wives, should be allotted to those members of his own sex who were beyond criticism either in individual or ancestral health.

By a contrary provision, men of inferior physical

grades were allotted less than one complete unit of feminine companionship, to a minimum of one sixth, by which means he contrived:

(1) That a large majority of the next generation would be the children of a selected parentage.

(2) That all members of the community would be married, (more or less), so that a minimum of opposition was aroused among the selfish anti-social voters who had done so much to retard racial progress.

(3) That by this process of grading there would be no difficulty in avoiding an unallocated surplus, either of men or women, as the fraction of wife allowed to men of intermediate grades could be varied according to the number of women available.

Forty years had passed, and though the enforcement of this law had not been unopposed, yet it had been asserted successfully. But it had been found necessary to segregate the young of either

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"The searchlight wouldn't have mattered," he answered, "—not while it was white. But the orange-red is meant to kill!"

sex with an almost absolute division. A great national ideal cannot be reached without individual sacrifice.

But P. N. 40, however superficially attractive, had a mind which was destitute of the higher patriotism. Her heart did not beat more rapidly when she considered the P. M. B. of mankind.

It beat faster at the foolish imagination that a handsome aviator, 48 V. C., had regarded her with unusual interest as he had assisted her last February from her monoplane, which had descended so unexpectedly on the shire of Llangorse, in Brecknockshire. Yet the ancestry of 48 V. C. included an inferior great-aunt, and he wore perforce the pink-and-yellow arm stripes which graded him for one-fourth of a wife at the next allotment.

P. N. 40 did not curse, for she had never heard of bad language, nor could she have imagined its possibilities. She did not curse, but her thoughts were murderous.

It was the night before, in the common-room of the seminary, that she had been publicly rebuked for seditious immodesty by the Instructress, because she had expressed the opinion that a girl could choose her husband much better than the Board of Allocation would be likely to do.

"A pure-minded woman," she had been told severely, "does not discriminate between one man and another, if he be chosen as fit for fatherhood; nor does she rebel because she will receive only a fraction of his attentions."

Well, if that were so, she was not pure-minded. Very far from it.

The letters P. N. 40 branded beneath her chin were indelible. They would always proclaim her as the bearer of a health-proud name. Only the children of 47 L.—Z. V. 5 could claim a physical superiority. And 47 L. was not only of a stainless ancestry for four generations on either side, but his personal development was so exceptional that when the Ministry of Birth, the most important government office under that held by the premier, had been

awarded to him, it had been generally regarded as an unusually seemly choice.

And 47 L. still lived a life of robust vigor, though his years were seventy. One of his six wives had died last year. And if there were truth in the envious whisperings of the common-room, she herself, P. N. 40, was selected for the high honor of the vacant place.

On the first of May, at the Festival of the Marking of Brides, she would receive her husband's number beneath her chin, behind the place on which her own appeared already. Then at the day's end, in the solitude of her own room, she would be able to look at the number in the mirror, and learn to whom she had been assigned. Modesty did not admit of an earlier curiosity.

She knew that she could defeat this allocation. Degeneration of character may disqualify the most physically perfect for the honor of a Sixth-grade Marriage. She might do outrageous things during her last fortnight of freedom, such as would insure that she would never know the dignity of being the youngest wife of 47 L. She might even contrive to be classified with the Fourth-grade women, who are the sole wives of a single husband.

But this thought brought no comfort. She did not merely wish to be a monogamous wife. She wanted, with an almost obsolete vulgarity, to be the wife of a particular man whom she should never have seen—would, very certainly, never have seen, but for the airplane accident at Llangorse.

Besides, she was not free from the natural vanity of women. She could not easily endure the degradations which follow from a Fourth-grade marriage. Girls of that class might be content enough, for they had expected nothing more, but she had been brought up differently. To pick her clothes on the fourth day, after the three upper grades had chosen all the lovelier colors! To sit in the back rows of the theater, the solitary companion of the



On the screen, the chief operator studied the driving blur of the storm for some

man beside you, and watch the grouped seats of the Sevens, Fives, and Threes, that graded backward, proclaiming the physical ignominy of the place to which you were relegated!

Such sacrifices have been made by women of ancient days—or so romance will have it—to secure the man of their choosing, but not, even by them, for a precarious difference in the percentage of a stranger's love.

Cultivating her sorrow, as folly will, P. N. 40 went indoors, seeking a forbidden book, "The Oxford Book of English Verse." With the volume she returned to the loggia and sat down to the idle turning of its familiar pages.

She knew that she could not be overlooked, except from the air, which, at this hour, was empty of random traffic on the lower airways. It was true that she might be under the observation of the Ministry of Insight, but that, she supposed, was arithmetically improbable, and anyway, it was a risk which was never absent.

No one guessed the extent of the oversight which was exercised by this Ministry. It was surmise only as to whether the M. I. were casual or ubiquitous in the taking of photographic records. No one knew.

But P. N. 40 was in a mood to be reckless, and anyway, there is little gain in stealing a book which is never read.

She did not know that at that very moment, 48 V. C., the subject of her absurd dreams, was perilously watching from the evergreen shelter of a fir near by.

From his earliest childhood, 48 V. C. had been trained for his

intended occupation, that of an air-pilot. The theory of selection which had so destined him from infancy had been justified in its results, for, at the age of twenty-three, which was that of male maturity and marriage, he had gained the rare honor of being appointed to one of the Condor patrol planes. There were but twelve of these, and they exercised a final control and supervision over the airways of the world.

The Condors were single-seaters. They were in all ways self-sufficient. They were so swift that they could circle round an intercontinent liner as a swallow passes an express train. By right of office, they were exempt from the traffic-laws of the air. All gave way before them when their sirens shrilled to the instruments in the ears of a thousand pilots, or their twin blue lights (interbarred with the warning pink) flashed, halcyon, through the night. They could talk with each other through a separation of ten thousand miles. They could command—and the haughtiest liner must change its course, or pause motionless in the void. They were independent of extraneous fuel, and, when their pilot needed rest, or would survey his patrol from a steady point, they could rise above the highest levels of traffic, and hang stationary, or drift idly upon the winds, for a week if need be.

P. N. 40 turned the pages of "The Oxford Book" idly to pause at "The Lady of Shalott," with its quaint unreal echo of a misery kindred to, yet so different from her own. . . .

She knew the voice that called her name from the shadow of the fir-branches, and her body thrilled with a sudden terror, and



minutes. A wind-tossed Kestrel showed faintly. Lightning flickered around it.

her heart beat chokingly. She did not know that she answered, but when 48 V. C. crossed the lawn toward her, she found words in an agony of fearful protest.

"Oh, but you must not! If you were seen! Come inside—come quickly!"

In the shelter of her own room they looked at one another without speech for some moments.

Wild joy contended in her heart with utter terror at the audacity of his presence in that forbidden place, within ten miles of which no man had even been known to trespass—where men only came when the bride-season was ended. They stood under the shadow of a penalty that they could only guess, but which could be no less than the shattering of the lives they knew, if any life should be left them—not knowing but that an official of the Ministry of Insight might be recording every word and motion on the plates of his laboratory instrument in Hampstead, scarcely thirty miles away.

And 48 V. C. was the only man to whom P. N. 40 had ever spoken intimately, or on a basis of equality.

If there were less fear in his equal silence, there was an even greater diffidence. To find the vision of his hopeless dreams within the reach of his hand! To have dared so much, and to be conscious of the utter madness of the offer that he had come to make! To be sickeningly conscious of the pink-and-yellow band upon his arm, which proclaimed him unfit to consort with such as she, and his children after him!

She recovered her self-possession first, as a girl will.

"How did you find me?" she asked, in a very natural wonder.

"I saw your number," he said, simply, and the words, which explained everything, brought a flood of shame to her face, such as she had never known before. Had she lifted her chin? She had been taught from childhood that it is the lowest shame of womanhood to lift her chin to a man—to show him the letter-number by which he may trace and find her.

He saw the confusion he had caused, though he only vaguely comprehended it, for the teaching of the women's schools was outside his experience, and he added hastily: "It was when I was lifting you out of the smash. I couldn't help seeing—really." And then, with a sudden honesty of laughter: "I didn't try, either."

She looked down silently, but without sign of resentment, and he was emboldened to add: "I would have found you anyway, if I had had to search the world."

She gave him her eyes then for a moment, and thrilled deliciously at what she saw in his. She lifted her hands, and threw them apart in an impotent gesture. It was no time for love's finesses.

"It's no use," she said, "no use. You know it's useless. I can't think why you came."

Her voice reproached him, as if he had been guilty of a needless cruelty, but her words told him that which gave him courage to speak his purpose.

"Of course it's use, if you'll come. We've only to wait for a bad night."

(Please turn to page 116)

S.O.S.

By
Weston Hill

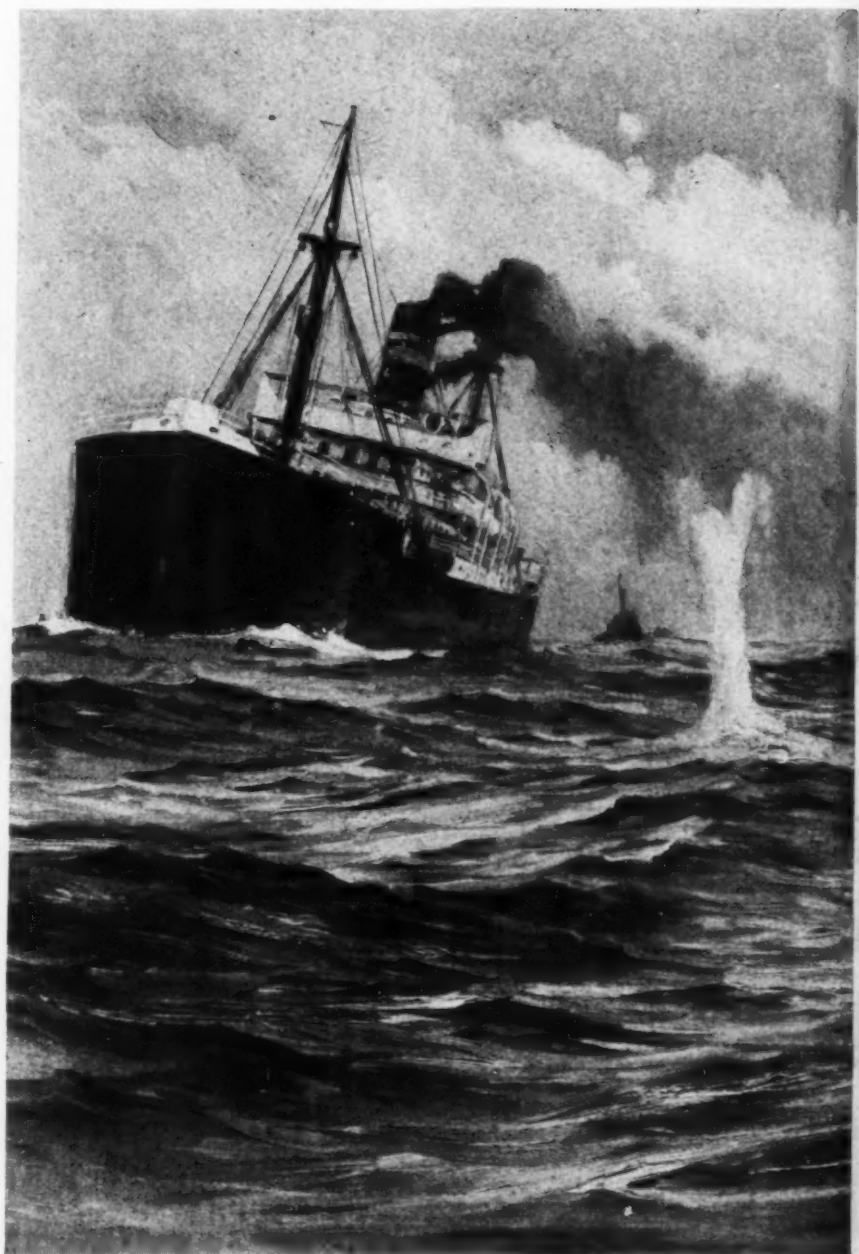
Illustrated by
Anton Otto Fischer

A story, based on actual experience, by a man who served on a destroyer which cruised a total of eighty thousand miles in submarine-infested waters.

SURE—I had a lot of funny ones. Any radio electrician that was with the destroyers could tell you plenty, and I guess I'm no different from the rest.

Of course, after we'd been in Irish waters awhile, the submarines quieted down a lot. Nothing on the air but routine reports and orders, and commercial stuff that we didn't pay any attention to. But at first it was S.O.S. all day and all night. Most times, we knew by the position the ship gave that she'd be gone before we could get there. Once in a while there'd be an S.O.S. that would die out before the poor devils could give their position, and I—I don't know—I'd sit there with the phones on my head and see that poor guy pounding out his *dit-dit-dit da-da-da dit-dit-dit* (that's S.O.S., three dots, three dashes and three dots), and the water like as not pouring in on him, but he thinking that if he got the latitude and longitude off before his ship sank, some one would get it and come over and pick up the survivors; only he wouldn't be one of 'em, because he'd be carried down with the ship. But the water would be in his dynamo by the time he come to the latitude and longitude, and he'd drown like a rat without doing his shipmates any good after all.

That puts me in mind of the poor old *Acabo*. We met up with her the first time we went on patrol after we came over from the States. The convoy system hadn't been invented then, and each destroyer was sent out to patrol an area in the submarine zone. If something happened in some area, it was nobody's business except the destroyer in that area—get me? I remember one time we had an area right off the west coast of Ireland—up around Bantry Bay some place. It was sort of calm, and I had all the ports open, and I was watching a merchant ship making her eight knots up the coast a couple miles over toward the beach. And while I was sitting there watching her, S.O.S. come in all of a sudden, so strong the earphones damn' near jumped off my head; and then *whoosh!*—I see a great tall column of black water and blue flame spring up from under her counter, and she upends and goes down by the stern in about four minutes. We run over and picked up what was left of her crew, and her radio man told



As we come up, we see the sub

me it was his S.O.S. I'd got. He seen the torpedo coming, and decided to start S.O.S-ing then and there. Yeah, it was quite a war at first.

Oh, yeah—the *Acabo*. Well, on this first trip of ours, we had an area where they was a couple of U-boats just raising hell. S.O.S. all the time. They'd got a cattle-ship, and a ship with a deck-load of cotton, and the sea was full of bales of cotton and dead horses—we cruised through them for hours looking for survivors. Pick up bodies? Not unless we could do it under way. It was bad luck to heave to in submarine waters. Some Heinie was liable to plug you with a tin weenie.

Anyhow, about two days out on this trip I was on watch—I forget what time it was—and we gets an S.O.S. from off somewhere 'way out of our area, of course. Said something like: "Being shelled by submarine, zigzagging to avoid torpedoes. Latitude so-and-so, longitude such-and-such. Help." Signed S. S. *Acabo*. I stuck it down in the log and sent a copy up to the bridge, the way we did with all S.O.S. messages, and forgot about it.

Next time I come on watch, I looked over the messages that had come through while I was off, and I see another S.O.S. from the *Acabo*. "Submarine still shelling us. Fired two more torpedoes, one defective, other just missed. Will some one please



laying off about two miles beyond the Acabo, and shelling hell out of her.

come. Latitude so-and-so. Longitude such-and-such. Acabo." I thought to meself it's a hell of a note we can't run over there and help the poor old hooker.

Well, every time I come on watch, there's a new stack of messages from the S. S. Acabo. She was certainly burning up the air. Hour after hour, the same old stuff. She was on fire from a shell, but they put it out. Coal was running low on her. Submarine's gun outranged hers. Where was everybody? Help! Then she'd give her position again, and sign off, Acabo.

Next morning I come on watch at eight bells, and I no sooner gets the phones on than here she comes again. "S.O.S. Torpedo passed under our stern, missing by two feet. Gunning us again, trying to shoot away radio antenna. Using smoke boxes to elude her. Women and children aboard. Please come to our assistance. Latitude so-and-so, longitude such-and-such. Acabo."

I got out all the messages she'd sent, and being no navigator myself, still I could figure out from the positions she'd given that she was getting nearer. Dodging all over the Atlantic like she was, zigzagging so good that they couldn't get a weenie into her, she'd worked over to about fifty miles west of us. And while I was figuring that out, here comes another S.O.S. Submarine had fired another torpedo, evidently her last, which missed. Sub-

marine then emerged under her stern and tried to board her, but they repelled the attack with automatics and big hunks of coal. (Honest, can you imagine that?) "Cannot last much longer. In God's name, come." I forget just what they did say, but that was certainly what they meant.

Well, hell, I couldn't stand it any longer. It was getting on my nerves. The officer of the deck on watch at the time was a pretty good scout, so I made copies of all the Acabo's S.O.S.'s, and wrote out an answer to send reading something like this: "Acabo, am coming to your assistance. Hold out for two hours and make smoke so we can see you." And I sends the whole works up to the bridge by the messenger.

He comes back grinning, and says that the officer of the deck says how did I get that way, and that the Skipper says go ahead and send message suggested. So I sent it off, and put on a couple of extras to pep up the Acabo's radio operator a bit. I figured he'd been on watch for three days now and might need some encouragement. So he sends back some message that was so balled up that I could hardly get it, except that it had something in about America and thank God, and he gives the latitude and longitude again from force of habit.

Well sir, we made the run over there (Please turn to page 110)

The Squaw Man

by
A. de Ford
Pitney

A very modern love story wherein a young wife makes more money than her husband.



Illustrated by Will Foster

"In these days," said Miss Turley, "woman must play the domi-

NAN ADAMS stood in the dusky rear end of their living-room in the Deegan Arms apartments and surveyed it with an inscrutable expression. From the kitchenette came the clatter of dishes as Ted did his part of the job and cleared up after dinner.

Four years of marriage had improved Nan's looks from those of the eager, excitable girl who had paired with Ted Graham to make it two against the world. She still looked like an impetuous girl, but her alertness was governed and restrained. Her mouth was as gay as ever when it wasn't set in serious lines. Tinted beads of a costume necklace hung from her white neck down over the bosom of her scanty, close-clinging, thin silk dress. Her pretty legs in their shimmering stockings looked in the dimness as if they were bare.

Nan had a piece of news to tell Ted. It was gloriously good news, but it was going to be hard to break it to him, because the glory was all hers, and it meant that big, jovial, arrogant Ted Graham was going to have to take a back seat.

Nan was the creator of a succession of underwear novelties that had been big hits; but the firm had been conservative about raising the pay of an employee who had grown up with them. Now Dolly Dainty, Inc., made up their minds to have her; and she had signed a contract with Dolly Dainty for seven thousand a year, as director of design and assistant to J. D. Soper, vice-

president in charge of sales. She had received a check for one thousand dollars, cash bonus for signing, and at the end of every fiscal year would have a stock bonus proportionate to the increase of sales.

So Nan was able and far more than willing to move out of the Deegan Arms. They had lived in that kitchenette apartment three years. The problem was Ted. He was a building-specialty salesman. He had had no increases. Sometimes he had all he could do to meet his half of the expenses where they were. They both dressed well, and they had a used car. And Nan hadn't had the heart to tell him about her new salary. Ted had met Soper and knew he was bidding for Nan, but had no idea how big the offer was. . . .

That evening as usual Ted had driven the five-year-old Mohawk home to the Deegan Arms. Three years in one apartment made him feel a proprietary interest in the place. He carried himself with the air of an important business man.

An expensive, straight-eight sedan pulled up, and Nan was getting out of the front door. Through the windshield, J. D. Soper grinned at Ted with mechanical cordiality. Ted walked around to shake hands.

"How are you, Mr. Soper? How's the rubber corset and reducing-garments trade?"



nant rôle. —Caradoc, go down and sit in the car until I come; go at once!"

Soper was a big fellow too. He had a thick hand and a hairy wrist. He was around fifty, in light tweeds, blue shirt and collar, sapphire sleeve-buttons, tie and handkerchief to match; he had large, pouchy eyes, a big jaw, thick nose and saddle-colored, golfer's tan. He continued to grin at Ted's pleasantry.

"That's all off now. Everything's the other way. Back to nature. How's your business?" At this Soper could not or did not attempt quite to restrain a slight patronizing sneer.

"Pretty good. Pretty good." Ted frowned. "Take it from me, and I am in a position to know, the building industry is going to have a good year."

"That's fine. Well, see you later. So long, Nan." Soper drove on.

The Deegan Arms was a court building. Along the front was a strip of grass and some shrubs. Sam, the janitor, drove stakes in the corners of the strip and stretched wire around it. On each side of the entrance to the court, flights of stone steps led down to two basement apartments. The one to the left was occupied by Sam and his family. On the brick pillar on that side hung in perpetuity a black, gold-lettered sign: "2 and 3 Room, High Class Ktnt. Apartments, Unfurn. See Janitor." The sign was small and neat and had a gold border. On the other pillar glittered a physician's brass plate: "Dr. Wilkowsky. Apartment 27."

Sam in his overalls was on the ledge of his steps taking the evening air as Ted and Nan walked in. Sam's wife was on their top step where she could see the baby-carriage just inside their door. Ted waved his hand.

"How are you, Mrs. Vilko? How's the little girl?"

"Just fine, Mr. Graham, sank you. —Mr. Graham's a nice gentleman," Mrs. Vilko remarked to her husband as Ted and Nan went on. "Always so well-dressed and pleasant. I guess he makes money."

"His wife works." Sam had an eye of prejudice on a white spitz, a new dog in the neighborhood, which was evidently meditating an investigation of the shrubbery. Mrs. Vilko washed windows, did half-days' cleaning for tenants in the Deegan Arms and took charge of the halls in two of the six entrances; but as she stayed at home, bore her husband's name, cared for her four children, and drew no wages, she technically did not work. "Get to—" Sam made a jab with a mop-handle at the spitz, which retired.

The center of the court was another narrow oblong of sandy grass and barberry bushes. Ted followed Nan around a toy perambulator and an overturned kiddy-car on the walk to the left. Two little girls were sitting on the plot, cutting paper dolls. The lower half of a bathing suit, a spoon and a rubber doll were on the grass a little way from them. At the end of the plot a Pekinese trailing a leash was sniffing around a shrub. On one of the little balconies a first-floor tenant was reading an evening paper in his shirt-sleeves. A well-dressed woman with shiny marceled hair came out on a second-floor balcony and rested on the railing a hand from which sparks coruscated.

Ted stopped a moment on his entrance step and looked back around the court before going in. With all its drawbacks, the place had many good features. It was kept up as well as possible with so many dogs and kids. Human beings were human. He had been happy there. His heart warmed to it. It was Home.

Why he stopped to look around, he did not know. It was the end of an epoch in his life. He would never again see with the same eyes that place or any other place on earth.

When they got up to their apartment, Ted, his chest still tight from the emotion he had felt, paused inside with his arm around Nan and drew a long breath.

"Isn't it great?" he said. "Here we are—you and I."

"I was just getting an eyeful of it."

"It's our home." The room was a fair-sized oblong. The rear end got no daylight because the windows were up front on the court. The Deegan Arms originally had been a building of six-room apartments. With the advent of high rents they had been remodeled. Most conspicuous feature of the room was a large mirror, six feet high and four feet wide, built into one side wall. At a rapid first glance the wall mirror gave an effect of greater spaciousness to the apartment. The remodeler, in his subtle art, had decorated the top of the mirror and part down each side with a trellis, white enameled, having sprays of artificial flowers and leaves twined through the slats to give an airy outdoor appearance, as of a garden entrance.

Music of two radios, one with a soprano singer giving an opera program and the other with a jazz orchestra, came sometimes muffled and sometimes louder, through the windows.

"Well, let's have dinner," said Nan with a sigh.

"You bet. We've been eating out too much lately. It runs up the expenses, old kid."

Nan went into the kitchenette alcove. It was a niche, the size of a big open closet, at the rear inside corner of the room. Two narrow English fireside seats were built against the side wall. Between the seats was a painted table for two. Opposite, in arm's reach, were a compact cooking-stove and sink in the wall, with the glass doors of a miniature pantry above. Nan put on a pink rubber apron, a coquettish little dress-protector, with a crimped sky-blue border and a little crimped blue pocket cemented on it.

"Doesn't it seem incongruous for a high-grade business man like you to be eating this way?" she asked insidiously as she lighted the stove.

"It would be more incongruous for a big business man to be walking around in a shiny old suit with no heels on his shoes."

"I don't like to see you doing kitchen work," she hinted slyly.

"Spoken like a sweet, old-fashioned girl. You may wash the dishes too."

"No, I won't," retorted Nan.

Ted laughed.

"But now, Ted, really, wouldn't you just love a big, beautiful apartment, with lots of rooms, a good maid—"

"Sure I would. I'd like to have a town-car and chauffeur too."

"Honestly, Ted, wouldn't it be wonderful, dear, to live in a good modern apartment, with everything the way we really like it? No noises. We could entertain. A good bath—two of them; a real kitchen—"

"Dear girl, you haven't been out in the sun too much, have you?" Ted reached in the alcove and pulled Nan out to him. "What's the matter with where we live? Look at it." Nan gave a glance at the decorated mirror, shuddered and turned her back to it. "Why, this is our little home in the dear old Deegan Arms. I just love this place." A phonograph suddenly struck up, drowning both radios. Ted closed the windows and the music sunk to a muffled murmur. "I love our home."

"We've got to have air, Ted. The people down below are cooking garlic again."

"All right!" He edged into the end seat, and Nan poured out the canned soup. She began again as soon as they started to eat. The thing had to be gotten over.

"Ted, I'm not fooling. I've got to get away from here."

"I've been noticing you lately. You've seemed listless about the place—almost as if you didn't like it."

"If you were suddenly making a lot of money, you would want me to live in a better place, wouldn't you, Ted? You would insist on it for my sake."

"You just bet I would. Of course I would."

"I want you to remember you said that."

"There's no danger that I'll forget it."

Nan had cheered up, and her eyes had brightened hopefully.

"The building business is a big industry, a big industry," continued Ted. "It's bound to bring me a chance of using my engi-



"Caradoc!" screamed Arline Bates Turley. "What does this mean?" "You keep still," ordered Dilworth, pointing the candlestick at her.

neering degree and getting into something big. Berryman's tempting me to break away right now, and put up a building in Oklahoma on spec. Not a cent unless we make it. But I'm playing safe. I see my responsibilities more than I did when we were just two kids."

She looked at him, her eyes bright with affection, and patted his hands with the one he wasn't holding.

"You're an awfully good fellow, Ted. You are awfully good. I'm just terribly fond of you. And I want you to remember that I love you with all my heart when I tell you that I'm now making more than eight thousand a year, and I want you to come live with me in a place we'll both be happy in."

"Wha-a-at!"

"More than eight thousand, dear. And it will increase every year. I've got an interest in the firm. Your little Nan has clicked."

As he sat staring across the table, Nan went on: "I want now, darling, for us to go live in a regular apartment, and get away from this awful Deegan Arms. I've got the money now, and there's no reason—"

She was interrupted by a ring at the bell. Nan was nearest the speaking-tube.

"Don't let anybody in," said Ted, but Nan was already pushing the button.

"It's Arline Bates Turley, and I think she has her husband with her." Ted came out from the alcove, his face blank, still gulping with astonishment when Nan opened the door and Miss Turley came in with *empressement*, swinging furs, necklaces, beaded bag, and eye glasses on a platinum chain.

"My dear," she cried, taking both Nan's hands. "I think I have the very thing for you. Now, Nan child, I want you to see this

energy and personal charm. She published a magazine on the psychology of success, conducted a vocational guidance bureau and gave a lecture-course on Character and Self Realization. Mr. Dilworth, Miss Turley's husband, came in unobtrusively. He had a red nose and a subdued manner. As the people in the room were animatedly engaged, he took a seat near the door without bothering anybody.

"Isn't it wonderful," continued Arline Bates Turley, "the way your little wife is going ahead by leaps and bounds, if I may coin a phrase—and is in a position to do so much for you both?"

"I don't want her to do anything for me," declared Ted savagely.

"Ah, your first reaction." Arline Bates Turley pinned Ted with her glittering, penetrating gaze, under which he moved away uneasily. "Wrongly directed personality, I see. Unwillingness to be led by the dominant force."

"Oh, well. Oh, well—" Ted made feeble gestures and tried to get over toward the window.

"False pride. False pride. I see." Miss Turley had her arms folded, one foot forward, and fastened him with her eye, from which he could not escape.

"Ted's just heard of it." Nan put her arm through his. "I just told him. He's so overcome with surprise and delight at my good fortune that he doesn't know what to say yet."

"Ah, yes," Miss Turley nodded. "I thought I sensed resistance."

"No indeed," Nan laughed. "Ted would never stand in my way."

"Splendid. The thing to realize is that the Unfolding Power is fully as—even more—likely, in these days, to develop through woman as through man. In these days men must learn to accept the successful woman, to know that in many cases woman must play the dominant rôle. The result

can be a well-ordered life in which each understands his part. —Caradoc," she ordered her husband, "I left my keys in the car. Go down and sit in it until I come. Go at once." Mr. Dilworth was instantly on his way. "We'll see you tonight, Nan dear," she added. "About nine. *Au revoir*."

Nan had taken off her pink rubber apron when she sat down. Ted now automatically took off his

coat, put on the apron and in his turn silently went to wash up the dishes in the kitchenette alcove, his regular share of the job.

"You aren't going to be unhappy, are you, Ted?" she asked softly as he put the things away. He went to the window and looked down into the court at the bathing-trunks and the spoon and the kiddy-car.

"It isn't going to make any difference between us, Ted?"

"What do you intend to do?"

"I've been thinking that I'd take an apartment like one of those where Arline Bates Turley lives. I'd furnish it. And as I'm doing so well, I'd pay the difference—you'd put in just what you do here, because it wouldn't really be your

move—" She stopped as Ted got up again and went to the window. Mrs. Vilko's two little girls were walking up and down solemnly with their toy perambulator. The mysterious fashionable lady opposite went out to join her gentleman friend in his convertible coupé. After a while Ted turned and looked into the room, his gaze going meditatively around it.

"The love-nest."

"We'd love each other in a better place just the same."

"The boy friend."

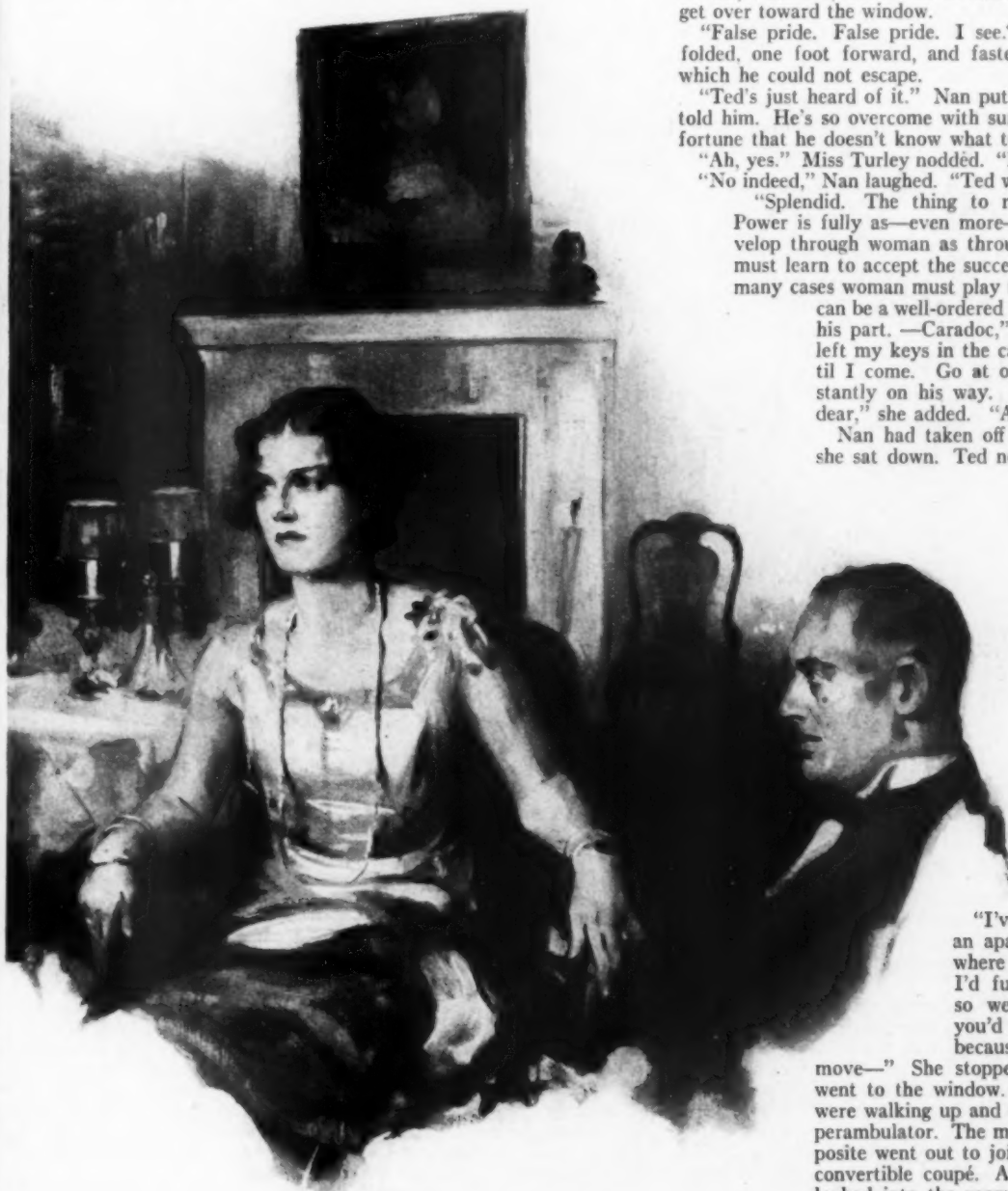
"Now, darling!" Nan went over to him and put her arm up around his neck and laid her head on his shoulder. "You'll always be my boy friend, sweetheart. This isn't going to be anything between us." He sat up stiffly. The (*Please turn to page 112*)

apartment tonight. It's in the building we live in, and I know you will—"

"Say, is this all over town already?" interrupted Ted.

"We had lunch at the club," Nan explained.

"How do you do, Mr. Graham? Aren't you proud of your little wife?" Miss Turley turned and fixed Ted with a bright, beaming eye. She was a tall woman with a large chest. She radiated health,



Rim o' the World

By
Paul Steele

Paul Steele is the pen-name of a newspaper man of long experience, who has done his turn on the rim o' the world.

Illustrated by
Wallace Morgan

CARL SPAFFORD, chief of the New York Evening *Argus* copy-desk, parceled out some fresh stories, product of telegraph, telephone, cable, radio, to the dozen readers. They were grouped opposite him round a long, semicircular table, the clearing-house of the world's news. In newspaper jargon, the chief was the "slot man," and the readers were "on the rim." Spafford was gray, square of jaw, cold of eye. His position was wholly autocratic; his swivel chair was a throne. The big wall-clock's hands had reached three of the afternoon, be-



He spoke heavily, with no acrimony, to Spafford: "You go to hell. I'm through."

ginning the final rush-hour. The men on the rim bent anew to work.

It was a varied crew. Here sat an eager gosling. Next him was one of yesterday's star reporters, whose head had outlasted his legs. The adjacent chair was warmed by a disillusioned jousting with Fate, who was now glad of comparative security from storms at sixty a week.

The squad, working steadily, hunched in concentration, racing the clock. Through the great room sounded the volleying typewriters, the rush of messengers' footsteps, the talk of editors and reporters. The copy-readers heard nothing. They toiled at the rim of the world's news, soft-nosed pencils weaving. Their brows were knotted—every man with a Webster's abridged in his head, flowing to his fingers.

Sim Dunn's hairy hand drove with the others, busy with the headline of a story he had just edited. There were somber grins in his eyes.

A unique task is this newspaper copy-reading, one of infinite shading, of racking drudgery, of constant grasping for values rich but slippery. Sometimes, for compensation, a real inspiration wings to the copy-reader's brain.

So it had just been with Sim. A story he liked had been flung to him. His huge hand was completing a whimsical trail. It was one of those gems which you may think write themselves—which, once in a blue moon, do write themselves.

Sim flipped the edited story and headline across to Spafford. The slot man glanced at it, saw that it was good, flung the creased sheets into a wire basket.

"Copy!" he bawled. A boy came running to grab the story, to roll it and thrust it into a pneumatic tube that would spew it into the composing-room upstairs, where the clicking, rumbling linotype machines also raced to put food into the jaws of greedy presses.

Spafford tossed Sim Dunn a fresh story. A glance told the big fellow that it was of the drab, routine type of "straight news junk," without "red meat." Immediately Dunn's eyes, which had been sparkling, became impersonal. They peered indifferently at the slovenly typed sheets under his hand as his pencil tore and mangled, soothed and tied, rent and harmonized. With such a yarn at hand, needing merely mechanical treatment, the other half of his brain was free to go gipsying.

An odd chap, Dunn: moody, aloof, silent. Masses of black hair, with a few silvered threads, tumbled over a broad brow. He was of Indian swarthinness. His years may have been forty, perhaps fifty. His eyes were jetty black. Often wandering absently, at call they met yours direct.

The craggy face held a faint sulkiness, the hint of an appalling capacity to "take it." It was the face of a man on the ropes, dazed under blows but clinging vaguely to realities, fending against annihilation.

His coat was off. Trousers and vest were of good blue serge that invited pressing. He had long legs. A strip of blue lisle socks showed above portly sport shoes. His thatch needed shearing; but nails, soft shirt, blue-dotted bow tie, were immaculate.

Power? The man was eloquent of it. It rippled below the uprolled sleeves in forearms and wrists that might have been a hammer-thrower's. It embered in the sullen eyes. Dunn fairly radiated power. However, at most moments it was power in second gear, timed to the clock, grinding at infinite labor up an endless hill.

Yet there were instances daily when his desk-mates could glimpse a time when that power had thrummed always in high, eager and resistless, skimming the hills, spurning the valleys, taking the curves with dash and confidence.

Time rushed on to the brief respite at the copy-desk before the final drive. Elsewhere in the room, however, there was no lessening of pace. The spiteful clicking of typewriters had intensified. The executive editor was busy with brusque orders. Editors called to reporters; reporters' tapping fingers flew the faster; copy-boys hurried to and fro.



Yet around the copy-desk was serenity. The readers sat at ease, idling for the moment—except one. A pale and worried fellow, who had arrived that morning from somewhere or other to slide into a chair left suddenly vacant, was still sweating over a recalcitrant headline.

Spafford's roving gaze paused to rest speculatively upon him. "Mr. Bell, that copy is overdue. Pass it to Mr. Fessenden, at your right."

The newcomer, stricken with panic, fiddled with the typed sheet toward the left. Old Fessenden reached out and seized it, not unkindly—swept it with calm, experienced, unhurried eye, slashed it with his pencil seemingly at random, and without ado began scribbling the kind of headline indicated by Spafford's precise penciled notation on the margin. Meanwhile the stranger sat flushed and shrinking, and the others considerately kept their eyes turned from him.

Spafford had been writing a note and filling out a blank memorandum. He folded them together and slid them the length of the table into Bell's hands.

The man—he was middle-aged—flushed as he read, then paled. Uncertainly he rose and wandered toward the coat-room.

Sim Dunn had watched the incident askance under lowered lids. He could guess about what the note had said, for his gaze had gathered through the day that Bell was a novice in the metropolitan news game. The note had probably read something like:

"You wont do. Present this order for a day's pay to the cashier on the ground floor.—C. S."

The interlude roused in Sim's mind no particular reaction. Had he not experienced it himself years before, in Los Angeles, at his

introduction to a fast desk? "Hang your hat there!" And less than eight hours later: "Get your hat." You either got by or you didn't, and God knew a newspaper copy-desk was no nursery.

It was a man's job. The human comedy in tabloid, the thunders of life concentrated in a snappy woof, its lightnings caught in Cheltenham or Pabst type to awe or terrify the reader with their livid flare.

And after the presses roared to the day's climax, what then? In Sim's guarded soul there stirred anew a deep disgust. The utter anonymity of it! The supreme submerging of self in service for which nobody cared! This sordid, stagnant harbor, after the surges and the brave and wind-swept dreams of youth!

Youth!

Youth, of long, long thoughts; of long, long quests; of long leagues spanned. For the moment, through the miracle of memory, youth was his again with its tingling pulses, its belief in itself, its belief in love, and after these, in its gods.

"Mr. Dunn!"

At Spafford's incisive tone Sim shrugged awake. The slot man's gesture indicated a fresh piece of copy he had just thrust across the table.

"Cut it one-third. Rush it!"

Mechanically Dunn took up his pencil. He glanced indifferently at the single typed page under his hand, noting the superscription in the upper left-hand corner, "*Briggs to Johnson, rew.*" His look brightened. This would be good. It meant that Briggs, a district reporter, a "leg man," had encountered something arresting and had jumped for a telephone. His story had been received and transcribed by Johnson, the best rewrite man of the *Argus* staff.

Sim loved to handle anything of Johnson's. His preliminary glance noted that the story was marked for the front page for a "Number Six," a secondary head—last-minute stuff. An absurdly little story to be tucked somewhere among these roaring columns about aviation and what-not—barely three hundred words, with one hundred words ordered cut, at that.

Sim pursed his lips. Then his eyes fairly sparkled. A gem invited.

Leading the typed story was an epitaph, ugly and ironic, of another of the uncounted company who fail:

"My last drink to my dreams."

The last drink had been laudanum.

Dunn nodded. A rewrite artist, Johnson. Always did opportunities full justice.

In this instance Dunn noticed that the rewrite man had employed an old device. Not until the end of the story would the name of the principal be revealed. This would require the building of a "mystery" headline, to pique the reader's curiosity and lead him on toward a definite shock in the climax of the story.

A little news masterpiece, this. After the grim reference to the empty vial, there unfolded the drama of a woman who had known Broadway's glow, Broadway's paganism, and finally gradual extinction among the Roaring Forties.

A name—not yet revealed in Johnson's text—of dancing lights in the theater section; a fevered temperament, dissipation and scandal; the inevitable fading of power and glory. Beauty grown dry and dusty; the turning of a sated public to fresher idols; then the deluge of bitter waters.

She had come out of early obscurity ten years before; now she passed into the final obscurity—leaving only an ironic, unsigned scribble to mark her going.

Sim was near the end of the copy. His pencil idled. His blood chilled; he shivered as if he sat in an icy place.

His strained gaze swerved from the typed sheet. His head was bent as if he were thinking deeply. However, he was not thinking; he was listening. Something had been whispering—louder, louder, while he had been reading the script that rushed on toward the "key" paragraph, the last.

He knew it would reveal the identity of the woman who was finished with life's stage.

(Please turn to page 155)

The Girl from God's Mercie

By William Byron Mowery

Illustrated by
Frank Schoonover

Mr. Mowery writes the romance of his own land—the North—with white men and women, and red men and “breeds,” taken out of his own remarkable experience.

The Story So Far:

IT was near the forest-girt terminal of the railroad west of Hudson Bay that the paternal old conductor introduced Stanley Clarke to Frances Barton with the suggestion that they might to advantage continue their northward journey together. An airplane was to meet Frances at the railhead to take her north to Kez-Etawney, and she was glad to halve the expense. And the scientist Clarke was not unwilling to save time on his journey to the reindeer-ranch of Harl Armstrong, to whom he carried a letter of introduction; he was making a study of the insect life of the Hudson Bay region.

Later the conductor told Clarke more about Frances Barton. “She was borned and raised away to hell ‘n’ gone down north at a post called God’s Mercie,” the conductor explained. “I mean—she was *raised* there; old Bishop Barton, Church of England missionary, raised her; and a mighty sweet and sensible girl he and his wife made of her, too. It was on one of his Barrens trips he was visiting a band of Antler Hares and found a little white girl among the Indian kids. Somehow he got the whole truth out of the headman: Over Resolution way a trader fell in love with the young wife of another man, and got her to run off with him. Their baby was borned there at the Antler-Hare camp. The man pitched off and left her and their baby helpless there. One of the bucks made the wife go into his tepee; she died after a couple of years of that, but the baby lived. . . . The trader got what was coming to him. That girl’s husband met up with him years later and killed him bare-handed. The Bishop carried the child back to God’s Mercie and raised her like she was his own. He died two years ago. It was just after that that she went down to school in the States—”

“He’s dead? Then who sent her? Who’s she returning to?”

“Why, to Harl. His reindeer ranch wasn’t bringing in anything yet, but by fur-trading he managed to squeeze out enough—”

Stanley caught his breath. “Harl? Harl Armstrong?”

“Why, sure, Clarke. Didn’t you see that ring Frances is wearing? She’s on her way to meet Harl. She’s going back to marry him.”

With Frances Barton, Clarke made the airplane journey to the tiny frontier settlement where Harl Armstrong met them. And somehow, though Frances was on her way to marry another man, a flame was kindled between them. . . .

They found Armstrong was threatened by serious trouble among his Indian helpers. And that evening when the party was returning from a fishing excursion, Armstrong’s half-breed major-domo Paul drew him aside and sought to plant in his mind suspicion of Clarke and Frances.

But Armstrong, as Clarke had been told, was “one of the damn’ good ones.” He ignored the ‘breed’s insinuations, but Clarke could see that he was shaken with the thought that another man perhaps loved Frances, and that his plan for their marriage at God’s Mercie might be menaced. And repeatedly on that voyage Clarke was puzzled to observe that whereas Méti Paul apparently hated Harl Armstrong, he yet did all in his power to speed Armstrong’s marriage and to discredit Clarke.

They found at Fort Kinlay the factor Hubbell, his assistant Radisson St. Cyr, and “Lucky” Avery, an airplane pilot recuperating from wounds in the North. The place was aquiver with excitement over a dance to be held that evening—and over the presence of the renegade sub-chief Bull Back-fat and his band of brutal outlaw Indians. Sure enough, the chief soon asked for trouble by preëmpting a narrow sidewalk ahead of Mrs. Avery. Armstrong promptly knocked him down; and when his braves cocked their rifles, Clarke bluffed them back with an automatic.

That night Frances’ last dance was the Lady’s Choice and she chose Stanley Clarke for partner. But after she had gone to her tent, and Clarke was walking alone outside, he was set upon by Méti Paul and four Indians, carried bound into the woods, and



A knife slash laid bare his forearm. He struck out blindly and caught the Indian a hard blow.

was about to be murdered when he was rescued by Armstrong and St. Cyr. After that—both Clarke and Frances felt they owed Armstrong too much to allow their own feelings to interfere with his happiness. And the following evening, at God's Mercie, Harl and Frances were married.

Next day, however, when Armstrong and Frances had set out with their Indian and 'breed helpers for Harl's ranch, Clarke learned that Harl's rebellious men were plotting against him. At once Clarke posted after to warn and aid them, and overtook them at their camp that night. And next morning his message proved only too true—for in the night the Indians, except loyal old Winter Sun, had deserted after smashing their boats. (*The story continues in detail:*)

WHILE Stanley was still there on the little boulder ridge, he saw Harl walk across the land-wash to old Winter Sun and crouching down, begin conversing earnestly, drawing crude thumb-charts on the sand. Frances, who had been with Harl, went on to the camp-fire and set about finishing breakfast preparations.

Presently Stanley walked down upon the land-wash where the 'breeds and Indians of the brigade had camped last evening. At a glance he saw how complete a havoc they had made of Harl's freight. Part of it had vanished—probably stolen by the Antler Hares and cached somewhere here along the river. The rest had been wantonly, malevolently destroyed. Food, clothing, trade-articles, hardware and those things which Harl had bought to furnish his home decently for Frances, were scattered, smashed and broken beyond salvaging. Aside from the heavy money loss to Harl, this freight would be bitterly missed next winter; here in this inaccessible North where supplies could be procured but once

a year, they meant the difference between comfort and bleak, pinched hardship.

Happening upon a punctured gasoline-drum which still contained a couple of gallons, Stanley stoppered the hole and picked up the precious motor-fuel and started back up the little ridge. There at the crest he met Harl, who was looking down at the sorry destruction, too sick at heart to go any closer.

Stanley tried to draw his mind away from this staggering loss. He asked: "Harl, I saw you talking with old Winter Sun. What course do you think we ought to take? We're in a fix, and no use pretending we're not."

"I don't see we've got any choice, Stanley. We *can't* go back south. We've got to go on—on down north."

"On north? Good Lord, you don't mean that!"

"That's how I honestly figure it. And so does old Winter Sun."

"But—but—look here! We'd be getting farther and farther from any help. We'd be drifting deeper every mile into Bull Back-fat's own territory—"

Harl interrupted: "That's every word true, Stanley. But consider the facts: If we try to go back south, between here and God's Mercie there are seven portages. We could get caught on them; portages are the danger-points for us now. Three of them are death-traps made to order.

"Here's another thing: The trip would be upstream, against a swift river. It would take seven or eight days—even if our gasoline held out. And you remember it's all heavy timber, the *bois fort*, where those Smokies could shadow us close and maybe work up nerve to lay an ambush. I've dealt with Indians enough to know what timber means to them. Stanley, you remember that country?"

Stanley nodded. "Yes, it's what you say."

Harl continued: "But suppose we go on north. Stanley, see here!" He drew an imaginary map on the face of a boulder. "We'd have only one portage, the Devil's Gullet, and we can't possibly be ambushed there. Then we'd be going downstream and could go fast. In four days we'd be at my ranch. Once we get there, old Winter Sun and I can swing most of those Indians with us. And even if we miss out altogether on that calculation, we can cut on east to Avery's place. It's only eighty-odd miles. There Frances would be safe. There we'd have a plane and a machine-gun!"

Stanley tried to deny these facts to himself; but he could not. Deep within him something whispered a warning, and his heart was heavy with misgivings at the prospect of penetrating any farther into this savage country, but he saw the futility of arguing against those plain facts Harl had pointed out. The little party of four must go on. They were caught; there was no turning back. . . .

A few minutes later Stanley was surprised and a little startled to see Frances leave the camp and start back to gather more fuel at the wood's edge. Instead of joining Harl and old Winter Sun, he picked up a rifle and walked back to her. As he came up, he said firmly:

"I want you to promise me, Frances, that on the rest of this trip you'll always stay with one of us men and always keep a rifle handy."

She glanced at the woods. "I didn't think— I'll promise, Stanley."

They walked on in silence. This was the first time, since the evening at God's Mercie, that they had been alone together. Rather abruptly Frances said: "You remember, Stanley, at Lac Cœur d'Or that first evening, I said that these halfbreeds were plotting against Harl because he was planning to bring in his supplies by airplane. This is how they struck at him—by deserting and destroying all his freight. But I can't understand Méti Paul's leaving us."

Stanley asked: "Why not? He was the worst of the lot. We've said that a dozen times, haven't we, Frances—and wondered why Harl employed him?"

"Yes, but—" Frances hesitated a little. "Stanley, last evening Harl told me about Méti Paul. You know, Harl was born and raised over Great Bear way, there in the Three Rivers country?" And when Stanley nodded: "Harl knew Méti Paul over there—just a casual acquaintance. Five years ago at Fort Rae, Méti Paul killed a man, Stanley—a Chippewyan *méti* called Beaulieu, who was an *en déroutine* worker like Radisson St. Cyr, and who had a family. The Mounted sent a detail after Méti Paul, but he got away. He came east to the White Wolf country, trying to bury himself in the loneliest, wildest region he could think of."

"That winter in January, during a Frozen-Wind or flying hoarfrost storm, he came staggering in to Harl's ranch-house. He was starved and frozen and driven out of his mind; and while he was delirious, Harl pieced together what he'd done."

"Harl didn't know whether to give him over to the Mounted or not. He hated to; he took pity on him; he knew the Police would hang him. He asked himself: 'What good would that do Rosalie Beaulieu and those children? But if I keep him and use him and make him turn over his wages to her—'

"And that's what he did, Stanley. Méti Paul, by changing his kind of clothes and shaving clean, has escaped without being recognized; and every month since then Harl has been sending forty dollars anonymously to Rosalie Beaulieu. She must think *le Bon Dieu* is dropping it to her from the sky, Stanley!"

Stanley commented: "That's like Harl, isn't it, Frances? To take pity on a man who came to him starved and frozen and storm-crazed and hunted like an animal!" And he thought that Harl's act in turning over the 'breed's wages to the wife of the man he had killed was a *coup* of justice as neat as a sword-stroke. He could understand how the thankless 'breed, whom Harl had saved from the law's noose, had forgotten that mercy and considered himself in bondage, and had come to hate Harl with a venomous hatred.



But still one question remained dark—the darkest of them all—to Stanley. He asked: "But why did Méti Paul want Harl to marry you, Frances? I can't see how that could have mattered one way or other to him. But he plotted and told his vicious lies and even attempted murder, to further your marriage. Why?"

"I don't know; I can't understand that, either. Harl told me everything honestly and fully. But it doesn't answer your question. And I don't understand why Méti Paul deserted."

Stanley could have explained the desertion to her, but he would not. As he handed her the rifle and began picking up wood, he thought: "That 'breed threw in with the stronger party. He expects us to get wiped out!" . . .

Late that evening, seventy miles down the river, the four of them landed on a tiny downstream islet—a few square rods of sand, pea gravel, ice-polished boulders and tufts of black willow. The timbered and rocky shores of the mainland were too perilous for a camp; but here Bull Back-fat could not sneak up during the night and launch a surprise attack.

It was Frances who prepared supper. She would not hear of anyone helping with it. Watching her as she cooked ptarmigan and trout on slanted sticks and roasted eggs in hot ashes, Stanley knew she had silently determined to take over all camp duties for the rest of this trip and spare Harl and him and old Winter Sun for canoe-work and the night vigils.

After their supper, when the owl dusk came on, Stanley took his rifle and went back to the islet center and started his turn at sentry-go. From the dark, forbidding woods on the mainland shore he heard the hooting of Arctic owls, weird and uncanny. On some piny knoll a wolf howled; more distant, another answered with its crescendo wail, and from far away came others, mere pin-points of sound in the night silence. This whole country, Harl had said, was infested with huge Barren Ground wolves, and they were rapidly increasing because the Indians were super-

would be busy devising their destruction in some primitive and awful fashion. . . .

In spite of weariness from that long day, Frances could not sleep; a few paces from the fire, where Harl had spread two blankets for her and bidden her try to rest, she was lying awake, gazing up at a reddish-tinted star and at the faint argent glow on the eastern horizon which presaged the coming of the moon.

The monotonous waters, dark and treacherous, sneaked past the islet with a sibilant *swish-swish*. A lynx over on the mainland



Stanley started his turn at sentry-go. . . . Frances could not sleep. Crouched over the coals, the old head-man was carving at a queer lump of metal.

stitious about killing them. Stanley remembered that at Kez-Etawney the death of the little *métisse* girl had been attributed to her father's bringing in a wolf pelt for its bounty. Stanley thought: "Good hunting in winter for Avery—with his plane and machine-gun!" And he mused on the strange contrast, the mighty drama in human evolution, of a white man flying over those snowy Arctic wastes hunting wolves with a synchronized Vickers, while below him, little beyond the cave-man, primitive nomad tribes with copper and stone implements huddled around their fires with no thought above appeasing their animal hungers.

As the dark came on and he started pacing slowly around the land-wash, Stanley could not fight off the feeling that step by step his party was going down; that the clutches of this savage sub-Arctic country were tightening upon them. Four days longer to reach even the doubtful safety of Harl's ranch! A hundred hours—and in every hour eyes would be upon them and brains

was challenging the fire with a cry like the scream of a woman. From some far-away hill-top came the mournful crescendo of a wolf, at intervals, as Frances had once heard a she-wolf wail at this time of year when a halfbreed dug into her den and killed the cubs and brought their furry little bodies in to God's Mercie.

In the quiet of the night a despondency had come over Frances; lying there quiet, but so wide-awake under the lonely stars, she had been powerless to keep her mind from something which had passed like the blossom-day of a flower and could never be reversed now; and her thoughts had gradually taken her down and down into the blackest depths she had ever known. They were searing thoughts; they scourged her; they were changing her whole outlook; they would leave their scars upon her heart. It was not the present danger, nor the prospect of hardships in her life with Harl, that weighed her down. The loneliness of the treeless spaces, the loneliness of those unpeopled wastes, would



The canoe plunged faster in a last dizzy rush. And then it shot over the dip of the over-

have been changed by the alchemy of love into a life that was purposive and eager and singing with happiness. But she had surrendered everything that was precious and had accepted dry husks in its stead. Her life was not to be lived with Stanley; her children would not be Stanley's children; her work would not be at his side.

Near the fire Harl had flung himself down upon the bare sand and was asleep, leaving the first sentry-go to Stanley. Against the lighter background of the starlit water Frances would see Stanley glance at her when he passed along the wave-edge, and then walk on, on guard over her, with that sharp erectness, that deliberate and relentless manner, which was peculiarly his of all men in her life. Did he imagine her asleep—she who was reliving every word, every inflection of his voice, the strength of his arm around her?

Old Winter Sun was still awake, although Harl out of thoughtfulness for his age had not asked him to help guard camp. Crouched over the coals, the old headman was carving at a queer lump of metal. By the firelight Frances could see the glints of the tiny fragments that dropped to the sand. Golden, they looked; and from the ease of his cutting, she believed that the lump was gold, a nugget of virgin gold such as sometimes was passed eastward along the ancient Tinneh trade-routes from the land of the Yukon-ih-o-tannah. And it seemed to her that the object slowly

taking form was a bullet, a bullet of large caliber, possibly to fit the big brass-barreled pistol he carried. Though she searched back among the dim recollections of her babyhood in his primitive tribe, Frances failed to recall the legendary significance of a golden bullet.

When the rim of the moon edged above the eastern pine hills, old Winter Sun thrust the half-fashioned object into his leather pouch, and with rifle beside him, stretched out on the sand; and Frances no longer felt his presence. The moon rose in its silver glory and inched up toward zenith; the wolf and lynx and all night things which live their lives in darkness and hate the light, ceased calling. The dead quiet seemed to tighten down, to fall over the little islet like a shroud.

As she lay thinking, a moment came when Frances was aware that Stanley had not passed in front of her for more than half an hour. A fear for him struck her with a shock. She flung aside the blanket and sat up, her heart pounding. Back at the center of the tiny islet, where he and Harl had prepared a little barricade of stones in case of a night attack, she caught the glint of moonlight on a rifle-barrel; and then, peering intently into the gloom, she made out Stanley's solitary figure leaning against a boulder where from all sides he could watch the dark-silvered waters for those five leather canoes.

A gasp of thankfulness came to her lips, and her fears ebbed.



falls—an instant of flying through the air, of falling; and then the terrific impact as it struck.

But it was impossible to lie down again to those scourging thoughts. . . . Frances remembered how Stanley at God's Mercie had imbued her with a sense of comfort and strength. Now in her anguish she was turning to him again as she had done before her marriage.

She rose and picked up a blanket, and silently stepping across to Harl, she laid the warm covering over him so softly that he did not stir. As she bent close down, noticing the still-boyish wave of his hair, the thought came to Frances that of these two men Harl had a greater need of her than Stanley did. At God's Mercie, Stanley had borne up under a crushing personal tragedy that would have wrecked Harl. Stanley would go on in his steady relentless manner with his life-work, where Harl's might have dropped from his hands.

Hovering there by Harl for a second or two, Frances was thinking, as though there were depths and depths of meaning to the fact: "Harl is my—my husband. I am his wife." And for the first time since her marriage to him she whispered to herself the name she bore—"Frances Armstrong"—and repeated it because it sounded so strange in her ears. Frances was thinking that for one act of Harl's—the last and greatest of her deep obligations to him—she was unwordably grateful. Harl had not claimed her as his wife, and she knew he would not—until Stanley had parted from them at the White Wolf Hills and returned south.

Stanley had neither seen nor heard Frances rise and go over to Harl. For the last ten minutes he had been intently watching a blurred shadow a hundred yards down the river—a long slender mottle that appeared to be hovering in the V-wake below the islet and was advancing very slowly, if at all.

At times he believed the shadowy thing was one of the leather canoes creeping up with skulking caution to scout out the camp and see what guard was kept. At times he believed it was nothing at all save a boiling eddy weaving back and forth. But he was keeping a sharp, suspicious watch upon it, grimly hoping that if it was one of Bull Back-fat's canoes, it would come closer where his bullets would not miss.

While he was watching it he heard, unexpectedly, a light foot-step on the gravel. He whirled around, but then he saw Frances' slender form in the half-light. He went forward to meet her, exclaiming: "Frances! Why, I thought you were—"

"I *couldn't* sleep. I tried to, but—" she confessed, unashamed to tell him the naked truth: "It was lonely there—like lying in a grave. I wanted to be with you, to talk with you—just a few minutes." Her voice faltered; in another moment she was sobbing. "Stanley! Will it always be lonely—like that?"

She broke down, covering her face with her hands.

He said tenderly, calming her, patting her hair: "Frances, let's come here to the barricade—where we wont wake the others."

He led her back where he could watch that mottle of shadow below the islet.

Frances sat down on a boulder and as she looked on down north toward those lonely plains where she was destined to live, she saw her marriage as the last and final linkage of her early life with all the rest of her years to come. It was the last link in the chain of circumstances which had bound her since her birth. Her irresistible choice that night of the dance had been the first and only free act in all her memory. For a little while she had been given wings. For a time, which she knew would tower like mountain heights over the rest of her years, the door had been open and she had caught a glimpse of freedom, of love, of a sunlit world. But then came God's Mercie. . . . The door had closed again—the dark again.

She who had never questioned her faith was questioning it to-night. What Stanley, a little older and more philosophic, called blind chance or destiny, she who had been reared by the Anglican missionary, called by another name. And she was asking: Could a God of Mercy have done this to her?

Stanley broke the silence between them.

"Frances, this evening while Harl and I were carrying these rocks, we talked about his defenseless ranch. He's terribly worried. But maybe it's a disguised blessing to him, and to you and me too, that these Antler Hares are shadowing us. If they're here, as he said, they can't be down there. It would be a terrible blow to him if everything he's built up in ten years should be wiped out. I hardly think any man would have heart to begin again, to go somewhere as he did with pack and rifle and canoe and start all over again. And before that, from the few hints he's dropped to me—Harl's had a pretty bleak and hard time of it all his life, hasn't he, Frances?"

FRANCES lifted her eyes to him. "Bleak and hard—Stanley, we can't realize! I know only the little he's told me—but it's been years and years for him without a break." In a moment she added: "Stanley, you are his first loyal friend. I—I tried to be that to him—"

Stanley swung the subject to something else about Harl. He spoke reminiscently:

"Frances, I've read the Institute's report about—of course you know Harl was guide for that disastrous party the Institute sent to the Arctic islands. But I know Harl wouldn't tell you all." And while he watched that mottle of shadow, Stanley related to her fragments of that sorry story as he had read it in the journals of men who died. How the commander scorned Harl's frantic advice. How the ice-leads opened and cut them off from their base. How the doomed party started on that hopeless trek across the packs and hummocky fies toward Victoria Land. How the men one by one fell in the snow and did not rise. How Harl and the commander battled on, and in their extremity stumbled upon an Eskimo tribe and were isolated there two years before the relief ship broke through.

Frances looked up after a moment, the moon white on her face. She asked him: "And Stanley, do you know what led him to go on that trip?"

Stanley shook his head, glad that now she was talking of Harl. She said: "I'll tell you, Stanley. It was—he's mentioned to you about—about Estelle?"

"He merely mentioned her. I felt it was a matter he didn't want to remember."

"He wasn't much more than a boy then, Stanley! Estelle had come north with her uncle, a speculator in oil-claims. This was just at the start of the Fort Norman oil-rush there along the Mackenzie. She came north because—Bess Avery would say 'to get a kick out of it.' She was a good deal like Bess—only, Bess deep-down is good, and Estelle deep-down belonged to a dance-hall. She was a flashy sort of city girl. She must have been different from any girl Harl'd ever known. That must have been why he—he liked her."

"She got tired of the North before the first snow fell. It wasn't two months after their marriage that she made Harl give up everything and go out to Edmonton. Harl graded furs there—he was an expert; but he couldn't make money enough—for her. So when this Institute offer, with its big pay, came along—Stanley, that's why he went on that trip!"

A MOMENT before, watching that mottle below the islet, Stanley had seen the moonlight flashing on a wet paddle-blade, and he started as he realized beyond a ghost of doubt that the object was one of Bull Back-fat's canoes.

But in an even steady voice he talked on with Frances.

"It was good Harl broke away from her. It wasn't through any fault of his, I know. What caused their divorce?"

"Stanley, you'd hardly believe! It was sordid of her—and Harl took the whole burden on himself. When he got back after more than two years of exile, she'd collected his life-insurance money. She'd applied for it and got it after the very first report of the whole party being lost. And she had been spending it as—just as *she* would spend it. Harl told me once: 'She was plain sorry to see me come back alive. When I walked in on her, she almost dropped. You see, she knew the company would sue for the return of that money.'

"Harl didn't even try to patch things up. He was too sickened. Whatever affection he still had for her went then. He told her: 'You can keep that money. I'll make it good with the insurance people; I'll pay it back—if you'll give me a divorce.' And Estelle took his offer; they made that arrangement. Harl even went to a hotel with a woman and registered, so Estelle wouldn't have any trouble getting the decree. And he's been paying that money back; the insurance company took his notes, as they couldn't recover much from her. There at Kez-Etawney he sent the last of it. But it's been a terrible burden and drain on him."

Frances paused a little. A new note had crept into her voice—a wistful eagerness toward Harl, a defense of him that was almost a jealousy when she spoke of Estelle.

She said presently: "And I—I didn't want to be what—what Estelle had been to him, Stanley. I didn't want him to believe that all women were so selfish and sordid. You said once, 'We mustn't hurt Harl!' and that's how I've always thought of him. When I remember all he'd lived through, all he's done for others, and how much he—he loves me, and how much I can mean to him—"

"Harl worships you, Frances; you can mean the world to him," Stanley said softly. "And he deserves it. Harl is more than a man making his living, Frances. He's a figure, he's a force here in this country—a force for great good. And you can help him in that. You know this North, the North of the fur-trader and trapper and uprooted half-breed and miserable Indian, so much better than I do; surely you can see that what Harl is doing with his reindeer ranch, his plans to use airplanes, his fur-farming in the sub-Arctic, his raising up those Indians of his—can't you see it'll mean a new order, a new North, Frances? It'll be your handiwork too. *There is a purpose; there's a magnificent purpose.*" And he went on talking with her, unfolding the meaning of Harl's work, lifting her above the personal tragedy. And he knew that Frances was hearing him, that she was looking ahead across the months and years of her life with Harl and seeing a purpose in them.

She leaned back against the barricade.

WORN out by the long day's work, Harl and old Winter Sun slept without stirring. It was time for Harl to take his turn at sentry-go, but Stanley delayed waking him. Stanley could not bring himself to desert Frances after she had come out to him like this; and he felt he could not sleep tonight. Before Frances had come, a fantasy of pictures had been flitting through his mind; and now in the silence between Frances and him they came trooping back to haunt him. Vicariously, as he never would in actuality, he had taken her south with him. Sharp and clear he saw them: pictures of himself leading Frances up the stone steps of his home and entering the house with her. Of the garden and its mulberry trees. Of his private laboratory in the hush of night, with Frances beside him. Of the library and its fireplace, and Frances reading in one of those stupendously big chairs.

After a while he became aware that Frances had not stirred or spoken in many minutes. Glancing down, he realized that she had fallen asleep, sitting there on the stones beside him. . . .

Two hundred yards out, the leather canoe was slowly creeping upstream. Watching its movements closely, he saw it cross above the head of the islet and start down on the west side, and then hover motionless again in the V-wake below. Finally he reasoned out its purpose there and was certain of his guess. "It doesn't intend to land. The other canoes aren't about, or I'd have heard signals passing. This one is shadowing our camp, to make sure we won't slip away during the night. The others have gone on down north—hatching some new devilry against us." He decided not to wake Harl and old Winter Sun, but to stand both watches himself. He thought: "I can probably catch a couple of hours' sleep in our canoe tomorrow. Harl needs to sleep. If we break the night between us, neither of us will get much."

But his reason was Frances' nearness and his sense of guardianship over her while she slept. He (Please turn to page 146)

How to Choose Husbands



By

Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins

who wrote "I've Got Your Number" and "Tell Your Own Fortune." Here is the most fascinating and informative test of all, by which bachelors may gain advance information on their chances of happiness; husbands, a frank appraisal of their own qualities; and maids and matrons a perhaps invaluable hint regarding how to choose or manage him.

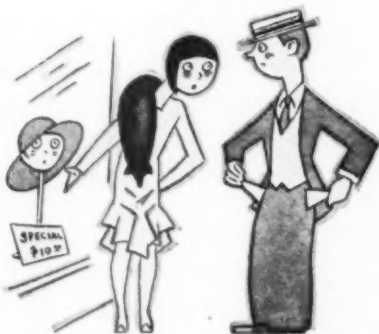
Illustrated by Leonard T. Holton

MEN take correspondence courses in order to make themselves good business men. Men take psychological courses to teach their brains to function efficiently. Men take gymnastic courses to improve their health. But a man who has had no experience whatever in being a husband thinks that he can be a good husband by instinct, and if he isn't, he is sure it is his wife's fault. If a man spent all his time in the office, this inadequate system would be all right. But every married man comes home occasionally. Ergo—he should train also for that portion of his life which is passed under the family roof-tree.

Till now his lack of training as a husband has been excusable because such a course has never been obtainable. Just as the

heathen who never had the way to heaven pointed out to them cannot be blamed for blindness, so the husband who has had no chance of enlightenment should be pitied rather than condemned to marital unhappiness. But here is the course, soul-searching and inspiring. You who are given the opportunity to look in this mirror to see both your fine qualities and your not-so-fine qualities cannot hand the old alibi to Saint Peter.

The theory that, though men differ, husbands are all alike, is now discarded; instead of following the usual practice of handing out ready-made advice which may or may not fit, we take your measure by means of twenty-five personal questions—which appear on the second page following. If the coat fits, put it on.



You can't make much money.

Key Number 0

It will sometimes seem strange to your wife that when you are so absorbed in your job and so reliable, you do not make more money. But if she yields to the tempta-

tion of nagging you, you will be able to handle the situation, for you have a marvelously even disposition. A meticulous person like you is always being scolded for undue attention to detail, but you know that you will in the end be praised for doing a good job. If your wife can forgive you for doing your work so well that you can't make much money, and realize what a blessing is a husband with your pleasant nature, other wives will reproach their husbands with your excellences.

Key Number 1

Because of your orderly habits you cannot reconcile yourself to a haphazard life; yet haphazardness attracts you so much that you are in danger of being intrigued by a gay, inconsequential fly-away. You think that after you have married her you can change her—but you can't, and both of you will be in trouble. A butterfly can no more take on the ant's reliability than the ant can frivol away the sunny hours. You



You will love her bubbling spirits.

will love her bubbling spirits a part of the time; at other times this same trait will annoy you. If, on the other hand, you marry a woman of your own temperament, you are likely to have a happy home without the necessity for difficult concessions

on either side. It is possible that money-troubles will have to be reckoned with, for if you see your business winging off in the distance, you can't wing after it; a steady man like you needs the kind of position in which faithful service counts for more than quick adjustments.

Key Number 2

You will hold your wife up to higher things but you will do it so sweetly that she will feel complimented that you believe her capable of perfection. The real reason that you will do this is because you yourself keep yourself up to standards of reliability, and therefore your attention is much on such matters. You are kind, which is an excellent trait in husbands; you see that the house is warm in winter and understand the necessity of good kitchen equipment. But you must be on your

would be for the happiness of both of you to marry a woman whose great-uncle struck gold and left it all to her. The people who are critical of a man who marries a rich woman have too much emotion about



Your car may be small, but it will be in good repair.



You put off marriage with undue cautiousness.

guard lest frivolities which are very important to your wife seem to you too trivial to be worthy of attention. Your type often puts off marrying with undue cautiousness, but when you do marry, you will probably choose well, and have money enough to support a wife, and you are likely to be almost as good a husband as you intended to be.

Key Number 3

You are grand on a honeymoon. It seems a pity that you don't live in Turkey.



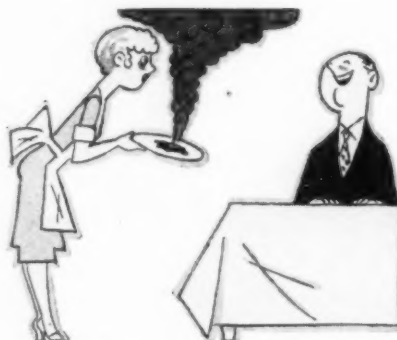
A pity you don't live in Turkey!

Your after-honeymoon happiness depends very much on whether or not there is a fair income, for unfortunately you are not a very good money-earner. In your case it

money. As a matter of fact, a rich girl is quite as likely to be lovable as a poor girl. But whatever wife you choose, you will be cheerful under circumstances which would turn other men into grouches; and that, as any wife can tell you, is a rare and precious quality.

Key Number 4

When your wife exasperates you into making money, don't hold it against her. It is really you who are responsible, because you are likely to choose the kind of



You are cheerful before breakfast, but do not always come back on the train she expects you on.

woman who would hold you up to a high standard. Your wife will consider you worth the attention she will give you. She is willing to put up with your blue moods because she knows they hurt you more than they hurt her, and besides, you're so nice when you come out of them. Your income may not be large, but it will be steady. Your house may not be ostentatious, but it will be comfortable. Your car may be small, but it will be in good repair. You will be a good husband for a wife who knows when she's well off.

Key Number 5

You are the perfect husband except that you are not a hustler; and if your wife doesn't mind that, she will be delighted by your breeding, kindness and resourcefulness. Indeed, you have so many resources that she would better be nice to you; be-

How to Choose Husbands

cause if she is too unkind, you may find that you can get along without her. On the other hand, if she is even reasonably nice to you, you will be very deeply attached to her. Your children will adore you, and your neighbors will like you, even though your way of life is different from theirs. You can adapt yourself to your environment without losing your own personality.

Key Number 12

You have to be the boss of your home and your business, and your dependents in both cases are happy and well cared for. You are a just man, and generous to those who deserve it. Anyone who complains about your stern and rock-bound nature is likely to be inefficient or dilatory, but anyone who does his work well can lean on your strength and yet have an exception-



Your cheerfulness in adversity is miraculous.

ally free hand. What you accept, you accept whole-heartedly, including your wife. You are such a sturdy oak that the little vines come trailing for half a mile around you to climb up your rough bark; but you can tell the poison ivy from the woodbine, and how you love the honeysuckle!

Key Number 13

You are a peculiar man. Your cheerfulness in adversity is absolutely miraculous. So is your ability to get into trouble. There is a romantic streak in you which



You do not easily express affection.

will win you a good wife to whom you will always write fluent love-letters whenever you are separated. When you are together, you may stumble over realities and say "Damn!" but she will know that five min-

DIRECTIONS

Read carefully each of the questions listed at the right, and after impartial consideration answer each one "Yes" or "No."

Do not omit any answer, as omission is construed as a negative answer.

To find your key:

Each question in the five groups, consisting of five questions each, must be answered. If your answer is "Yes" to three or more of the questions under Group 1, the first figure of your key number is "1." If it is "No," omit "1" from your key number. In the same way, if you answer most of the questions in Group 2 in the affirmative, the figure "2" is a digit in your key number; if most of these questions are answered in the negative, "2" is omitted, and so on with each group.

EXAMPLE

GROUP 1	GROUP 2	GROUP 3	GROUP 4	GROUP 5
A Yes	A No	A Yes	A Yes	A Yes
B No	B Yes	B Yes	B Yes	B Yes
C No	C Yes	C No	C Yes	C No
D No	D Yes	D No	D Yes	D Yes
E Yes	E No	E No	E Yes	E No
No —	Yes 2	No —	Yes 4	Yes 5

Key number = 245

To take other examples, if you answer "Yes" to the majority of questions in every group, your key number will be 12345; if "No," it will be 0. If you answer "No" to the majority of questions in each of the first four groups and "Yes" to the majority in the last group, your key number will be 5.

utes later you will be reading her the latest sonnet you have written to her.

Key Number 14

It is your sterling virtues that hold your wife to you rather than the demonstrative flipperies that come so hard to you; but if you do not easily express affection, yet you do not criticize. Whatever you do, you do with your whole heart, and your work is shot through with your own personality. Your circle of friends is intimate rather than wide. It is as unlikely that you will ever be poverty-stricken as that you will ever be a millionaire; you may have some hard sledding, but you will pull through. You will be very dependent on your wife, and she is likely to respond to your need with affection.

Key Number 15

Your wife will enjoy being married to you, partly because you are naturally a good husband, and partly because you will take thought to adapt yourself to her wishes. This is unusual in a man. Every wife is expected to adapt herself to her husband's vagaries, but seldom has a husband sense and kindness enough to study his wife's personality in order to work out a compromise which is for the benefit of both of them. You know that you aren't the easiest person in the world to get along with, and so you will make allowances for the one who has to make allowances for you. If you cannot buy your wife a rope of pearls, you will not forget the small attentions you can give her.

Key Number 23

You will make a hit with your wife. Symbolically speaking, you will bring home your pay-envelope unopened every Saturday night; but after seeing that your wife and family are provided for, you are likely to throw the rest of your money into something that you think will bring you in a fortune. You are cheerful before breakfast, and your good-by kiss to your wife is genuinely affectionate. But you do not always come back on the train she expects you on. Choose a wife who is domestic but whose feelings will not be hurt when the waiting dinner dries up in the oven. A wife with a career would not suit you.

It is not easy for you to give up anything you have set your heart on. You want what you want so intensely that it seems to you that you can make it come your way. (Please turn to page 138)

GROUP 1—[write key number here]→

Do you like to see a bumptious man get taken down?

YES NO

Are the American crowds too good-natured?

Does a disciplinarian make a better father in the end than a good-natured man?

Can you be comfortable when some one is making a fool of himself?

Have you been obliged to put some one in his or her place within a week?

GROUP 2—[write key number here]→

Would you go out of your way to get new business for your boss?

Would you rather work till eighty and make millions than retire at fifty on a small income?

Do you consider making money more important than expressing one's personality?

Would you stay at the office and do work that would advance you if it meant giving up a good show?

Do you think it is a good idea to run with a crowd that will help you in business?

GROUP 3—[write key number here]→

Would you plagiarize a poem if you could win the girl by it?

Has every man his price?

Would you to avoid annoyance make an engagement you didn't expect to keep?

If you couldn't pay a bill, would you "let the other fellow do the worrying"?

Are you a good bluffer?

GROUP 4—[write key number here]→

Are you moody?

Did you play alone a good deal as a child?

Is it hard for you to let yourself go and be gay?

Is it difficult to find anyone who understands you?

Did you ever consider committing suicide?

GROUP 5—[write key number here]→

Is it easy for you to fall in with other people's plans?

Do you take on the color of your environment?

Can you enjoy yourself at almost any kind of party?

Do you like to visit?

Can you contentedly accept your second choice if you can't get your first?

LAD

and Lohengrin

By
Albert Payson Terhune

THERE was to be a wedding at the Place, the first in many years. The time was mid-June; and Sunnybank was aglow with a million roses and with all the lush glory of early summer—an ideal time and an ideal scene for such a festivity. The ceremony itself was to be in the pre-Revolutionary white church, on the edge of the mile-distant village. But the reception was to be on the rose-girt and oak-shaded green lawns of Sunnybank itself. For weeks, with increasing impetus, the marriage preparations had been in progress.

Consultations with caterers' men, with florists' assistants, with demure dressmakers—all of them arriving by motor from New York, at any and every time of day; one station-wagon after another delivering big and small wedding gifts from the express office; the two telephones ringing incessantly; the Place's laborers toiling mightily, under the commands of Robert Friend, the English superintendent, to get the grounds in shimmering condition; the house servants on tiptoe (and sometimes on edge) with the manifold extra duties and the excitement thrill—all that kind of thing.

Fifty cars came down the long winding driveway, where of old one had come. The kennel collies hailed the fitfully incessant procession with vibrant spasms of barking. The house dogs were more sedate at first, but presently the noise and the constant bustle and the incursion of hordes of strangers began to get on their nerves and to lure them into joining the salvos of barks from the kennel dogs.

"I used to call this the House of Peace!" grumbled the Master right sourly. "I can look back, with an effort, to a long-ago era when Sunnybank was girt with its forty beautiful acres of sweet solitude and by the lake, as a barrier against the outer world. Those were the days when I got some work done and when the collies weren't barking their fool heads off every minute, and when the only strangers who came in were motorists who had read my third-rate yarns and wanted to meet me and see the dogs. But now they're only a fraction of the crowd, and the gates have to stand open, day and night."

"It's only for a little while, dear," soothed the Mistress. "Then everything will be just as it was. Can't you get just a tiny bit of fun out of it? It's all so—so wonderful and so beautiful and—"

"What is?" snarled the Master in dire ill-temper. "The mass of tradesmen who are trampling over my writing hours and over the grounds? The express wagons that bring seventy-nine bridge lamps and ninety-eight silver vases and a thousand-and-three sets of china that have to be unpacked and then duly shrieked over, amid a cloud of jute and wrapping paper? The phone-calls from newspapers that want a photo of the bride and a full list of distinguished guests? My secretary is knee-deep in ads and circulars, and photographers' letters that flood my mail; and prospectuses from jewelers and clipping bureaus and—"

"It's only for a very little while," repeated his wife. "And—"
"So is the pulling of a tooth," complained the Master. "But it's no merry sport, while it lasts. A very little while more of

As nearly everyone knows, Lad was a very real dog, and (as this story vividly demonstrates) he was an important member of an active household.

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

this will earn me a season ticket to the Foolish House. Why, it's beginning even to get old Laddie! He's psychic, as all collies are. This silly atmosphere of day-after-day rumpus, over nothing, has got his hair-trigger nerves going. He doesn't know what's up. For a while he was content to stay out in the woods, most of the time, to avoid it all. But now it's infecting him. He barks at the line of cars and delivery trucks, like any unbroken puppy. He—"

Around the corner of the rambling old gray stucco house toward the vine-green veranda shade where the Mistress and the Master sat at lunch lurched a bicycle. *Lurched* is the correct word. It hopped spasmodically and jerkily, to the accompaniment of treble squawks. On the machine's swaying saddle careened and yelped a delivery boy who had brought a sheaf of wedding telegrams to the Place from the Western Union office in the village.

As a rule telegram delivery at Sunnybank was a sought-for errand by the village youths, for it meant a tip and a chance to look at the collies. But there was scant pleasure in the demeanor of today's messenger.

Close at his heels, as he rounded the house-corner, trotted a big mahogany-and-snow collie, his mighty body and classic head alive with mischief. At every alternate stride he reached forward and nipped gently the shrinking heels of the lad's pedaling feet.

The nips were not true bites; nor was there wrath in the mien of the biter. Sunnybank Lad had been asleep in the sun when the messenger coasted cockily down the long drive from the highway above. With jovial pleasure Laddie had sprung into action as the bicycle whizzed close past him. As a result, the last fifty yards of the trip had been minor anguish and major fright to the rider, and puppylike delight to the pursuing collie.

"See?" expounded the Master, when the yellow telegrams had been delivered and the boy had gone, and when he could release his hold on Lad's furry neck to prevent him from following the departing youth. "That cost me a double tip. And the news will go around the village that Laddie has gone mad, and the next important telegram that comes for me will wait at the office till it is gray with dust before anyone can be found who has the nerve to deliver it. Lad, you old fool, haven't you any sense at all?"

"He has more sense than any other dog that ever lived," declared



Obedient to the Mistress' slight imperative gesture, Lad crouched on the aisle floor, near to her feet.

dying from pneumonia," she said softly. "He lay outside my door, night and day, without eating or drinking, till I was out of danger. He pulled me out of the lake, when my canoe upset. He has been with us, for nine years, in every joy and sorrow we have known—in every crisis and in every good time. He is going to stay here, for the wedding, Laddie is. He—he belongs."

"All right!" agreed the Master. "He belongs. That settles that. On your head be anything he may pull down, to spoil the whole show! Something tells me he is going to. Lad and the Lohengrin wedding march don't go together somehow. But we'll chance it. You say he 'belongs.' Perhaps he does, though I have my doubts. But I don't 'belong.' You women all love weddings. All of you weep blissfully at them. I can't see where the rapture comes in. You're looking forward to this wedding, like a kid to his first revolver. That's the woman of it. I'm looking forward to it as the same kid looks forward to his first licking. That's the man of it."

"But—"

the Mistress. "But it's just as you said: he's psychic. All the excitement of the Place, this past week or two, has got into his blood. And he wants to do his part in enhancing it. He has never behaved like that till now, even when he was a puppy. Laddie, I'm mortified at you!"

At the stern words, in anything but a stern voice, the great collie came over to the Mistress, making hideous faces of mock remorse, as he came. It was ever Lad's way to wrinkle his classic forehead into a mask of wrinkled imbecility when he felt he had done wrong and wanted to sue for pardon from the adored Mistress. Now he positively outdid himself in the way of facial contortions, as he ran up to her.

"Lad is due to make some extra kind of fool of himself on the day of the wedding," commented the Master. "I've arranged to have all the other dogs locked in the stables—all except Bruce, who couldn't misbehave if he tried—that day. And I think I'll have Laddie sent over to Dr. Hopper's kennels in the morning, and kept there till the whole thing is over. Something tells me he is going to make trouble. What do you think of the idea?"

The Mistress' face, of a sudden, went sober.

"Lad stayed here all that terrible time when you thought I was

"You're going to revel in lovely filmy clothes and a big bouquet," went on the Master. "You'll look almost as young as the bride, and every bit as pretty. I've got to shed my comfortable khaki-and-flannel clothes and get into a morning suit, and 'give away' the bride at the altar. It'll be a hot day, and my high collar will be a wreck, and I'll look like a red-faced longshoreman at a funeral. That's the difference between us. Every normal woman adores big weddings. Every normal man loathes them. A good lively ten-round prizefight is better worth watching than all the weddings since the one at Cana. I've a good mind to quit cold and go fishing off our Point that afternoon in a scow, and sit there with a pipe and a disreputable flannel suit and a straw hat with a hole in it, and watch the sweating guests up here on the lawn and—What's the joke?" he broke off.

"The joke," she explained, swallowing her laughter with difficulty, "the joke is that you said the same thing just before our own wedding, nearly twenty-five years ago. I told you, then, that nobody ever looks at the groom—as long as he's there. I tell you, now, that nobody ever yet looked at the man who gives the bride away. And a few hours after that we'll both settle down to our dear old-time routine of country life here. So you and

Laddie can have years and years in which to quiet your ruffled nerves."

On an evening two days later several cars journeyed from the Place to the little white church. In them were the wedding party, on their way to rehearse the next day's ceremony. The Mistress and the Master drove over in the former's coupé. As the Master leaned out to close the car's door, Lad stepped gravely into the machine and snuggled down at the Mistress' feet.

Thus did the big collie dispose himself, on practically every drive taken by these two human deities of his. There seemed no reason why he should not go along with them tonight, as usual. Often he had even driven to church in this way, lying on guard in the coupé until the service was over.

Arrived at the church door, the Master snapped his fingers to Lad, in invitation to jump out. The dog had just settled himself resignedly to the usual hour and a half of dull waiting which had been his whenever the car had stopped here. Overjoyed at permission to follow, he capered up the flagged walk to the doorway, where a knot of the wedding party were chatting.

He was hailed with much cordiality by the group. The maid of honor, who was an old friend of Laddie's, unlimbered a candy box from under her arm and offered the collie a large and mushy and delectable bonbon. With outward gravity, but inward bliss, he accepted the gift, daintily, and fell to munching it with infinite epicurean relish. Sweets were taboo, for dogs, at the Place, as a rule. Lad loved them the more for their rarity.

As the party drifted into the dim-lit sacred edifice, Lad fell into step at the Mistress' side. The acting sexton interfered.

"Sorry, ma'am," said he, "but dogs aren't allowed here. That big collie of yours will have to stay out in your car, at the service. He—"

"This isn't a service!" snapped the Master, nettled at the man's rebuking tone. "And there is no law, of any church, forbidding a well-behaved dog from coming into the sanctuary with his owner. In Scotland, a score of times, I have seen collies lying in the aisles, alongside their masters' pews, through a two-hour service. Worse Christians than old Sunnybank Lad have been coming to church all their lives. But if you want to put him out, you are welcome to try it."

The man took advantage of the permission, by grabbing Lad harshly and painfully by the scruff of his neck and giving him a violently sharp yank toward the door. From nobody, save only the Mistress or the Master, was this manner of treatment on the free list, with Lad. In a single lightning-swift motion he had broken free from his captor's grip. In what seemed the same motion, he had slashed the man's wrist.

"Lad!" reproved the Master.

Obediently the collie dropped into step once more beside his two owners; while the man shrank back into the vestibule, nursing his wrist and sputtering forth lurid threats of vengeance.

The Mistress was deeply distressed at the incongruous scene which had marred the holy serenity of the consecrated spot. The Master himself had the grace to be sorry for what he had brought about. He motioned the growlingly wrathful Lad into a pew and

bade him lie there and be quiet. The maid of honor surreptitiously fed him two more fat candies, while the procession was waiting to form and while the organist fiddled with the stops. The church's regular sexton came in, almost colliding with his assistant, who had carried his imprecations and his hurt wrist out of the vestibule into the churchyard.

"What's happened, sir?" asked the sexton of the Master, whom he had known from boyhood.



An unbelievable assortment of things heaped upon man and dog, as though to bury the spectacle of their ungodly strife.

The Master explained, adding the query:

"Who is that fellow, anyhow? I don't know him. He can't be anyone from around here. He told me he was in charge of the church till you got back from your supper. I can't compliment you on your new deputy. He is—"

"He's no deputy of mine, sir," disclaimed the sexton. "He's working for you. At least, you're paying him."

"I never saw him before. You're mistak—"

"He's one of the caterer's men, for the wedding reception at your place tomorrow," went on the sexton. "He was sent up from New York to be at the station, first thing in the morning, to look after some of the caterer's things that are coming up by express. He's spending the night here at the boarding-hotel in the village. I s'pose he wants to turn an extra penny while he's waiting, because he dropped in here, late this afternoon, and said he'd heard at the boarding-house that my assistant was took sick, and he asked me did I want to give him a dollar to be handy around here this evening and help me out. I took him on, for the evening; and I left him on watch while I ate. There wasn't anything but decorations he could steal. Besides, a big New York caterer's men are pretty generally proved to be honest. That's all I know about him. He hadn't any call to tell you what you could-or couldn't bring in here."

The procession formed, and the music cue was given.

Lad was keenly interested in his new surroundings. He was a prey to what Victorian novelists used to call "mingled emotions." It was monstrous pleasant to be allowed inside the building instead of being left on guard in the car, as usual. It was nice to have been hailed so affectionately by the group of young people whom he knew so well at home. It was heavenly to be fed one luscious candy after another.

scent, rather than by sight. The smell of the man's perspiring hand was still rank on Lad's neck fur.

Lad would not forget. A collie has a queer power of remembering both good or ill—save only toward those he loves. With those, he shows a divine forgetfulness of past bad treatment.

Out in the dark churchyard, the waiter was binding his scratched wrist and breathing threats against the savage dog. In the bottom of the pew, the dog was brooding with equal rancor on the punishment due the waiter.

Then something happened that swept anger and even the candy-hunger far into the back of Lad's mind—to be brought forth at some less immediately thrilling time.

Of a sudden the faint-lit church was pulsing and reverberating and throbbing with a mighty rhythmic noise. The organist had broken into the opening bars of the "Lohengrin" wedding march, and the bridal rehearsal was beginning.

Never before had Lad heard organ-music—save muffled and far off as he had lain in the car during services. Now it was surging all around him, beating against his super-sensitive eardrums in recurrent waves and billows of deep sound. It stirred the dog to his very marrow, filling him with strange joyous excitement. He yearned to leap to his feet with a thunderous fanfare of barking. Only the memory of the Master's stern command to lie down and to be quiet, held him tremblingly moveless.

Many dogs are queerly affected by music. The high notes of violin or of cornet or mandolin are cruel torture to their delicate tympani. But there are dogs by the dozen to which a piano's music is a real pleasure.

There are others to which the organ's lower notes are almost rapture.

Lad was having one of the biggest and most stirring experiences of his life. Music, candy, a human jollification of some kind! The combination was matchless. But for the clash with the grabbing and yanking waiter, it would have been a sublimely happy hour for him.

Again and again, the procession formed, and marched to the "Lohengrin" strains. Again and again the bride and groom met at the altar and practised the exact angle at which they were to stand. Again and again, the sulky Master paraded up the aisle with the bride on his arm. In brief, the party went through all the endless repetitions incident to rehearsing one of the simplest sets of evolutions ever devised.

(Please turn to page 104)



So much for the credit side. But there was a most decided debit side to it, as well. He had been grabbed and yanked and manhandled painfully; he who would suffer no one's touch save that of the Mistress and the Master. A stranger had laid violent grip on him and had subjected him to public and stinging humiliation. True, Lad had been able to pay off a fraction of the debt by that single punitive slash. But the slash had been no more than a deep scratch.

Lad's nostrils were aquiver, isolating and tabulating the assailant's scent, for future use. For a dog does his recognizing by

IN TUNE WITH

GENE MARKEY

is decidedly on the crest of the wave of popularity following the series of splendid stories which he wrote with Elsie Janis about the fascinating little "hooper" Margery Merwin and the band-leader Al West. The stories first appeared in this magazine, you may remember; and instantly upon their appearance, various film companies vied for the right to turn them into talking pictures with appropriate tunes.

"Close Harmony" recently has been released and is a great singing success, as also is "Syncopation," from a very clever and gay novel of Mr. Markey's, "Stepping High."

Upon another page of this magazine is his latest story "Playboy," vividly showing some very unusual people. Mr. Markey's picture appears below.



Photo by De Mirjan Studios



Photo by Campbell Studios

S. FOWLER WRIGHT

is an Englishman endowed with one of the most audacious and interesting minds of our day. He became world-famous upon the appearance of his novel "Deluge"—the story of a flood which nearly annihilated mankind.

The idea, to be sure, is not strictly original, as other writers, including the author of the Pentateuch, have used it; but they all placed the flood in the past, whereas Mr. Wright told of a deluge yet to come and bring the extinction of civilization.

Mr. Wright's imagination pictured this event so vividly that his book became a best-seller both abroad and in this country.

Nearly everyone speaks, likewise, of "eugenics" and of what would happen if we had "eugenics." Again Mr. Wright—whose picture appears above—has risen to the occasion; and we present upon another page a story of what love may be in the year 93 E. E.—that is to say, the Eugenic Era.



Photo by Gibson Casebeer

BLANCHE YURKA

The theatrical season in New York, recently demised, has been pronounced by the producers as one of the worst on record. The critics generally have agreed with them; the quality of play and performance has been as depressing as the neat red figures on the balance sheet.

A few plays and players, however, have triumphed—notably, a revival of Ibsen with Miss Yurka starring in "The Wild Duck," "Hedda Gabler" and that especially poetic psychological drama, "The Lady from the Sea."

This, indeed, is more of a novelty to Broadway than a revival, having never been done in New York except as a part of Duse's repertory in Italian.

Miss Yurka—whose picture appears above—has made these plays both an artistic and a financial success, so that more dramas of the great Norwegian will be given this fall.

OUR TIMES

ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE

Despite the fact that she was born in Los Angeles, Miss O'Brien-Moore avers that never once did she try to get into the movies, either sound-equipped or silent. At the age of sixteen, however, she went on the stage; and now at twenty-two she has scored her greatest success as *Rose Murrant* in one of the best plays of the season—Elmer Rice's "Street Scene."

It is a play of the sidewalks of New York, with people who seem bodily picked from the near-by streets to chatter, fight and make love on the stage as if living their lives unaware of the audience—a naturalistic piece in the new mode, which conceals the secret of its structure so cleverly that you are never aware of the play taking "form." Miss O'Brien-Moore's picture appears below.



Underwood & Underwood Studios

RUTH NICHOLS

yields to no one in originality of the occupation which she has chosen for herself; for she is engaged in the formation of a chain of social flying clubs throughout the United States.

Already several of the units have been organized, and (weather and the law of gravity favoring) Miss Nichols and her associates will continue their tour by airplane, visiting various States until twenty-five cities in all have aviation country clubs of socially eligible young people who also are sufficiently "air-minded."

We understand that this country, from a confessedly inferior position a few years ago, now is flying to the front in commercial and postal aviation, but we have still much to learn from Europe about flying as an adjunct to social events.

Miss Nichols, whose picture appears above, is of course a practical pilot and no mere passenger advocate of the art of flying.



Photo by Hal Phylfe



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

FRANK J. LOESCH

is supplying our America, of 1929, with material for a tradition as splendid as that attached to the Roman patrician Cincinnatus, who twice in his old age was summoned from his well-earned retirement to serve the state in its great need.

Mr. Loesch—a recent photograph of whom has been reproduced above—is a lawyer and a citizen of Chicago who, though past his seventieth year, forsook retirement to take up the dangerous and difficult duties of special prosecutor of crime in Chicago.

He began his work without official backing and was obliged, initially, to depend upon funds privately raised to pay the expenses of gathering evidence and presenting it to the grand jury. Finally the county board voted not only to reimburse the private citizens (who had subscribed \$225,000) but also voted support to the further prosecutions under the direction of this gallant old man.

Mermaid and Centaur

By
Rupert
Hughes

Illustrated by
Forrest C. Crooks

WITH full appreciation of drama, the author of "The Old Nest" tells of the clash of ill-mated love.

The Story So Far:

THE carnival diving girl Zarna and the farmer Jason Brafford—two people whose natures were as antagonistic as centaur and mermaid—had fallen in love with each other.

Jason had refrained from marriage because he had under his care his pitiful sister Rita, who from birth had been a bedridden cripple. He left Rita perforce at home while with his farmhands and their womenfolk he went to a carnival showing in the neighboring town. He was fascinated and stirred by the advertisement and the show of Zarna, the diving belle, and her trained seal Susanne. Intrigued by Zarna's beauty and determined to give poor Rita at least a glimpse of the carnival, he sought out Zarna after the performance and offered to pay her to visit his home.

And next morning Jason drove Zarna and the seal in his car out to the farm—while Zarna's carnival comrade the acrobat Captain Querl sulked scowling in his tent like another Achilles; and while the fantastically named Two Cents Tanner, a comely neighbor girl, who had been a somewhat special friend of Jason's, watched them with anxious perplexity as they passed.

Zarna was delighted with the farm; and the farmers—particularly poor Rita—were enthralled with Zarna and Susanne. . . . Jason went to the carnival again and again; Zarna revisited the farm—and among the orchard apple-blossoms Jason kissed her. . . . It was on Jason's next visit to the carnival afterward that Querl's jealousy of Jason flamed out in a furious attack and the men fought savagely. It was a drawn battle, and both men were badly battered before Zarna contrived to stop it. . . . Later, while Zarna was dressing Jason's wounds, she led him to propose marriage. And a few days afterward the diving girl left the circus, and Jason brought his wife home to Rita.

It was a new and strange life for Zarna—and for Susanne, who fought with Jason's dog Rip so persistently that poor Rip had to be exiled. Perhaps Susanne was specially ill-tempered just then, for shortly thereafter she presented them with a baby seal which became Rita's special delight.

News came to Zarna that Captain Querl had been badly hurt in a diving accident. One evening shortly afterward she came upon Jason pathetically trying to learn to swim in the farm pond. Slipping off her outer clothing, she joined him. But the moon-

light idyl soon turned to threatened tragedy, for stepping suddenly into deep water, Jason went down; and when Zarna went to his aid he clutched and bore her down with him in panic. (The story continues in detail:)

FOR a long moment as Jason crowded Zarna down into the mud beneath the water, she gave herself up. Then her mind began another desperate hunt for escape from the trap of annihilation.

There was no relaxing of Jason's finger-grip on her hair, nor in his long arms locking her own to her sides. But the slime they rolled in made her flesh slippery and gave her one chance. She managed to double her knees up and thrust him from her far enough for her to duck her head under his armpit and bring it out at his shoulderblade.

Now, reaching across, she seized him by the hair and though his right hand clung to her curls, his own left shoulder helped to tear it loose. Now she was back of him and above him, free.

She shot to the surface and though his fanatic empty hands clutched every way as he wallowed, she evaded him and let her tortured lungs drink deep.

If any instinct told her to strike for shore and leave him to his fate, she did not heed it. She went to work at once to save him.

But he was still dangerous to approach, and she knew the power of his hands. Treading water out of their reach, she waited until in his threshing he was almost upright, his arms tossing as he went down, whipping the moonlit water into white flames.

Circling him with swift strokes, she got back of him, but he did not come up. She was about to dive for him when he drifted to the surface so nearly dead that he did not quite emerge. Frantically she thrust her left hand across his shoulder, caught him by the chin and dragged his head above water.

He clutched at her no more, but lay inert while she hauled him so close that she could slide her left hand across his chest and grip his right armpit.

Safety was ridiculously close once they were past the ledge of





Zarna heard a barker railing at the crowd: "Don't miss lovely Zelna, the most graceful diver—" She started a cry of protest, but her voice stuck in her throat.

the sudden step-off, and after a few strokes her knee struck mud and she found herself lying on her side in the shallows with a giant apparently dead pinning her down again.

Now, however, she freed herself with ease. She towed him to the bank; but his weight came back to him when he was on the ground, and she was so drained of strength and of courage that when she tried to drag him to the grass, she fell down across him again and again.

He did not move or breathe, and she screamed toward the dark house:

"Help—help! Moe! Delia! Help!"

She called as loudly to Jason too, knelt by him, begging him to live, unable to believe that he was drowned.

Again it seemed to be Harry Querl who first answered her cry. He was vague, but he was there. He reminded her of the knowledge he had given her.

"You never can tell," he had once said. "You might go all your life and never have no use for it, but if you did, just once, you'd need it awful bad."

Her muscles remembered better than her distraught brain. Kneeling and shoving, she rolled Jason onto his face. He went over at last like a big rain-soaked scarecrow. Trying to repeat

what Harry Querl had rehearsed, she stretched Jason's arms out beyond his head, turned his face to one side, brushed away the mud and the weeds that he had bitten off, and pulled his tongue out so that it should no longer plug his throat.

Then, sobbing with dread of forgetting and of being too late, she ran round back of him, drew his long legs straight and set his great feet together. Pausing to cudgel her memory, she nodded, talked to herself, and dropped to her knees, straddling his thighs. Bending forward, she pushed up his undershirt and searched for the ends of his ribs, put the heels of her hands on either side with her little fingers along the lowest bones.

She pressed with all her might so hard that her hands slipped to the ground. Crouched there, she was horrified by the paralysis of her memory. How many seconds must she press, how many must she wait? The numbers "three" and "two" came to her; but which was which?

She cast her eyes up and could have bayed the moon like a forlorn hound. In its face she seemed to see the tilted face of smirking Harry Querl, saying:

"Three to press and two to rest. Get that in your nut, Zarna. Push three seconds; hands off, two! Three and two and never stop."

So she fixed her hands to Jason's ribs again, but push as she could, they did not yield as Harry Querl's had done when he served as the model for his lessons.

She hoisted herself till all her weight was on her toes and on Jason's ribs and then they moved. She squeezed them forward and together while she counted slowly:

"One and two and three and!" Then she let go. The ribs jumped back, and she heard a gasp of air slip into Jason's lungs.

"One and two and!" she tolled, then fastened her little fingers about the ends of his lowest ribs again, stood on her toes and pushed and panted three seconds—let go and rested two seconds, braced herself and counted three, and so on and on.

Now and then she shrieked at the house, counting frantically the while.

"One—help! Two he-elp! And one help! Help! Two help! And three, help!"

She could hear the intake of air and its outgo in Jason's bellows above the noise of her own swift breath, but she could feel no life in him, no stir of sinew, no glow of warmth. Still she toiled, jumping, shoving, grunting, sweating, counting, crying as loudly as she could: "Help, help!"

Moe came dashing from his bedroom in the stable. He paused in horror, thinking that the Missus had killed the Boss and gone crazy. He had never heard of the Schaefer way of restoring life to the drowned, and he could not believe there was anything but mania in Zarna's rising, falling, counting, shrieking, sobbing, counting, sobbing, heaving aloft to tiptoe, falling forward on her face. She was half naked and so was Jason, and both dripping wet, and Zarna's incantation was like a crazy, "Eeny—meenie—minie—moe!"

Zarna caught sight of him at last and called to him:

"One—Moe, do you—two—know how—three—to do this?"

"Do what, ma'am?"

"—and *two*. Save a—*one*—person from—*two*—drowning. *Three*. Jason's dead! *One*—and—"

"Just what you doin', ma'am?"

"Tryin' to—*two*—get the breath—*three*—back in his—*one*—body. *Two*. You run—*one*—to the house and—*two*—get ammonia—*three*—blankets and hot—*one*—water bottles. *Two*—all there are. Hurry! *One*—and hurry! *Two*—and hurry!"

Moe ran, yelling. The seals kenneled outside set up an infernal racket. Rita's shrieks were piercing. There was a scurry everywhere.

Finally Moe and Delia and Mrs. Gumbert came stumbling under burdens of blankets, comforters, medicine-bottles, hot-water bags. By then Jason was breathing faintly, wailing almost inaudibly, wondering and thawing. But Zarna, like a machine, kept up her rising and falling until Jason, rolling over, pitched her off.

She dazed him by seizing him and almost smothering him again in kisses. Then she smothered him in blankets, held ammonia close to his nose, and put hot-water bottles over his heart, at his feet and at his sides.

Mrs. Gumbert insisted on wrapping one of the heaviest quilts about Zarna, and something in her manner led Zarna to believe that this was not because she was nearly naked but because she was nearly freezing.

Jason grew peevish at the nonsense of being put to bed out on the bank of the pond; but he was not yet powerful enough to resist, and Zarna would not have him moved.

She bade Mrs. Gumbert, Delia and Moe good-night, thanked them and ordered them back to bed. Then she sat on the ground by Jason, talking to him and telling him what had happened. "So you saved my life, huh?" he mumbled. "Well—much obliged!"

"You're entirely welcome, Mr. Brafford." She tried to burlesque a high society tone as she understood it, but her voice broke. She was about broken herself, in every fiber and faculty.

Jason had hardly strength enough to lift his eyelids and take her in for a glance before they fell shut. She was like a blanket Indian, a squaw all moonshine and shadow in the shapeless quilt. And he was so weak it hurt his flesh to cling to his bones. He was sicker still with thought. It was better to be here on the bank than out there in the water. By rights he was dead, except for Millie. Mighty clever woman. Fine to have such a wife. She saved him twice.

Before that, when he had the fight with that slimy Querl, she had pulled Querl's thumbs out of his throat. Then she had saved him from killing Querl. Now she had pulled him out of the pond, and worked over him till he breathed.

And what had he done for her? Tried to drown her! He could remember it clearly, and he shivered so with shame that Zarna tucked the covers close and took off her own quilt to put over him.

"No, no!" he whined. "Damn it, no!"

"All right, dear. I understand," she said, and put the quilt back over her. Her bare arms and shoulders and bosom had been beautiful, glistening in the moonlight. . . . She was a great swimmer. And he couldn't swim at all. When he tried to, he couldn't keep up. He kicked and choked and splashed and sank. And she was like a fish.

Damn the woman, what right had she to be cleverer and stronger at a man's work than he was? She had said she'd show him how, and she only showed him up.

She had shoved out into the water sidewise and floated as if she were inflated; then he tried to follow and went down like a lot of

lead pipe. If she hadn't come to him, he'd have stayed down. Worse yet, and most horrible of all, he had tried to drown her—when she was trying to save him.

Worst of all, she had saved him. He could never forget that, either.

And nobody else would forget it. She had to go and call all the hired help down to see him lying there like waterlogged scantling,



and her working over him, saving him twice.

They would tell everybody. He must tell everybody.

In a sick wretchedness he told himself that while she might be a wonderful woman and all, any man would a little rather be dead—or a widower—than the husband of a woman so wonderful that she made a fool out of her husband.

He hated her with the most profound admiration. His rage gave him strength to fling off the covers and set out for the house dragging them after him, tripping on them. He let two hot-water bottles drop and stepped on them, exploding them.

And Zarna followed, picking up what he let fall. She had to help him to his room and force into him some of the hot coffee that Mrs. Gumbert had made for him. Mrs. Gumbert made Zarna drink two cups and called her "Poor dear!" She also refilled a remaining hot-water bottle from a kettle in the kitchen. Zarna found a dry nightshirt for Jason and tucked him in before she would get ready for bed herself. She remembered that her clothes and his were out by the pond, and she ran out again for them.

Next morning Jason was still weak and shaky on his long legs from the visit to death the night before. His nerves were burned out by the frenzy of drowning and the aftermath of remorse, but he insisted on going out to the fields.

He came in early and sat about so enfeebled and listless that Zarna had a good excuse for telling him to set right where he was whilst she went to the mailbox. She did not forget to take Harry Querl's letter with her. When she came back and handed Jason what there was for him, she withheld that envelope and with a mockery-of mockery, cried:

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lady,

"I got a letter too! Who's it from?"

She pretended to open it for the first time, glanced at the signature and exclaimed: "Well, what you know? It's from Harry Querl!"

"From the Captain!" Rita cried, forgetting even Prince.

"From who?" said Jason, who had not misunderstood.

"From my old sparring-partner," said Zarna, "and believe me,

Jason gave a good imitation of Susanne.

Zarna turned to Jason:

"Well, you certainly did the handsome thing when you sent Querl that telegram, Jason. Too bad about business bein' so bad with the carnival. Take it from me, you saved me from it just in time."

Something in her tone made him exquisitely uncomfortable, and pleasantly suspicious. He could not keep his eyes off the letter in Zarna's hands and took it from her at last, read it over without comment, then handed it back to her with a grunt:

"It's addressed to you."

"But it's really meant for you," said Zarna. "You



"Your wife didn't send in any pickles or needlework, but if you'd made the suggestion, we'd 'a' added a divin' contest to the events."

we sparred! Talk about professional jealousy—wow! I used to call him Harry Quarrel."

She sat down close to Jason and held the letter where

he could read it with her. He kept his head averted with fine indifference and trust; but she could tell that his eyes were verifying what she read. She stressed the "good husband" and its repetition, but Jason said nothing.

Rita, however, listened in tremulous eagerness as to the poem of a great bard. When Zarna added an imaginary postscript, and threw all possible emotion into the words: "Kind regards to Miss Rita," she screamed:

"No, he didn't say that! You just made that up."

Zarna pretended high dudgeon: "On my word of honor as a lady, it's right here," she said. "Isn't it, Jason?"

was the one that sent the wire." She tossed it aside as if it were a matter of no moment. She tried to tell herself that it was. . . .

The evening was even more than usually dull after supper. Rita fell asleep early with such dreams of Harry Querl in her head that she was in a paradise of impossible romance. But Zarna was so eager for something to break the monotony that she said to Jason:

"How'd you like to go down to the pond for another swim? You'll prob'ly get the hang of it now, and I can give you a few tips."

He shook his head with a bitter laugh:

"Me and water don't belong. You might not get me out next time. Worse yet, you might not get yourself out of my grip."

"Aw, Jason!"

But he would not go near the pond again.

Zarna went in more and more, because the little seal was frantic to swim, and once started, proved an amazing adept. He was a born juggler too. It did not fail to occur to her that if she had him in a carnival, she could make twice her old salary; he would drive the crowds crazy with his pretty baby ways.

Jason never watched her swim again. (Please turn to page 160)

Samson Collects or Cripples

By
Arthur K. Akers

To have Mr. Akers on the ground
is as good as being present yourself
during these doings in Alabama.

Illustrated by Everett Lowry

GLADSTONE SMITH was occupying an apparently enviable position in his lodge, and on the warm Demopolis curb with respect to chance-thrown cigarette stubs. But appearances are often deceptive. Gladstone was in no fix to appreciate his blessings, if any. In being elected Supreme Grand Commander of the local Sons of Temperance, it was just dawning upon him that he had also been elected the goat.

Beside him sprawled his cousin Latham Hooper, painfully spelling out a poster advertising an excursion to Mobile. Latham was newly chosen treasurer of the same lodge, having put on a hot campaign for the office under the impression that there was money in the treasury. Now he was making Gladstone's derogatory opinion of fraternal honors unanimous.

"All dem boys is got is bills!" complained Latham. "Dat lodge busted wuss'n a bottle fallin' off a high buildin' on a hahd rock."

"An' my white folks tellin' me ol' lodge aint 'cawp'rated," Gladstone continued his half of the lamentations. "Says us off'cers is 'sponsible fo' whut de lodge owe."

Which reminded Latham of something else unpleasant. "Yeah," he returned, "dat huccome I tells Samson G. Bates see you 'bout de rent."

"Huccome me?" demanded Gladstone nervously. "Samson Bates collects or cripples. An' aint you de treas'rer?"

Samson the Crippler.

ful technical term for such as he.

"You boys live heah?" inquired the Presence condescendingly.

"A-a-aint know, suh," stuttered Gladstone.

"Dat whut I 'lowed from lookin' at you—not nobody home, much," acknowledged the new arrival. "Lookin' fo' somebody d'rect me to de cullud hotel. Whar at hit?"

"Wawldawf-'Storia fo' Cullud, Rates Reas'nable,' right round de cawner," volunteered Latham. "Uncle Caesar, de chambermaid an' proprietor dar, treat you right—"

"Ne'mind de 'reas'nable.' Us financiers craves subv'ice, ne'mind whut hit cost."

"Us runs 'longside an' shows you de ho-tel," suggested Gladstone as consciousness returned to him.

"Git in! Git in!" invited the stranger heartily, instead. "Used

to walk my own se'f: ridin' now. You rides wid me! —Wawldawf-'Storia, Gawge! An' don't run over nobody, or I tells de po-lice yo' real name," he directed the chauffeur.

Carefully rubbing their hands on their overalls, the Supreme Grand Commander and the treasureless Treasurer removed their battered hats, and entered the royal red car, where they endeavored to look bored.

"My name Toombs—Ho'ace J. Toombs, from Bumin'ham," their host introduced himself. "I's in de f'nancial business. Finances chu'ches, pool-rooms, lodges—"

Four Demopolis ears heard everything—especially the last word. Signals passed rapidly between a couple of prominent Demopolis lodge officials in the gathering. But the car traveled faster than their minds. They had halted impressively before the colored Waldorf long before either had figured out how to say what was bursting to be said. They had been looking for just this, and now the doors of hope and the hotel were about to close upon them before they recovered courage to talk.

But Latham's belief in fairies was restored with: "Sho is like you boys' looks. Craves see you 'gain shawtly."

"Us be right back," Latham found his voice. "Jes' soon as us 'tends to some business. C'm on, Gladstone; make hit snappy!"



"Gladstone li'ble
gum up de busi-
ness, is us leave
him in on hit."
agreed Latham.

"Yeah, but Samson say he aint got no time to mess wid de hired he'p when de rent done two months back: he got to see de head man den. Lodge done 'lected you dat."

Gladstone's feet made scrabbling motions in the gutter. "Aint no time fo' me be settin' round heah in plain sight, den," he declared himself. "When Samson stahts collectin', I stahts travelin'. He too big an' rough."

Just here, however, something diverting crossed Gladstone's line of vision. Pop-eyed peering only confirmed first impressions. Descending Baptist Hill in dust and haste came a big red touring car. In its rear seat reclined a gentleman of color and visible personal importance. In the front, driving him, was the ultimate word in African elegance—a colored chauffeur.



It was proved that it pays to advertise: traffic jams developed behind the resplendent red car.

"Whut business us got?" demanded the flustered "head man" a block later, after a hasty survey of the twenty-six years of personal vagrancy immediately preceding the present crowded hour.

"Dat aint hit: us got git 'way from dat big nigger long 'nough to think," explained Latham impatiently. "Ev'ry time you gits wheels under you, you gits unconscious. Yo' brains is all brakes. Dey's big money ahead if us work hit right. Us got to study out how to git hit. An' 'sides, whut de use ridin' wid big nigger if us aint gwine parade round none an' let de town niggers see us aft' wahds?"

At the "Waldorf," an hour later, Mr. Toombs met them with cigars—"new ones," as Gladstone delightedly discovered and proclaimed.

"How de lodges gittin' on in D'mop'lis?" Mr. Toombs wished to know next.

"Aint but one 'portant lodge heah, an' hit all busted out wid bills," observed Latham cannily. "Dat whut me an' Gladstone talkin' 'bout when you driv' up. Us de off'cers. Ol' lodge sho is crave financin'."

Mr. Toombs surveyed the situation and lodge officials through his cigar-smoke, and brightened. Both seemed made for his purpose—especially just now when it appeared best for Mr. Toombs to forgo the bright lights of Birmingham until certain matters died down somewhat in the minds of public and police.

"Gittin' a lodge back on hits feets is whar I shines like de mawnin' star," admitted Mr. Toombs modestly. "Money follers me into de lodge-room an' stays dar; an' *mo'* money sticks to de off'cers whut run de lodge. 'Dey profits bes' whut profits first,' de Good Book say."

The longer Gladstone listened, the farther his mouth hung open. Yet he had that funny feeling that always came over him just before some one in the room got swindled out of his eyeteeth. But as for Latham, he could not even swallow for fear of causing static. For every time he missed a syllable now, he felt he was

missing money. Gold, glory and honors were right around the corner. All a couple of smart lodge officers had to do was watch their step, and everybody would be rich. Mr. Toombs said so himself. At a pause in the regal flow of out-of-town eloquence, Latham pressed for details.

"How us gwine make de lodge financial?" was foremost in his mind and mouth.

"Easy!" chuckled Mr. Toombs. "You ever heah 'bout no raffle?"



"You sunk so low dat snakes passes over yo' head an' you thinks dey's airplanes!"

Latham chilled in his tracks.

"Aint no luck in a raffle," he murmured. "Us git up one once, an' Gladstone git mix' up an' put out

two tickets wid de same winnin' number on 'em. Us wuz rafflin' off hawg fo' de chu'ch. Took Gladstone most a week to steal 'nother shoat de right size fo' de extra winner."

Mr. Toombs deprecated hogs. "Git yo' mind on big business," he adjured. "Us talkin' now 'bout rafflin' off dat red car of mine outside, fo' de benefit de lodge."

Latham batted his eyes, dazzled. Gladstone looked and felt blander than usual.

"Says us c'n finance yo' lodge by rafflin' off dat big car of mine," repeated Mr. Toombs. "Us gits out tickets, two bits apiece. Prints mo' tickets dan de car wuth. Dat way de D'mop'lis niggers pays me fo' de car, an' dey's still plenty money lef' fo' you to split wid de lodge."

"Yeah, an' you aint got no car when de raffle over." Gladstone placed the skids under himself socially by speaking out of his turn.

A pitying look crossed the financial features of Mr. Toombs. "Trouble wid cotton-patch niggers," he commented acidly, "dey ign'ant an' aint know hit! Who say nothin' 'bout nobody winnin' de car? Lettin' somebody win de raffle is whar heap of rafflers slips up! Way to run raffle is so ev'body git action an' nobody git de prize. Dat puts ev'body on same



Mr. Toombs hurriedly thrust the proceeds of the raffle into Latham's hands.

footin', an' keeps 'em from gittin' jealous of de winner an' bustin' out he winder-lights."

But Gladstone was hard to derail. "Whut you gwine say when ev'ybody want know who win?" he persisted.

"Why, tell 'em some nigger over in Mon'gom'ry or Selma whut dey aint know de name of nohow won hit," snapped Mr. Toombs impatiently. "Den tell 'em you drivin' hit over dar to give hit to him. . . . How dey gwine tell hit when de rest of you daid, boy—below yo' neck?"

But already the full flower and glory of the scheme had burst upon Latham! This new big nigger sure knew his way around! By contrast, Gladstone was looking worse all the time, mentally and financially, not to speak of socially. Regret that he was related to Gladstone became acute in Latham.

"Yeah, but how Samson Bates gwine git de rent?" That unfortunate was again introducing small details into a big deal.

Mr. Toombs brushed his question aside: "Don't y' all tell nobody nothin' twel I gits de tickets printed. Dis time nex' month, Mist' Hooper, you be warin' eyeglasses an' big-bottom britches week-days same as Sundays. Money in both yo' pockets."

Gladstone noticed his personal omission from prophecy. "Feels like I did jes' befo' dat time I pays town nigger two dollars 'n' quawter fo' bottle branch-water wid 'Gin' printed on hit," he observed moodily to no one in particular.

Latham felt forced to resort to strong-arm methods before Gladstone erred further. "Who you owe de lodge rent to?" he queried pointedly, as Mr. Toombs waddled away in disgust.

"Samson G. Bates, whut—"

"Well, heah I is showin' you *how* to raise de rent money fo' him, wid a piece of change lef' over, an' all you does is balk an' beller. Says yo' own se'f Samson collects or cripples—cripples *who*, nigger?"

Gladstone saw the point and subsided to an indistinct mumbling. "—Ev'y time I looks at dat big Bumin'ham nigger, I sees jails right back of him," he persisted pessimistically, but under his breath. "Aint no luck messin' wid him."

DELIVERY of the raffle tickets had been promised for that night. Early the following morning Latham was parked outside the Waldorf waiting for Mr. Toombs. So was the big red car that alone now stood between Gladstone and a lot of poor health in the matter of Samson's past-due rent.

Latham couldn't keep his eyes off the car. From tire-cover to radiator-cap it spoke loudly of big money. Anyone that could afford a car like that was bound to be used to going in at the front doors of banks. Hooking up with Horace J. Toombs was liable to affect a boy's future just right. Latham continued to eye the red chariot of Mr. Toombs and carry on heavy personal speculating as to when its owner breakfasted. While he looked, George, the chauffeur with the large past and small future, emerged stiffly from the back seat, where he had evidently passed the night, and entered the hotel. There he undoubtedly practiced Scoutcraft promptly, for a moment later the results of his good turn were seen in Mr. Toombs bursting jovially forth.

"Come right on in, Mist' Hooper!" he invited. "Craves you eat yo'se'f some breakfas' wid me while us 'scusses de tickets."

Inside the dining-room, luck rallied right around Latham again. Mr. Toombs' table was squarely opposite the door into the kitchen, so that every time that door opened, Gladstone—eating in the kitchen with George—got an eyeful of Latham eating in the dining-room with George's employer. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus became as a mere dry-weather crack in the ground as compared with the social one that Latham watched happily widening between himself and the wretched Gladstone. A contrast, too, which an evident and fast-growing intimacy between George and Gladstone served but to heighten. Somewhere in the course of their meal they seemed to have reached common ground, a community of interest that bespoke a singleness of purpose.

"Tickets all printed," confided Mr. Toombs to Latham, hoarsely. "Us gits out twenty-five hund'ed. Sells at two bits apiece. Dat's six hund'ed twenty-five dollars. Car wuth three hund'ed fifty now. Dat leaves nearly three hund'ed fo' you to split wid de lodge."

Latham's head spun with large figures. Some one seemed left out, at that. "Whar Gladstone come in?" he questioned through the mathematical maze.

"Come in de front do' of de foolish-house, is de keepers ever see him runnin' round loose! Dat nigger boy can't never und'stand nothin' bigger'n two dollars an' a half: whut de use botherin' him wid some'n he can't even count? My idea 'bout Gladstone is to fo'git 'bout him twel after de raffle over, an' den give him couple of good seegars an' a toy balloon."

Latham saw why Mr. Toombs was rich. Ditching Gladstone in mid-deal this way would never have occurred to Latham unsuggested and unaided. Yet, once outlined, the merits and profits of the plan were undeniable. Letting Gladstone in on the proceeds was a sheer waste of good money, looking at it Mr. Toombs' way. And, "De fewer de splitters, de bigger de splits," as Horace had explained conclusively.

"Dat's a fac'; Gladstone li'ble gum up de business, is us leave him in on hit," agreed Latham. "Always says leave out de dumb-bells."

"Play wid me, boy, an' I shows you how Mist' Rock'feller git dat way!" exulted Mr. Toombs.

"Cain't run me off wid rocks now!" countered Latham expansively. "Who gwine handle de money?"

"Both of us does—soon as I gits me my three hund'ed fifty dollars fo' de car. Dat come first, 'count me puttin' up de car. Den you gits *all* de rest, now dat you done see right 'bout dat Gladstone nigger. Ev'ything honest an' 'bove-board. 'Honest Ho'ace,' dat whut dey call me up in Bumin'ham. Bawn dat way, an' gittin' mo' so ev'y minute. Worry down dem las' fo' pohk-chops, Mist' Hooper, an' us stahts in gittin' yo' lodge financial."

Latham did nobly with the chops.

GLADSTONE sho gittin' on fine wid my hired boy, Gawge," further commented Mr. Toombs. "But hit aint do him no good. I knows so much on Gawge he aint got nothin' but a rain-check from de jail-house now. Dat whut keep him so tame round me."

"Aims to git Gladstone dat way when us finish dis heah raffle," observed Latham over his final chop. "Aint no class to Gladstone. . . . But you an' me gwine mop up. I gits de signs painted yessidly, an' charge 'em to de lodge. Says '*Benefit Sons of Temprance Lodge—Buy Yo' Ticket an' Win dis Car.*' Us put 'em on de car an' ride round town in hit. Sho fotch out de 'scursion money."

"Huccome 'scursion money?"

"'Scursion money, dat's de two dollars ev'y nigger's got hid out to go to Mobile on de 'scursion nex' week. Nigger's always got two dollars fo' a 'scursion."

Mr. Toombs beamed approvingly. "Wait twel I kicks dat bum Gawge loose from de breakfas'-table," he instructed, "an' us stahts. Ne'mind how hongry Gawge is, he got do whut I say—I knows too much on him."

But separating George and Gladstone was not so easily managed. They proved to have their heads together at their kitchen table to a degree hardly justified by such brief acquaintanceship. A paper under discussion between them passed from George to Gladstone at parting—a paper which Gladstone prized but could not read.

"Whut dat you git from dat jail-hound Gawge?" queried Latham later, as Gladstone slaved at fastening the banners to the red car's sides.

"Aint know yit. Gawge says hit's pow'ful paper he git in de mail from Bumin'ham. He say hit guar'nteed to cure de lodge of bein' busted an' keep Samson Bates off my neck 'bout de rent. Sho is sound good."

LATHAM sniffed superiorly. George was already stepping on the starter. "Aint *nothin'* do you no good now, nigger!" Latham made himself heard above the resulting roar of the motor. "Samson Bates aint lookin' to nobody but you fo' dat rent. Only paper dat save you wid him is got 'Thirty Dollars' print' all over hit. Boy, you done sunk so low, 'sociatin' wid dat Gawge nigger, dat you has to look up to see bait-wu'ns! Snakes passes over yo' haid an' you thinks dey's airplanes! Gawge! Why, Mist' Toombs know so much on dat boy dat ev'y time Mist' Toombs open he mouth de jail-house do' open too—fo' Gawge!"

With which reproof Latham shoved Gladstone aside, that he might step into the car beside George. Mr. Toombs was already spreading himself conspicuously in the rear seat—and no one was making any discernible arrangements for Gladstone to join the party.

When they had driven off, Gladstone gripped his paper uncertainly. He couldn't remember whether George had said to read it or to wear it around his neck. In which indecision and low spiritual ebb, he turned away, to meet—Samson G. Bates in a businesslike mood.

"How 'bout dat thirty dollars, two months' rent de lodge done owe me?" Samson brutally introduced the subject nearest Gladstone's physical welfare.

"Raisin' hit now," Gladstone offered weakly. "Treas'rer jes' rid off—look like he fixin' to git jes' right—"

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How lively you feel
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Mr. Bates grew increasingly hard-boiled. "Look heah, Ev'lution!" he addressed the shrinking head man of the lodge. "You done talked yo'self out of no mo' time wid me. I's seen treas'ners ride off befo': heap of times dey aint ride back—specially when de rent done pas' due. An' you knows me—I collects or cripples. Whut I's talkin' 'bout you has dat thirty dollars in my han's to-morrer, or dey got you all stretch' out on a boa'd in a clean collar an' yo' Sunday pants. You heah me?"

Gladstone nodded miserably. He had been hearing too much ever since they elected him head man down at the lodge. And this collection situation was fetching up a heap of business for just one small paper to attend to, no matter what George said. In the light of which, it began to appear to Gladstone that here was an emergency in which the rules of his race had better be violated and the white folks allowed to mix in "nigger business," so far as his paper went. Which momentous decision made, Gladstone rearranged the general direction of his feet and made progress towards Commissioners Street, where his white folks dwelt.

A GAIN it was proven that it pays to advertise. Traffic jams developed behind the resplendent red car in Hogan's Alley, and merely thickened as it emerged and headed toward the Afro-American Waldorf.

Once at the hotel, sales started with a bang; everything as businesslike as the Bank of England. Posted prominently beside Mr. Toombs with a book and a stub of a pencil, Latham made painful entry of each ticket-buyer's name and number.

"De book make 'em feel better 'bout leavin' dey money," Mr. Toombs justified the grueling labor on the part of Latham the scribe.

And Mr. Toombs, too, sought to learn each ticket-taker's name. "Craves to know de winner," he confided to each as he took their coins. And his very manner indicated and imparted confidential advance information that each buyer addressed alone was to be the winner. Darky after darky parted with hard-earned money and clutched the resulting ticket, while before his eyes and ears swam visions not of Mobile but of himself in the big red car, with cut-out wide open, splitting Baptist Hill wide open, too!

"Fo' hund'ed an' sevumty-two tickets lef," Mr. Toombs proclaimed happily when he and Latham had locked themselves in to check up that night. "Dat's three hund'ed fifty dollars fo' me, fo' de car. An' one hund'ed fifty-sevum fo' you an' de lodge, is de lodge git any. Dat after you take out fo' de signs. Ol' signs sho did work noble. An' de plantation niggers aint stah comin' in yit—jes' got dese heah town boys, an' two mo' whut got run out Uniontown yestiddy."

"Tomorrer us finishes up—puts all de rest dese numbers at two bits apiece," recapitulated Latham cheerfully. "An' Samson Bates still lookin' to Gladstone fo' de rent. Samson tell me he own se'f he cain't talk to nobody but de head man when de rent git behime. Dat's Gladstone. Gladstone pay de bills. Samson done tol' him dat, too."

"Dat's de idea!" approved Mr. Toombs. "Never seed a boy l'arn faster'n you. You aint never gwine git rich payin' 'nother nigger's debts. If Samson stah out to collect from Gladstone, let him do hit. An', like I says, 'Fewer de splitters, de bigger de split.'"

"Aint hit so!" agreed Latham. "Gladstone ought paid dat rent befo' now. Sho git him in trouble, all time standin' off de landlawd."

MORNING but proved the correctness of Mr. Toombs' prophecy. The country negroes hadn't even started coming in until now. The remaining tickets began to go with a rush. Which induced in Mr. Toombs a touch of melancholia founded on the discovery that there had been a most distress-

ing lack of foresight on his part. He had sadly underestimated the capacity of colored Demopolis and environs to absorb tickets. With Latham's speeding pencil all but developing a hot-box as he wrote the names of purchasers, it became apparent that the worthy pair could have sold far more than they had had printed.

"Whar I come from las', had to run a nigger down an' put a fawked stick over he neck to git money out of him!" mourned Mr. Toombs. "Down heah dey fotch hit to you—an' us aint print 'nough tickets!"

"Hit's de 'scursion money," panted Latham, chewing his tongue in the throes of penmanship. "All dese niggers wuz gwine Mobile next week. —Aint nobody gwine now."

"Sho is noble cause!" intoned Mr. Toombs in his best manner as he raked in their money. "Finances de lodge an' puts yo'self in line to win de big red car wid de loud hawn. All yo' friends an' kinfolks see you ridin' in bit! Step on de gas, an' de sidewalk niggers stahts spittin' out dust! B'ar down on de 'celerator, an' heah de cut-out tellin' 'em how big you is! —Don't push, an' don't go home twel de las' ticket gone!"

Steadily the mob shoved forward. Apparently every negro in the county was in it—except Gladstone: an omission which neither Latham nor Horace J. Toombs had time or tendency to mourn.

"Goin'! Goin'! Gone!" chanted Mr. Toombs. "An' me an' Mist' Hooper retires an' spins de wheel whut picks de winner!"

The crowd showed no tendency to leave. In every pasteboard-holder's breast was implanted the firm conviction that he or she was the winner. Something in Mr. Toombs' look and voice when he passed out each ticket had made that certain.

Mr. Toombs at last gave service. In no time he was reappearing, Latham at his heels. In a moment somebody was going to be lucky! Each purchaser felt sorry for all the other unlucky purchasers.

"Ladies an' gent'men," proclaimed Mr. Toombs at the top of his voice, "hit give me 'streme pleasure to 'nounce dat de big red car wid de loud cut-out is done been won by Number Twenty-six Fawty-two, held by nigger name Noland whut run on de Pullman passin' thr'u' Yawk, Al'bama, over heah, ev'y Tuesday night. Us drives de car over an' give hit to him now."

BUT just here some detail in Mr. Toombs' scheme seemed to have slipped a cog. For, instead of being good sports and accepting the dictum of Mr. Toombs and his mythical wheel, a murmur of active dissatisfaction began to run through the crowd. Indeed, one over-sized member with a wagon-spoke even loudly pointed out that there were only twenty-five hundred tickets—hence any winning number as high as twenty-six forty-two was an obvious fraud.

The murmuring immediately grew worse. Mr. Toombs seemed to lose poise and avoirdupois simultaneously. Painfully his memory began to recall to him the time that he had led a similar great public movement—by fifty yards—right after he had sold a lodge in Decatur a building that he did not happen to own at the moment.

Latham, looking on, began to feel far worse than Mr. Toombs. He lived in Demopolis and knew the spokesman with the spoke. Devastatingly it burst over him that he had been following the wrong procession up the wrong street for the past several days. Here he was, a boy being obliged to get right in his home town, just when the facilities for getting right were at their poorest. All he could see now was the negro Waldorf back of him and the white folks' jail-house in front of him. The occasion was beginning to call for a lot of things that weren't standard equipment with Latham, such as wings. Time kept getting shorter and the

crowd uglier and noisier, too. Half a minute more, and he was either going to be 'way up front in a big push, or 'way down under a lot of large feet passing over him like a pavement.

Meantime, the neighborhood was being made hideous by Mr. Toombs, who was dreading the large negro with the spoke so loudly as to be heard for blocks.

And it was in this crisis that Latham and Mr. Toombs suddenly clutched each other in fresh bewilderment. Business was taking a brand-new and startling turn. Like a flying wedge, a party of four was breaking through the previous party of two thousand. Straight for the beleaguered pair on the hotel steps they forced their way. One of them Latham knew but could not account for in such a group. It was the discarded and discredited Gladstone. And one was a strange white gentleman.

But sight of the other two explained to Latham why Mr. Toombs, who could perceive a nicked badge through the thickest coat, hurriedly thrust his entire share of the proceeds of the raffle, in cash, into Latham's surprised hands just before they confronted him. These were the two white gentlemen who had walked on either side of Latham at the courthouse the time he had had a little mix-up about his weddings and the white folks got him for bigamy.

Mr. Toombs plainly had no desire now to be caught by them with any of the evidence for the prosecution on him.

"That's the man you want—the big swelled-up nigger with the white vest on," the strange white gentleman with Gladstone was identifying Mr. Toombs and directing the be-badged officers in laying firm hands upon him.

Latham perspired, and pocketed the cash. His business gave all the symptoms of being in a jam. He had the money; Mr. Toombs had an alibi. Gladstone had ample motive for gumming him up, too. First thing a boy knew, he was liable to be spending a lot of Christmases in the same place. And, whatever happened to Mr. Toombs, somebody was going to remember in a minute that Latham had had a lot to do with getting up the raffle. They weren't looking at him so much right now, but in a minute more they all would be. Sure was the time when a boy had to think on his feet! Gladstone owed the rent, but Latham owed the rafflers. Time was shortening up! And with its dwindling, the spinning fragments of Latham's brain seized upon the only solution that didn't have jails or hospitals in it—to beat them to it!

Thus two sudden and simultaneous sounds in the land—the click of steel bracelets being snapped upon Mr. Toombs and the voice of the resourceful Latham ringing forth: "All a-boa'd fo' Mo-bile! As Treas'rer de de Sons of Temp'rance, I sees dat ev'ybody git sa's-fied! If you aint like de raffle, step up an' git yo' money back! Us strive to please. Stand in line while I pays off!"

Then Demopolis saw a rush! Despair changed to desire—to get their money back. Latham finished Mr. Toombs' roll and started in, groaning, upon his own. This was one of the times when if a boy broke even it saved him a lot of broken bones. For every outstanding ticket in an unsatisfied customer's hands was a lien on trouble. And if there was going to be any trouble, let Gladstone have it. Gladstone had got Latham in all this jam anyway, he reflected bitterly, by not paying the rent. But a day of reckoning was coming for Gladstone: Samson Bates collected or crippled.

LATHAM was making the last refund of his last two dollars when his jaded interest in life was fanned to flame again. For before his very eyes marched something that wasn't right and couldn't be believed, even when he was looking right at them. In brief,

Gladstone and Samson G. Bates strolling amicably together, speaking the same language and smoking the same kind of cigars, uncrippled and unexplained.

Latham couldn't credit this lion and lamb exhibition. But neither could he dismiss it. Something had happened in the miracle line. Yet not even a great curiosity could make it prudent for Latham to remain in the public view until he became more certain that no more raffle tickets remained outstanding. Hence his retirement beneath the freight depot until the situation should further clarify itself.

And, by coincidence, it was there, too, that Gladstone, wearied with the raw newness of Mr. Bates' cigars, sought seclusion while he refreshed himself with the two-inch remainder of a sidewalk peffecto.

"Huccome you an' Samson Bates git on so good together now?" ventured Latham at length. "Las' time I see Samson he wuz sniffin' round yo' tracks wid shotguns an' b'ar-traps."

Gladstone's first impulse to high-hat

Latham, in memory of recent snubbings, melted under the mellowing influence of the peffecto.

"Done paid off de lodge rent," he responded incompletely.

AT this astounding news a severe attack of what proved fatal to the cat seized upon Latham. What a six-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar raffle had conspicuously failed to accomplish, this class-less Gladstone was now nonchalantly claiming to have managed in his spare time!

"Nigger, huccome you git thirty dollars?" impelling curiosity finally forced from him.

"Aint git no thirty—gits fifty," corrected Gladstone airily. "Me an' Gawge Mobile-boun' on de 'scurion now, on de change. But firs', us gits us stools up close to de front winder in de eatin'-rest'rant whar at you c'n come mash yo' nose 'gainst de outside de winder-pane an' git good look at us nourishin' ourse'fs."

Latham was far past pride. "Yeah, but fifty cents de mos' money you ever is raise

all at one time," he persisted. "Whar-at you git fifty dollars now?"

"Sociatin' wid Gawge—"

"Sociatin' wid Gawge?"

"Yeah—Gawge gimme dat li'l paper you ax me 'bout; say hit cure de lodge of bein' busted, an' keep Samson Bates off my neck. Gawge right. I shows de li'l paper he gimme to my white folks, an' dey sends tel'gram. Now look whut happen!"

"Happen to who?"

"To Mist' Toombs. Dat tel'gram's how come dat strange white gent'man heah: I pays de rent out of whut he fotch me—"

"Wid whut he fotch you! Boy, aint no white gent'man gwine fotch you fifty dollars!"

"Sho is. He from de auto-mo-bile club up in Bumin'ham. Fotch me de fifty-dollar re-wawd dat li'l paper offer fo' tellin' whar to find dat big Toombs nigger whut steal dat red car you an' him been rafflin' off! Dat Ho'ace Toombs so busy noratin' round whut he got on Gawge, he plumb fo'git to 'low fo' whut me an' Gawge git on him!"

LAD AND LOHENGRIN

(Continued from page 91)

Lad was reveling in it all. Impatiently he waited for each recurrence of that thunder and throb of organ music. When at last—a long and boresome last—the rehearsal ended, the dog wished it might have continued all night. But now, as the humans flocked out through the doorway, Laddie had scope to remember his bitter feud and grievance. He glanced around, sniffing inquiringly. But his enemy had left the scene of conflict, a full hour earlier. Disappointed, Lad stepped into the car and curled up at the Mistress' feet. The Master stooped to pat the dog's classic head, saying in sorry triumph to his wife:

"Remember what I prophesied about Lad and 'Lohengrin' not going well together; and about his being sure to start something before this pesky wedding was over? He came near giving that waiter a nasty bite this evening. And he came nearer turning the rehearsal into a fight, by flying at the man as he did."

"It wasn't Laddie's fault!" declared the Mistress. "You gave the man leave to try to drag him out of church. You knew what would happen. Dear, it was—it was horrible of you! Honestly it was. In a church, too!"

"You're right!" sighed her husband. "It was all my fault. It was rotten of me. I'm sorry."

"Don't let's think any more about it," counseled the Mistress. "You were tired and hot; and the wedding plans had been getting on your nerves. It's all right. Besides, it's over, now."

Seldom was the wise and gentle Mistress mistaken. But this was to be one of those very few times. It was not "over, now." It had not really begun.

THE church ceremony was set for four, the next afternoon; the reception at Sunnybank to begin a half-hour later. All the dogs except Lad and Bruce were banished to the "winter kennels" in the stables, lest they deafen the guests by tumultuous and multiple barking at every arriving car. Lad and Bruce were called into the study, after lunch, to be shut there until after the service should be finished and the reception begun. Both dogs were loved by the average guest of the Place, and their presence at the reception would be that of two dignified and stately old gentlemen. At least, so the Mistress foretold, from recollection of many earlier social appearances of these her favorite collies.

Bruce accepted philosophically his incarceration in the study. Gracefully he stretched

himself on a rug and went to sleep. But Lad was anything but sleepy. The noise of bustling feet and of gay voices, the faint and distant scent once or twice of the waiter who had throttled him at the church door, the indefinable atmosphere of excitement—all these bit deep into Lad's high-strung nerves. Sleep was not for him. He stood at the study window, his deep-set dark eyes peering interestedly out onto driveway and lawn.

Then a little before four, he saw a short procession of cars set forth up the drive. In one of them rode the bride, strangely enveloped in fluffs and glistens of white. His friend, the candy-giving maid of honor, was with her. In another car rode the Mistress and the Master, also oddly clad. Other cars bore still others of his acquaintance. Lad whined softly. Thus, the night before, had a procession started out; then he had gone with it, to a most entertaining performance!

As the last of the cars turned into the highroad at the lodge gates, Lad left the window, and lay down with a thump close to the study door. He had been put into this stuffy prison. But he had not been bidden to stay here. He felt himself under no moral obligation to remain, if he could get free.

The caterer's manager in the hallway outside called an order. Somebody hurried to obey it.

"Not in there!" said the manager. "That's the study. The room beyond."

The study door was half-opened, then pushed shut as the subordinate moved on to the next room. The door swung to its latch, but the push was too light for the latch to snap. On the instant, Lad was nosing the door open. In another brace of seconds he was out in the driveway, casting about for the scent of the Master's car. For, like many another dog, he could follow the seemingly scentless trail of a set of familiar tires as easily as the trail of a rabbit. Up the drive toward the highroad he went, at a dead run.

IN the vestibule of the church stood the bridal procession, waiting for the organ cue. The first strains of the Lohengrin march blared out. The crowded assemblage arose to its feet. The groom and his best man stepped shamefacedly out from the organ room and took their places beside the clergyman at the altar. The procession paced slowly to the endless aisle.

The Master was pinchingly aware that the bride's fingers were digging deep into his arm, though her face was as serene as the summer day itself. All but noiselessly she whispered in response to his side-glance of inquiry:

"I'm—I think I'm scared!"

"Steady!" whispered back the Master, reassuringly. "It's all right, kid. Think of all the other women in the world! And you're looking gorgeous. I—"

He got no further. The bridesmaids and ushers had come to the altar and taken their appointed places at either side of it. The bride and the Master were at the altar-steps. The groom took a step forward to meet them. The ceremony began.

SUDDENLY, through the hushed silence of the spectators which underlay the clergyman's first words, came a raucous snicker, from the gallery. It was taken up, if more decorously, from every corner of the church. The bride started as if she had been stung. Involuntarily, the Master glanced around.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" intoned the clergyman.

Before the Master could reply, something pushed vehemently between the bride and himself—something large and shaggy and drippingly wet and dust-smeared.

Laddie had had no trouble at all in following the scent of the car. When at last he became certain whither it was bound, he was thrilled with delight. There might be more of that stirring rhythmic thunder, perhaps even more candy, assuredly more gay excitement. No longer did he follow the somewhat winding road, at its wider twists. Instead, at one point, he took a shortcut which involved his swimming a hundred-foot creek at some distance below its bridge. Then, taking to the road again, he acquired a nicely abundant blanket of dust from its powdery surface.

As he reached the church, the door stood open. He could see the Master standing with the bride at the far end of the aisle. Close by sat the Mistress, in one of the frontmost pews. Closer stood the girl who had fed him all that delicious candy and who perhaps might be relied on to give him some more. Lad trotted eagerly toward her, pushing through the narrow space between the bride and the Master.

It was the Mistress who saved the day. Her sweet voice was pitched so low that it barely reached the dog's acute ears. But it held a note of almost fierce authority, as she called softly:

"Lad!"

At that all-compelling undernote, the collie wheeled swiftly toward her. Her gloved finger made one slight imperative gesture. Obedient to it, Lad crouched on the aisle floor, as near to her feet as he could get.



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Six evening gowns were in the young bride's trousseau. This is soft amber satin.



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There, statue-still, he lay throughout the rest of the service. Once and again he looked up worriedly into her face, trying to read there the cause for the stark urgency that had been in her loved voice.

PRESENTLY it was all over. The organ struck up the Mendelssohn march. The bridal party formed in new alignment and started down the aisle again, its leaders skirting carefully a big collie which shrank as close as he could to the edge of the pew where was the Mistress. Then she and the Master and others were moving down the aisle. Crestfallen and wondering, the dog obeyed the Mistress' covert signal to fall in behind her and her husband and to follow. As they passed the ranks of pews, faces were wreathed in smiles somewhat more jovially amused than ordinarily are lavished on a recalcitrant bridal party.

As Lad reached the church steps, the Master turned to him. In no affectionate accents at all, and with a murderous glower, the Master snarled out the command:

"Home, Lad! Get home!"

There was no mistaking the sense or the ire of the mandate. Lad wheeled about and made for Sunnybank at a choppy wolf-trot. He was in disgrace. He did not know why; but he was. He had not disobeyed any orders or done anything he knew to be wrong. If he had erred in coming thus into the church—had not the Master himself bidden him enter it, only last evening? Yet the Master was ragingly angry at him, for some unknown reason. Faster and faster went Lad, his trot merging into a gallop, his plumed tail adroop, every inch of his magnificent body dejected and miserable.

As he came into the grounds of the Place and down the driveway, he did not go indoors at once. Instead, he slunk into the garage and lay down there to brood. He was abnormally sensitive; and disgrace ever made him heartsick. There he lay while car after car came down the driveway from the distant church, and disgorged guests at the house's wide-swung front doors. From somewhere came the crooning of an orchestra. The reception had begun. Not that Laddie knew or cared.

Time went on as he lay there, his head between his white little forepaws, his dark eyes troubled and pathetic. Then a waiter came out from the kitchen end of the house, and went to a caterer's van, behind a shed, took something therefrom and carried it indoors.

Lad started up, as a hated and familiar scent was wafted to him on the afternoon breeze. He was just in time to see the waiter vanish into the house. At once the dog's unhappiness was lost in the gust of rage that swept him at scent and sight of the man who had had the audacity to mistreat him, the night before. Head down and body flying, Lad charged in pursuit, dashing into the laundry and thence through the kitchen and areaway and butler's pantry, toward the dining-room, the door of which was swinging shut behind his foe.

The guests were on the lawns, on the verandas, some of them in the house. The waiters were toiling manfully from group to group, laden with plates or cups. The dining-room was the source and center whence radiated the flying squadron of waiters. Its elongated table ran almost the full length of the room. It was covered with an enormous antique Florentine lace tablecloth, on which were platters of food and piles of dishes and the like, as well as silver and the wide centerpiece of flowers.

A waiter had just returned from fetching some forgotten article from the caterer-van and was laying it on a corner of the crowded table, when something leaped in through the door ajar behind him and launched itself at his shoulders, bearing him down.

Thrown off his balance, the waiter crashed forward across the middle of the table, his clawing hands instinctively closing on the lace. Lad's impact sent the waiter rolling from the table, still clutching spasmodically the double handful of lace tablecloth he had grasped.

Waiter and dog smote the floor together, in a right unloving embrace. The man was screaming in terror. The big collie was roaring. Down upon their prostrate and writhing bodies avalanched the entire high-piled contents of the table. Tiers of plates, cascades of salad and coffee, a rainstorm of flowers, a myriad fragments of thin glass, silver table ornaments that thudded clashingly and dentingly to the hardwood floor—these and an unbelievable assortment of other things heaped themselves upon the struggling man and dog, as though seeking mercifully to bury from sight the spectacle of their ungodly strife.

OTHER waiters and attendants shouted.

Some one bawled, "Mad dog!"—that being ever the remark deemed appropriate to any scene of violence in which a dog happens to be concerned; a woman shrieked.

Ten seconds earlier the soft afternoon June sun had smiled down on a tranquilly festive scene. People had been chatting and eating and drinking happily together on the emerald lawns above the fire-blue lake or on the vine-shaded porches, while music from a hidden orchestra had served as a gently sweet undertone accompaniment to their talk.

Then, in a trice, bedlam had cut loose. Guests thronged to the impromptu field of battle. The Master arrived just in time to see Lad wriggle free from the mountain of glass and food and crockery and torn lace under which he and the waiter had been interred, and make a fresh dive at his squirming and screeching adversary. A yelled word from the Master turned Lad instantly if reluctantly from the fray; men helped the jarred and panic-stricken victim to his feet.

The whole encounter had lasted but an atom of time. Lad had been so thoroughly bombarded by the table's cataract of falling contents that he had been able to make practically no use of his brief opportunity for mayhem. Twice he had struck for the fallen and fighting man's collar. Once the frantically shoving hands had thrust him back. The second time, his jaws had rent the collar away.

The jaws had rent something else from the lean neck of the man—something which came away with the collar and inside it—something that had entangled itself with Lad's curved eyeteeth and would not be shaken free as he had shaken free the collar itself.

"Lad!" exploded the Master, as the salad-smear and coffee-dripping and glass-strewn collie faced him at the first cry of his name. "Lad, you cur! You've never been thrashed, but you're sure due to be, now! Gray Dawn at his worst never—"

The Master's voice trailed away. He was

blinking at something that swung to and fro glitteringly from the collie's panting jaws. He looked from it to the rent collar, then to the spindly bare throat of the waiter. He removed the shining thing from the eyeteeth around which a loop of it had been wedged. Then he turned to the caterer's manager, who was supporting in his arms the half-swooning waiter.

"I hired a plain-clothes man, through your firm," said the Master, "to keep an eye on the presents today. Some of them are rather too good to be stolen. This pearl-and-aquamarine necklace, for instance. Gift of the groom, you know. Just before we left for the church, it was lying in its open case, among the other presents. Of course, I know how it came to be hanging, now, from this dog's teeth. He pulled it loose from around that waiter's neck, where it was neatly hidden inside his trick collar. But what I don't understand is how your waiter happened to have it around his neck, unless—"

With an incredibly swift motion, the seemingly swooning waiter tore himself from the manager's supporting arms. In a single bound he had cleared the sill of the nearest open window and the veranda beyond it. Sprinting with all the skilled speed of a professional athlete, he was dashing for the nearest stretch of woodland.

The Master, with a sharp word, quieted the fresh outburst of tumult. Then, pointing to the fast-running and fast-receding man, he said to the collie:

"Get him, Laddie! Get him!"

THE order was but half-uttered when the collie flashed through the open window in ferocious pursuit. As he sped, at express-train speed, he showered behind him a trail of mayonnaise and coffee and punch and flower-petals and particles of glass and china.

"No human on earth can hope to make a get-away, with a good collie at his heels," remarked the Master to the flustered and gabbling manager. "And Lad is the best of them. Better send some one on the run, though, to drag him off when he overhauls your talented thief-waiter. —No, never mind!" he finished. "The man's safe."

As he talked, he had been following the progress of the chase. The waiter had glanced back over his shoulder, in mid-flight. That glance was his salvation. For it had shown him the pursuing dog, almost at his very heels. With a howl, the man had made for a lawn oak whose wide lower limbs hung within eight feet of the turf.

With a spring as agile as had been his leap from the window, he hurled himself aloft, grasping the nearest limb, and hauling himself up to a perch on it. Fast as he was, he reached his haven barely in time.

"Apparently," said the Master, still addressing the jabbering manager, "your bright young friend prefers capture and jail, to chancing a free-for-all bout with Laddie. Better send upstairs for that plain-clothes man of yours. Here's one chance for him to earn his pay. When he gets under the tree, I'll call Lad off."

IT was an hour or so after midnight. Long ago the reception had ended. A few minutes ago, the last house guest had gone to bed. The Mistress went out onto the veranda. She sat there in the waning moonlight, thinking over the day's varied and vehement events. To her appeared two dim-seen figures. One was old Sunnybank Lad, newly washed and brushed and combed free of the salad and other edibles which had gummed his beautiful mahogany coat. The other was a bulky giant, clad from head to foot in disreputable khaki-and-leather, a vile-smelling pipe between his teeth. The Master had reverted to type.

"Tired, dear?" he asked. "If you aren't,

VIÑA DELMAR,

who wrote that sensational success "Bad Girl," has finished her most appealing story—a love-story of remarkable quality, based on the devotion of a girl of deep feeling for a boy who, mostly, wants merely to dance. Viña Delmar called it—

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"

We will print it in an early issue.

A LETTER to the town's best housekeeper

You've certainly done a lot for us. That's why we're writing to thank you.

We don't know your name. "But," we told ourselves proudly, "a letter to the town's best housekeeper will surely reach the woman who, probably without even realizing it, has helped us sell so much Fels-Naptha Soap."

Perhaps you think the only help you've given us is to buy Fels-Naptha yourself. It isn't. You've done lots more than that. One sight of your spic-and-span house—one glimpse of the snowy clothes on your line—these have meant more to the women who know you than anything you could write.

And when they say, "How do you do it?" how cheerfully you've said a good word for Fels-Naptha! How convincingly you've told them (far more convincingly than we can) that this golden bar with the clean naptha odor gives extra help that makes clothes look—well, just the lovely way *your* clothes look!—without hard rubbing.

Maybe—just maybe—you're the very one who coined the phrase we've had written and repeated to us so often we've taken to using it in our advertising—"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha."

In any case—thank you! Thank you because *your* good example, *your* good advice, have helped Fels-Naptha Soap to give its extra help to millions of women everywhere.

Sincerely yours,

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

P. S. for brides only

Maybe you haven't used Fels-Naptha yet! You should—because it will give you *extra* help too. Fels-Naptha isn't "just soap"—it's good golden soap and plenty of naptha (the dirt-loosener dry cleaners use) combined in one golden bar. You can tell there's plenty of naptha—you can smell it. These two safe, active cleaners, working together, naturally give extra help that does your wash with less work and effort on your part. Fels-Naptha works excellently in machine or tub; in hot, cool, or lukewarm water. It's gentle on your hands. It's fine for general cleaning, too. So put Fels-Naptha Soap on today's grocery list—the ten-bar carton is particularly convenient.



FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR
WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

let's sit here quietly together a few minutes before we turn in—you and Laddie and I. Let's try to forget there are a bunch of guests upstairs. Let's try to imagine that we three are here alone together, at our own glorious Sunnybank, as we used to be."

He slumped into a big porch-chair and his eyes roamed drowsily across the moon-bathed lawn and flower-borders, through the trees to the shimmering lake below.

"The only place that's better than Sunnybank," he mused, his hand on Lad's silken head, his eyes ceasing to rove over his acres and resting happily on his wife, "the only place that's better than Sunnybank is heaven. And that's only because, according to the Bible, *'there is no marrying or giving in marriage,'* in heaven!

"By the way, three newspapers have called me up, in the past hour, to ask me if it is true that Laddie discovered a thief stealing the wedding presents, and killed him in defense of them. And the caterer people phoned that it turns out the fake waiter was a crook who picked the pocket of some one a reliable agency was sending them as an 'emergency man,' and stole his credentials, and got here on the strength of them. He has a prison record, the police say. The plain-clothes man remembers his passing through the present-room, just after four o'clock, on some alleged errand. But as he was one of the regular force, he didn't watch him closely. They're horribly sorry, they say; and they hope that we won't make any of it public."

"We won't!" fervidly declared the Mistress. "I'm too ashamed of it all, to want to tell. It's the first time I've ever been ashamed of dear old Laddie. But today I was!"

"Why?" argued the Master. "Everyone was praising him for his 'psychic skill' in knowing the waiter had stolen the necklace and where he had hidden it on him. I didn't set them right. What was the use? Anyhow, it's the only interesting wedding I ever went to. And after all, Laddie has a right to be hailed as a hero. Columbus blundered upon America, when he was looking for India. So he is immortal. Laddie blundered on a necklace, when he was looking for a jugular. Why shouldn't Laddie deserve just as much credit, in his way, as Columbus?"

LEAP CLEAR!

(Continued from page 47)

loops. The ordinary widow-and-orphan stuff leaves me quite cold."

"And how cold!" I jeers. "Better break those icicles off your toes and stick 'em in a mustard bath when you get home. . . . Come on—let's go. —See you next Monday, Hawkins."

"If I'm not bumped off by then," returns the Happy Warrior.

DESPITE the kick I'd gotten out of the short trip in the Fluff, as the days pass so does my enthusiasm for further flying, especially over the course Breeze is promoting. A fifteen-minute junket around an aviation field under perfect weather conditions is one thing; a two-weeks' journey in November covering a bunch of widely separated cities and the waste spaces between 'em is a horse with a different collar.

Moreover that crape-hanger of a Hawkins with his penchant for parachute jumps breaks into my sleep. I don't doubt that the boy knows his ailerons, but I've never yet met a guy expecting trouble who didn't eventually get it in carload lots. And I just don't care to be with Hawkins when the eventuality becomes a now.

Breeze, strangely enough, is more hopped up about the flight than ever before, and so are the girls. Like a sap I'd permitted myself to make hoop-là at Curtwright field over what a simple, sane and safe business going up in a plane was, with the result that all my later cracks, designed to crab the act, die the dirty death.

According to the schedule our first hop's to be from New York to Buffalo. After that comes Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and other first-class post offices. We're to sort of drop into these bergs from the skies bearing potted frankincense and canned myrrh for the delicatessen trade, and departing amidst loud hosannas and maybe yet a few orders for our imported Blutwurst, our smoked salmon and Pommefrite's Perfection Pig's-feet.

Breeze spends the short time before our departure getting the samples of caviar, *foie gras* and the rest of the pick-me-ups made up and stowed away in the Fluff. The women, of course, are busy having themselves poured in and out of leather frocks, while I'm largely engaged at the safety-deposit company, sorting papers, checking up on insurance and dramatizing my last will and letters testamentary. A fellow should do that every now and then. You can never tell when a cornice'll fall off a church.

The day of the sailing breaks bright and clear. At noon when we arrive at the field for the take-off not a breath of wind is stirring and I grow quite optimistic over our chances of reaching Buffalo at any rate in one piece. As for the other tanks on the itinerary, I decide to worry about them later. Sufficient to the day is the leap thereof.

"Nice weather," I remarked genially to

Hawkins, who's pottering around the plane with all the bubbling exuberance of a rheumatic who's spent the night sleeping in a swamp.

"It's all right now," he mutters, "but it'll never last. It never does—for me."

"Maybe," I suggests, "you'll be double-crossed this time. . . . Don't you take a mechanic along on a trip like this?"

"We'll pick one up in Buffalo," says Joe, "if we ever get there. It's only a five-hour run."

"You can call on me," offers Breeze, "if you should need a helper. I've studied up on all the gadgets, and there's mighty little about motors that I don't know."

"I wish you'd teach me," says the pilot. "I don't know a thing about 'em—especially this one."

"Don't pay any attention to him," laughs Dan Curtwright, the boss of the plant, who's standing by. "Joe began getting killed on his first flight, and he's been getting killed every day and twice on Sundays ever since. There isn't a better airman in the country. He's just a pessimist—"

"What it is—a pessimist?" interrupts Chérie.

"A bird," I wheezes, "who wears a belt and suspenders."

"That's Hawkins," says Curtwright, "and he's probably got 'em sewed to his shirt, besides. Pessimism in this business isn't so bad, though. It makes for carefulness. —How about the parachute, Joe?"

"With any other pilot," he comes back, "they wouldn't need 'em for a short daylight hop, but with my luck they'd better strap 'em on right away. We may have to take it on the jump even before we're out of the field."

"How does this do-funny work?" I asks, picking up one of the parachute packs.

"Like this," answers Hawkins, "when it does. First you loosen your safety belt and leap clear of the plane. Then you count—'one-two-three-four,' and pull the ring on the rip-cord. Sometimes the chute opens—"

"And if he do not?" demands Chérie.

"Don't worry," says Curtwright. "They always do. They've always opened for you, haven't they, Joe?"

"So far," admits the pilot morosely. "Well, what's holding us? Everybody ready?"

EVERYBODY is and we pile into the Fluff. With our hand-baggage and delicatess' samples taking up a large part of the available space, we're packed in like so many sardines in a tin. There's only one place for your hands, and that's between your knees.

We're all mighty tense and quiet as the last rites are being performed over the departing plane. Emerson affects a momentary nonchalance, but I know darn' well his heart's in his socks. I'm stepping on mine. To our friends' farewells we have nothing to say, but Hawkins has a final word.

"Tell the wife," he shouts to Curtwright

as the wheel-blocks are yanked, "those policies of mine are in the writing-desk." And with that gay and festive crack, the Fluff shudders forward and we're on our way to Buffalo.

Despite its heavy load, the aluminum horsefly rises gracefully from the ground and rapidly gathers altitude. I'm looking down watching acreage contract into square inches, when I feel a sudden pressure, and there's Chérie slumped against my shoulder, her eyes closed and her face a bluish white.

"She's fainted!" I gasps. "What'll I do?"

"Lay her down," suggests Breeze, who doesn't look so totsy himself.

"Where?" I yelps. "In the drawing-room or back in the billiard parlor?"

"Her head should be lower than her feet," horns in the Missus, while I'm rubbing the faintheart's wrists and otherwise trying to stir the sap within her.

"How'll I fix that?" I asks. "Hang her outside by the heels? It looks," I adds, as the gal shows no signs of coming to, "like Chérie's going to beat her Channel swoon by from here to Buffalo."

"What's the matter?" Hawkins shouts back.

"Lady fainted," I tells him.

"I'll fix her up," says he. "Watch your belts!"

The plane drops like a rock, slapping my diaphragm up against my hat, then rolls about like an empty barrel in a rough sea, and finally zooms skyward at practically right angles to the earth. There's no question about Chérie's head being lower than her feet at this point.

The shaking up has an immediate effect on her. When the plane's straightened out again, the gal's back to life and its responsibilities. In fact, she's so thoroughly back she doesn't even ask where it is that she is. After the dips and dives and rocketing Hawkins has put her through, there can hardly be any question.

FOR the next hour or so it's smooth sailing through sun-washed air, and all hands perk up. The Missus, who'd probably been less sunk than any of us, even bursts into song. To me the trip's no longer exciting; it's become monotonous. The racket makes conversation practically impossible; you're not allowed to smoke; and after a hundred miles of 'em, there's no great kick in gazing down on mortgaged farms.

We must have been somewhere in the vicinity of Ithaca when the smiling aspect of things changes. A sudden blackness over-spreads the sky; a head wind throws the plane into a drunken stagger; and then comes the rain—a deluge that blots out everything beneath us. Hawkins tries to lift the Fluff above the clouds, but there's too much wind and too much weight against him, and he plugs along at the same level we've been traveling—about two thousand feet.

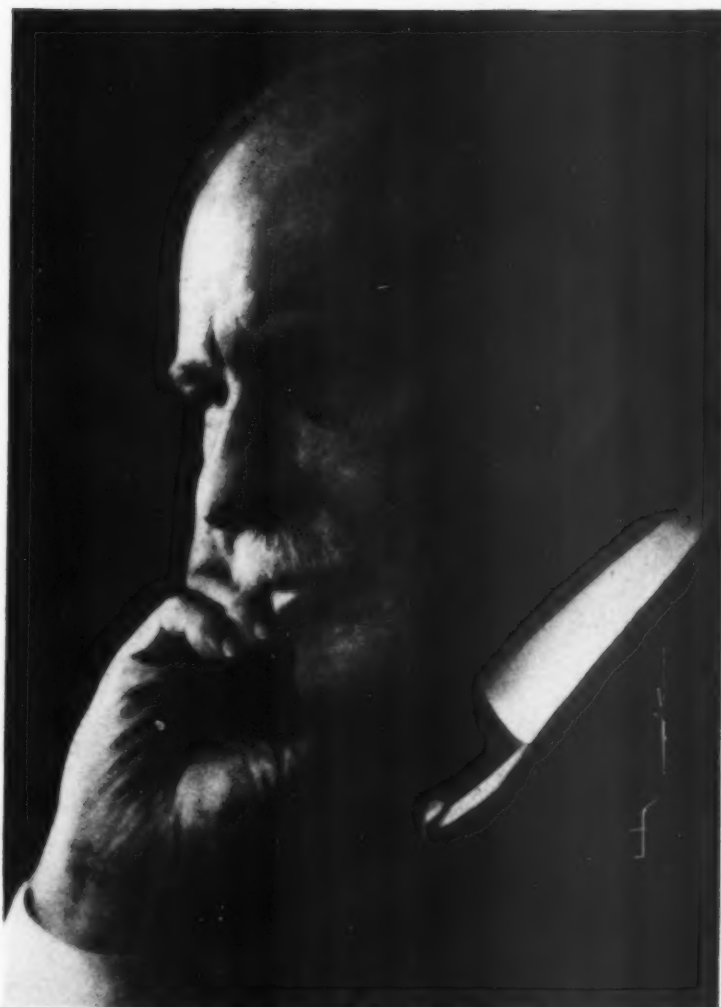
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For three hours or more we battle through this hell and high water, and then the natural darkness comes to add to the denseness we're boring into. The ship's being constantly sideswiped by heavy gusts, and it takes everything Joe has to keep it on an even keel.

"Where are we?" I ask, during a brief lull. "Don't know," yells Hawkins. "The compass has gone flooey."

He no sooner got that out of his system than the wind takes the stiffest punch of all at us. There's a sound above the storm as of breaking or splintering, and the Fluff heels completely over. This time it looks as if Joe'd never straighten it out, and when he finally does, I can see that something serious has happened to the bus. It's wabbling and staggering about as if all in from sheer weariness.

"What's the matter?" I shouts.

"Strut's busted," returns Hawkins.

"Land!" shrieks Breeze, as the plane noses into a dive.

"Can't," says Joe, checking the drop. "I think we're over Lake Ontario. Climb out and free that strut before it thrashes the plane to pieces."

"Me!" yelps Emerson. "Me climb out!" There's no time for arguing or even thinking. "I will, if you want," I bellows, and loosening the safety belt, I rises from my seat. That's my last appearance in this or any other airplane. A sudden wild lurch of the Fluff, a vain attempt to grab onto something—and I'm out in the air on my own!

WHAT happens in the next few seconds I can't tell you because I don't know. Instinctively or accidentally or providentially I must have pulled the rip-cord. My first conscious sensation is of being jerked to a quick standstill, but not until then comes the realization that I'd had a parachute strapped to me. My next thought's a silly one—a rather pleasing reflection that Lindbergh and I were now members of the same club.

The descent is quite slow. The storm must have called it a day after bouncing me out of the Fluff. The wind dies down, and the moon breaks through the dark clouds. Soon I makes out the tops of trees. During the drop I hadn't even thought of Hawkins' guess about being over Lake Ontario. My feet touch ground in a large clearing, and the chute showing a tendency to drag me out of

it, I cuts our rich friendship with a knife. At the moment I'm free, a loud swoosh comes to my ears, followed by a crash, and there's the Fluff, its nose buried in a hillside a hundred yards from where I'm standing. I must have covered the distance between us in considerably under nothing flat.

Apart from the crumpled wing that had forced it down almost simultaneously with my leap, the plane's virtually intact. Fortunately a deep swale of soft mud had been in the field for its hurried landing, and although everybody in the bus is bruised and shaken up, no one is badly hurt. Hawkins is the first to disentangle himself.

"Well," says he, "I figured I was due. What a sucker I was to give up deep-sea diving!"

"Where it is where we are?" asks Chérie. "You should worry," I tells her, "as long as you're still in this vale of tears."

"I know where we are," says Breeze. "The Adirondacks."

"Yeh," I growls, "but which Adirondack, and where is the nearest hotel with hot and cold running electric lights? I thought," I adds, turning to Joe, "you spilled something about Lake Ontario?"

"I did," admits the pilot, "but then I never did have a sense of direction—or any other kind of sense."

"Guessing won't get us anywhere," says I. "Suppose we locate some dry ground, if any, and make a night of it. There's no use hunting for help until morning."

"I'm hungry," wails Chérie. "Try a load of this," says I, picking up a can of *foie gras* that had been bounced out into the mud. "*Pomme-frite Products—Through the Air to You—Neither Dust Nor Dirt Defile Our Delicacies.*"

We all make a meal of our samples and then try to get some sleep under dripping trees. You can imagine how much we knock off lying in the wet with nothing but caviar and goose-livers in our tummies and recollections of the Fluff in our beans. It's a bedraggled layout that greets the morning sun and another repast of *de luxe* delicatessen. I haven't been able honestly to recommend our products since.

After *déjeuner*, Hawkins and I are preparing to start out on a still hunt for vestiges of civilization, leaving Breeze with the ladies, when a gangling apple-knocker, toting a gun over his shoulder, drops in on us. He looks us over with a suspicious eye.

S. O. S.

(Continued from page 71)

in about an hour and a half. First we see the smoke she was making. Then as we come up over the horizon we see the sub laying off about two miles beyond the *Acabo*, shelling hell out of her. And there was the *Acabo*, like an old cow in a swamp with dogs bothering her. She was making a little headway, and she had a little six-pounder or something on the poop-deck, and it would go *pop!* and the shell would kick up a spray about halfway to the submarine. Then here would come the submarine's shell, and it would hit the water alongside the *Acabo* and ricochet off somewhere, screeching like one of these whistling tops that kids play with. It was lousy shooting, really. I could see now why they hadn't got a torpedo into her. And then down the wind would come the crack of the submarine's gun. Then the little popgun would go off again. I never see anything quite so pitiful.

Well, we went into action hell-bent, which was a little better than thirty knots. But of course the U-boat seen us, and after firing a couple our way for luck that didn't come anywhere near us,—them Germans musta been cock-eyed drunk, or else a bunch of recruits,—she submerged. We run over and

looked for her wake, but that was long before we had depth charges that amounted to anything, and all we could do was look at her oil slick where she'd gone down, and curse her for a blank-blank blankety-blank.

Then we came back to the *Acabo*, laying there all out of breath, like, and signaled over did she want anything. And for the first time we had a chance to look her over.

Well, she was about five thousand ton, and a rustier old hooker you never see in your life. She must have been bad enough before, when they hauled her up out of the mud somewhere and put her back in service; but after the submarine got through with her she certainly was ready for the garbage fleet. A shell had hit her right at the waterline, and she had a ten-degree list to port from taking water into her coal bunkers. She had as many shell-holes in her side as she had portholes; and they'd fin'ly shot away her radio antennae. There was a neat hole through her stack, and black smoke was oozing out each side as well as over the top. There was shell-cases all over her deck from the popgun, and over her stern trailed a lot of lines where the Germans had tried to board her with grappling-hooks. Altogether

"What you folks doing here?" he demands. "Sewing shirts for shiftless sailors," yelps Emerson, whose short temper hasn't been lengthened any by short rations.

"They aint no trespassin' allowed on this property," goes on the Silas. "These be private huntin'-grounds. Where you come from?"

"Like sunbeams—out of the sky," I answers sweetly, and points to the wreck of the Fluff.

"Oh," exclaims the rube, his lamps popping, "you be flyers."

"Strangers once," says I, "but even stranger now. How far are we from the nearest hot bath?"

"Springtown," returns the native, "is down the road a piece. You can walk it in a couple of hours."

"Personally," I tells him, "I don't object to walking. In fact, it's to be my favorite recreation from now and on, but the ladies are hardly up to it. Can't you get us a rig somewhere?"

It develops he can. There's a car at the hunting lodge not far from where we'd camped, and as warden of the estate, our little visitor has the use of it. On a promise of fifty bucks and all the caviar and *foie gras* he and his family can use until next Candlemas, he agrees to fetch the machine and take us to Springtown. In a half hour the bozo's back with an oil-can that must have been three years older than the first model, but baby, it's something that moves—on the ground.

But our troubles are not quite over. A mile or so from town the vintage buzz-wagon breaks down in the mud and a pair of Percherons have to be requisitioned to yank us loose.

"What we need now," says I, as the nags are floundering for a foothold in the mire, "is a boy on a bicycle to pull out the horses, and our Odyssey of the air will be complete."

THE first papers we grab in New York have full accounts of our crash with special emphasis on my parachute leap. *Pomme-frite Products* also come in for considerable front-page mention.

"Didn't I tell you," exults Breeze, "that my aviation stunt'd get us great publicity? Follow me, baby, and you'll be wearing diamonds on all—"

"Follow you, baby," I cuts in, "and I'll be wearing a wooden kimono."

she was about the sorriest-looking mess that ever disgraced the British merchant marine. So the U-boat didn't do such a rotten job of gunnery, at that.

She was up from South Africa, she said, with wives and families of British Army officers that had been recalled for service in France. And that was what made me real glad I'd mustered the nerve to write that message. Because, when we tore past her after the submarine, I could look over and see these women and kids and the crew with life-preservers on, hanging over the rail as though we was about the best thing they'd ever seen—which we probably was at the moment. Then when we come back, they took off the life-preservers and swung them around their heads like cowboys at a rodeo, and yelled and cheered as though we'd just won the battle of Jutland.

What happened after that? Nothin'. We convoyed her up the Channel, and then went back to Queenstown. The Skipper caught hell from the Admiralty for leaving his area without orders. Then the Admiralty in London gave him a citation for showing initiative in taking the matter into his own hands. Can you beat it?



John Barrymore



Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.



F. Scott Fitzgerald

These three distinguished Americans are choosing, from photographs gathered throughout the United States, the twelve loveliest women using Woodbury's Facial Soap

VOTED THE PRETTIEST OF

Co-eds

by John Barrymore
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

They are 19 years old—sophomores in the University of Chicago—twins!

Laughter seems to bubble up in them as if from some perfectly inextinguishable fountain of mirth. They look at each other—and break into dimples, into smiles, into silvery peals of laughter. They laugh for no visible reason; or as if being alive, and being twins, were enough reason; as if they found the world too absurd, delicious, and exciting to be true.

When they walk down the aisle of a theatre, or along the street, the dulllest face turns to look at them. Perhaps it is their wonderful Northern fairness; their cheeks the color of roses and carnations, their starry grey eyes; or perhaps it is just that they seem to have a warmer, more effervescent sparkle of life in them than most people.

They were born in Chicago, and have lived all their life a few blocks from the shore of Lake Michigan. There they have swum, dived, canoed, sailed, sunned themselves in the sand, from the time they were babies.

Since going to the University of Chicago, they have begun to have moments of intense seriousness about such subjects as psychology, mathematics, biology and above all, examinations. Nothing in life, as yet, seems to them worse than examinations; "unless," as one twin remarked, "getting a C when you expect an A."

They both have dazzling pink and white skins, and they have been brought up on Woodbury's Facial Soap.

"It's terribly hard to keep your face clean in Chicago," they say. "Woodbury's is wonderful for cleansing, it leaves your skin so deliciously soft and smooth. We love it!"

Out of hundreds of beautiful Woodbury users, on whom we called in big cities, in little towns throughout the country—three distinguished judges are choosing the



MISS HELEN and MISS LOIS DODD of Chicago, Illinois, chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the prettiest of co-eds

loveliest of each type . . . Each month their photographs will appear. They represent thousands upon thousands of women throughout America who today owe the charm of a fresh, clear, beautiful complexion to daily care with Woodbury's Facial Soap . . . Commence, now, to take care of your skin with this wonderful soap! Begin, tonight, to gain the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"

A DELIGHTFUL Woodbury set, containing a large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial for 10 cents! Send name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1711 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. For Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1711 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont. © 1929, The A. J. Co.

THE SQUAW MAN

(Continued from page 75)

small window over the end seat in the alcove was darkening. Nan stayed where she was, her warm, slender body in the bend of his arm. The back of the room was in shadows. The shadows crept forward. A little cloud floating in the strip of blue above the court turned from pink to gray as it drifted out of sight and the light faded in the sky, a last streak of color lingering in the room in the top of the mirror between the enameled slats and the stems of the artificial flowers.

"I won't be a bum sport," said Ted at last when they had sat a long time without speaking, until the whole room was dusk and its end was blackness, although there was daylight remaining in the street below. "I won't be a crab. It's your success. You win. If you want me—"

"If I want you!"

"I'll try it. I won't rob you of the fruits of what you have earned, just because you're a girl."

"You will? Oh, Ted, darling!"

"You're the head of the family now. Give the orders."

"Dear, nothing will ever change between us. Will you go to see Arline Bates Turley's apartment tonight?"

"Anything you say. But we'll just look at it, that's all. We'll consider."

"Of course. We don't have to decide anything tonight. And Ted, remember, this is just between ourselves. Nobody will ever know."

"Certainly not. Nobody at all—except everybody who knows us."

IT had to be acknowledged that they got into a better-looking neighborhood farther north. Around the Deegan Arms there certainly were a great many delicatessen shops, and basement tailors for ladies and gents' repairing, altering and pressing. Arline Bates Turley lived in an impressive building on a quiet street. Her door opened to a handsome living-room with large rugs, imposing davenport, tables and an arched door to a range of other rooms.

Arline Bates Turley came forward hospitably.

"Mr. Soper is calling on me," she said. Ted scowled. He greeted Miss Turley in his big voice which he tried to make hearty. Nan tossed off her coat. Soper was standing before the fireplace smoking a cigar. He was in a dinner-coat.

"Heard you were coming tonight, so I dropped in," he said to Nan.

"Wont you take off your coat, Mr. Graham?" invited Miss Turley.

"No, I won't, thanks. We only came up for a minute."

"How are you, Graham?" said Soper.

"First-class, thanks. How are you, Soper?" Ted wasn't going to Mister him, if Soper left it off.

Soper grinned as he flicked his cigar ash into a tray. "Hear you're going to take an apartment here."

"Oh, Arline, show us around. I want Ted to see the arrangement," cried Nan.

Soper walked behind with Nan. He occasionally said something to her in a low voice. She was in a flutter of delight as she looked at the rooms.

"This is my bedroom." Arline Bates Turley opened a door to a large room with high-boy, dressing-table, four-poster and a big *chaise-longue* by a bookcase. "This is my bath."

"Oh, Ted," squealed Nan, clapping her hands at the glitter of the shower, the pedestal washstand, mirrors and wall cabinets. "Just think of that in comparison with our little tub!"

"Hmph!" Ted had given the briefest glance to everything.

"This is Caradoc's room." Miss Turley down the hall opened a door to a small room with a single bed on one side and an oak chiffonier. Mr. Dilworth was standing on a chair reaching over the top of the window. "What on earth are you doing?" demanded Miss Turley.

"I was fixing the curtain."

After Nan had joyfully seen the dining-room and kitchen, they strolled back up front.

"Perhaps somebody would like a glass of pure grape juice?" suggested Arline Bates Turley. "—Caradoc!"

"No, thanks," said Soper over his shoulder to Dilworth when he came in. Soper was standing by the mantel talking to Nan.

"Since we've seen it all, I think we'd better be on our way." Ted remained standing.

"Oh, no. I want you to stay and get the atmosphere. Do sit down." Arline Bates Turley settled into a chair.

"Come over here, Nan." Soper led her to a seat.

"Yes, do sit down a minute, Ted," urged Nan.

"What do you think of this beauty-products merger?" Soper flatteringly asked Nan, as one business authority to another. "—I don't suppose that interests you?" With his usual glassy grin, Soper turned toward Ted, who still was on his feet.

"No. Building construction is my racket." Ted squared his shoulders.

"Guess you must be doing pretty well, to make this move."

Ted stiffened, but he had to remember that Soper was Nan's boss.

"You must take off your coat and sit down," protested Miss Turley.

"All right." Ted unbuttoned his topcoat and took it off, still looking at Soper, who after a startled moment broke into a whoop of laughter. Arline Bates Turley joined in a rich bubble of mirth. Nan gazed at Ted with her eyes popping. He looked down—around his husky waistcoat and dangling almost to his knees was the pink rubber apron with the blue crimped border and cute little pocket.

"Oh, ho, ho!" yelled Soper.

After pounding his knee once, Soper did worse than continue to laugh. His face was swollen with repressed snorts, but he looked at Ted with a big contemptuous grin as if it was only out of pity that he didn't cackle.

In the second that it took Ted to recognize what he had on, he reddened with fury. He gripped the top of the apron and tore it from his neck. The strap around his waist resisted. Struggling fiercely, he broke it and crumpled the object in his fist. Then he did the only thing to do and began himself to laugh, heartily and boomerily, encouraging everybody to laugh with him.

A touch on his arm made him turn to Mr. Dilworth, who was standing beside him.

"Come back to my room," he said softly, "and I'll give you a sheet of wrapping-paper."

"Thanks, I will," roared Ted. He walked down the hall, clenching his fists until the bones cracked.

WHILE Dilworth was spreading out a sheet of wrapping-paper, Ted heard the others laughing, Nan's silver peal among them. Of course she couldn't sit and cry over his mortification. . . . When the parcel was tied, Dilworth hesitated a moment.

"How would a taste of bitters go?" he suggested.

"Good."

Dilworth was already on his chair, taking a bottle from the ledge behind the valance over the window. He got a glass from a drawer and waited for Ted. After a hooker apiece, Dilworth produced a package of mint drops. Ted declined, but Dilworth said it was on his account. Fragrant odors accom-

panied them up the hall, and parting was jovial.

Back at the Deegan Arms, Ted laid the package on the sink.

"Silly thing to do," he said cheerfully. "I never felt such a fool in my life."

"You took it awfully well, Ted." They pulled the curtains down and stood looking about their room.

"Well, it was a jolly evening." The corner of his eye was on Nan. "Now, let's forget about moving."

"But you promised me." Nan had taken off her necklace and wrist-watch and laid them on a table. She had kicked off her shoes and she followed Ted around in her stocking-feet as he put away papers and weighted down magazines so the leaves would not blow and rattle when the windows were open. "You promised me, Ted."

"It can't be done." Ted went over to the mirror. "This is our home."

"But Ted, darling, you promised me."

"This is our home."

He took hold of the top of the mirror and pulled it forward. The trellis of artificial flowers, the side pilasters and mirror all leaned out. Two supports swung out from the top end, and when he laid it down level, there was a double bed, with the mattress, bedding and pillows tied to the spring with strips of webbing. Behind the bed was a square dark hole. Nan burst out crying as she opened the narrow door beside where the mirror had been. She switched on a light after she disappeared, and in through the square opening she could be seen in a grotto big enough for a bureau across one end and with a long shelf with rows of hooks under it on which feminine garments hung.

"Our home!" she sobbed, taking down her pajamas from the hooks. "Our h-home! When I'm making more than eight thousand a year—more than eight thousand a ye-e-e-ar!"

THE mirror was closed up against the wall.

Nan, with hat on, was standing up outside the alcove drinking a cup of coffee and eating a roll. Her coat, gloves and pocket-book lay on a chair. Ted, also breakfasting on his feet, had stepped to the stove to refill his cup. His pajamas were on a chair and his slippers in front of it.

"Never mind picking up," Nan said lifelessly. "I'll get home first, and I'll straighten the room." She had to control her voice, not to cry again. "So you've made up your mind that I can't have my apartment?" she went on, wearily but persistently.

"I can't do it," he replied. "You see what I'd be reduced to." She looked at him as if he were a new kind of ill-conditioned animal she hadn't seen before.

"It's all wrong to you," said Ted desperately. "But I can't go it. What would I be?" He slammed his coffee-cup down on the table. "The thing of it is, you've licked me, Nan. You're a better man than I am. I've got to pitch into something and make more money. I've got to take up something like that Berryman construction scheme; I've been afraid to tackle it—"

"Just let's forget it. Here I am, making a good income, but I'll have to go on living this way."

"I know it. It's rotten for you. I can't hold you down to my gait. I can't keep you here. You'll break away. You're breaking away from this now. We've only eaten three dinners here in three weeks. You'll get away from me. I've got to go with you or lose you—"

"Oh!" Nan looked at her wrist-watch, snatched up her hat and purse and ran to the door. Ted tried to kiss her good-by, but she was in too much of a rush. . . .



Spring! . . . for everyone but her

In her lovely Newport garden she stood—a bitter, disappointed, lonely woman at 33.

It was Spring—but in her life there was no romance.

Why was she still single? Once she could have picked and chosen from many suitors. Now she had none. Even time-tried women friends seemed to avoid her. She couldn't understand it . . .

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the damning, unforgivable, social fault. It doesn't announce its presence to its victims. Consequently it is the last thing people suspect themselves of having—but it ought to be the first.

For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excess of eating, drinking and smoking.

Intelligent people recognize the risk and minimize it by the regular use of full strength Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. Night and morning. And between times before meeting others.

Listerine quickly checks halitosis be-

cause Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide ★ which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

• • •

★ Full strength Listerine is so safe it may be used in any body cavity, yet so powerful it kills even the stubborn *B. Typhosus* (typhoid) and *M. Aureus* (pus) germs in 15 seconds. We could not make this statement unless we were prepared to prove it to the entire satisfaction of the medical profession and the U. S. Government.

Winning new users by thousands. Listerine
Tooth Paste. The large tube 25¢



**unless you
remove cold
cream
this way...**



- 1 **Blackheads, acne, skin troubles** are likely to begin, because you are rubbing cold cream further into the pores instead of rubbing it off.
- 2 **High laundry bills** and ruined towels will result. Cold cream—oils—shorten the life of a towel disastrously. The finer the towel the worse the damage.

HERE'S a new way to remove cold cream that absorbs the cream, rubs it off, and with it the dirt, oil, make-up that can ruin the finest skin if left in the pores. Kleenex Cleansing Tissues are made to do what harsh towels and grimy old cloths can't do. You use three sheets at a time, then discard them, hygienically, like paper. And they cost so little that high laundry bills and ruined towels are extravagant in comparison. You'd better try Kleenex today if you haven't already. Just see what a difference there is in your complexion, after even a week's trial.

Kleenex

Cleansing Tissues

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....R-6

Nan's office with the Dolly Dainty corporation was a contrast to the bare little coop she had occupied with her old firm. Soper had selected the room, and had ordered decorations in keeping with the atmosphere with which he wished to endow her. In the afternoon Soper tapped at Nan's door.

"Busy?" he asked, looking around at the yellow silk curtains, flower-boxes, blue carpet and tapestry upholstered chairs and settee. Nan had an Italian renaissance desk with spindle turned legs and stretchers. Several good etchings were well placed on the walnut-paneled walls. A crystal vase on Nan's desk held a bunch of pink roses.

Soper came around to stand beside her and look at the chart. "How are the reports on the spring numbers?" he asked.

"I believe we might try a big city campaign on 'Deauvilles' just for class trade. It's only a matter of new labels."

"Mph." Soper was thinking of something else. "Are you taking that apartment?"

"I—I'm afraid not." Nan's mouth drooped a little.

"Hm." He frowned. "If I were you, I'd do it. I wouldn't allow anything to prevent me. It's necessary, in your position now, for you to show that you're important."

"Do you really think so? You know if you—"

"You'd better think about yourself and who you are," grinned Soper. "That's what you've got to think of."

WHILE Soper and Nan were talking, Ted was in the outer reception-room, giving his name to the girl at the board.

"What is your business with Miss Adams?" The switchboard operator picked up a pad of forms. "Please write it there." Ted laid the pad on the rail and scribbled his name. The girl pushed a button. Ted walked around the reception-room looking at the framed advertisements and pictures of models wearing Dolly Dainty knickers and brassiere sets. After he had made the rounds twice he saw a businesslike young woman looking at him over the rail.

"Miss Adams is in conference now. I am her secretary. Perhaps I can attend to it and save you time."

"I want to see her personally, thanks. She'll know."

"Very well."

Ted took a seat and picked a magazine off the table. He read half through a story and then went over to the board.

"Please, did that secretary tell Miss Adams I'm here?"

The girl shoved in a plug and after an inquiry shook her head. "Miss Adams is in conference." Ted went back to his story.

A good many people entered, gave their names and went in and out before the businesslike girl came to the gate again and said primly: "Miss Adams will see you now."

After being ushered through a paneled, soft-carpeted hall, Ted found himself in one of the visitors' chairs, talking from a distance to Nan across her desk.

"I had no idea you were waiting," she said. "My secretary has orders not to interrupt me."

Ted shuffled his feet on the blue rug. He had imagined a chummy chat, a reconciliation, the luxury of giving up and letting her have what she wanted. But he heard himself mechanically saying that he had surrendered. When he stood up to go, he moved near to kiss her good-by—but the secretary already was at his elbow. . . .

Lease of the apartment, on the same floor as Arline Bates Turley's but on the other side of the building, had been signed before Nan came home, after Ted saw her at her office. There were two months to run of their lease at the Deegan Arms, but Nan undertook to stand the loss. She had an orgy with shops and interior decorators. From the beginning Ted tried to be a good sport.

Nan painstakingly avoided the upright pronoun, and every time she said "we" bought this, or "Ted" got that, Ted flinched. He knew, or he thought he knew, that every one of their friends recognized the fact that he was a squaw-man. Soper looked in often, but not too often. He presented the new household a pair of silver candlesticks.

"Good-looking rug, you got there, Graham," he would say. Or, "I like that console," regarding Ted with a glassy smile.

"Not bad," Ted would say. Or, "That was Nan's taste." For the first time in his life he felt like a sneak.

On the Saturday afternoon of the housewarming, Ted sent to the apartment many more flowers than he could afford. He got home in time to put on his dinner-jacket and make the punch. He gave himself as much artificial encouragement as he thought was good for him to start out with, and when the first guests began to arrive, he was able to talk loud and play the part of the man of the house.

But he felt like a man in a pillory. He felt that everybody could see through him and knew him for a sham. He knew he was a shell, that his big, hearty voice and welcoming hand were those of a recognized four-flusher.

Soper arrived an hour after the opening. He stood around with his glassy grin, a big fellow, an important fellow, popular, jovial—the real man of the place, instead of Ted.

Arline Bates Turley came, escorted by Mr. Dilworth. "The punch, of course, is totally non-alcoholic," she trusted. "I never taste anything but pure fruit juice, and Caradoc is a total abstainer. He never touches anything—never."

"Just a hint of flavoring-matter to give it a spice," Ted assured her. At the first sip Mr. Dilworth shot a lightning glance at Ted. After trying one Mr. Dilworth took another and brought his queen a glass.

"Really, this has quite an attractive pungency," she allowed after tasting it. "I must have the recipe. Caradoc, bring me another glass of this delicious beverage."

AS the evening progressed, Arline Bates Turley relieved Ted of much of the cares of a host. She led the way to the dining-room. Everybody was very jolly; the crane was being properly suspended. They called for three cheers for Nan. After this, as they all took plates from the table and found places informally about the room, Miss Turley suggested that somebody make a speech. She accepted the suggestion and delivered an oration on Nan's career, to the success of which was due this home, created by her, and paid for by herself exclusively.

Miss Turley then called on Soper. He made a short talk from his place, complimenting Nan.

As the applause died down, it suddenly was renewed in cheers and thumping coming from under the table. Those around it stooped to look.

"Ah, there you are." Ted helped Dilworth from under the table, where he was pounding on the floor with a candlestick.

"Caradoc!" screamed Arline Bates Turley. "What does this mean? Go to your room at once."

"You keep still," ordered Dilworth. "You're pickled. You're pie-eyed." He pointed the candlestick at her as if it were a pistol. "Silence. Ladies an' gentlemen, I want to introduce the unknown hero. A few remarks from Mr. Graham."

"It wouldn't be proper," replied Ted. "It wouldn't be right for Miss Adams' other guests to offer praise and for me to withhold mine. I'm a guest here as much as anybody—more than anybody."

At the end of the evening, when the last taxi had rolled away, Nan discovered that Ted was not in the apartment. It was three days later that she got a telegram from him dated Tulsa, Oklahoma.



The one function of a dentifrice is to *clean* the teeth. No dentifrice can cure pyorrhea; no dentifrice can correct an acid condition of the saliva. Any claim that any dentifrice can do them is misleading.



This penetrating foam CLEANS TEETH BETTER

Scientist discovers that Colgate's has lower "surface-tension"... hence greater power to cleanse tiny crevices where decay starts.

TOOTH decay begins, says modern dental science, in the tiny crevices where no toothbrush can reach and where food particles and mucin deposits collect.

Ordinary toothpastes fail to get down into these hard-to-clean places. Hence, the real test of a toothpaste's power to clean is its ability to penetrate deep into these tiny crevices.

A scientist recently made a remarkable discovery. He found that Colgate's has a greater penetrating power* than any of the leading dentifrices on the market today.

When brushed, Colgate's breaks into an active, sparkling foam. This foam possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get deep down into every minute pit and fissure. There it softens and dislodges the impurities, sweeping them away in a detergent wave.

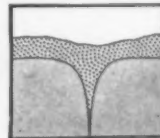
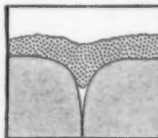
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder... a polishing material prescribed by dentists... which polishes the enamel safely, brilliantly.

Think what this means to you... by using Colgate's you can clean your teeth thoroughly, scientifically, exactly as your dentist would have you clean them... restoring the natural loveliness of teeth and gums.

If you have never used Colgate's you will be surprised and delighted with its wonderful cleansing action. Mail the coupon below for a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

*How Colgate's Cleans Where The Toothbrush Cannot Reach

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where decay may start.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1641, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

FREE

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Wildroot Hair Tonic is the best hair insurance you can buy. Wet your hair with Wildroot every morning—massage the scalp with finger tips—then comb the hair while wet. You'll never have dandruff, your scalp will never itch—and you'll always have a healthy head of hair. Many a man of sixty owes his luxuriant hair to frequent use of this safe, reliable tonic. Get Wildroot at any druggist, barber shop or department store. It is guaranteed. When you shampoo always use Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo



"I'm here putting up buildings for Berryman. Two-years' job. Couldn't go it. Ted."

So this was it. Life had broken them apart. The perpetual, ever-changing but ever-present struggle of the sexes would never end until men and women were alike.

In her first letter Nan avoided making any passionate protest, which would only make it harder for him. She meant to visit him at the first opportunity, certainly within a month or two, but on account of business she could not get away. Soper kept her fully occupied. She found that Ted would not be in Chicago at all. She meant to make a supreme effort to be with him on their anniversary, but he was away then on a trip to the Southern steel-works. He did not send her any present or other acknowledgment of the date, and she saw that he meant to leave her a free hand. They wrote regularly, not very often, on the cool tone he had adopted. The end of the second year passed, and then he suddenly informed her that the buildings were completed, had been sold beyond expectations, and he was coming back.

Ted's telephone call came to Nan's office early in the morning, but she was out, and it was not until she came in after lunch that she knew he was in town. She at once started down again. Ted was in a conference when she got to the construction company, but a young man took her to Ted's office to wait. His pigskin bags were on the floor near a pair of muddy, high laced boots and a sweater tossed on a chair.

When Ted came in from a side door, Nan stood up. She trembled a little. As they both hesitated a second, she held out her hand. He took it and then stepped a little away from her, so Nan sat down again.

"I'm sorry I didn't get your message sooner," she explained.

"I didn't know if I was going to see you at all today," he replied. He was thinner and sunburned a copper color.

"Why, of course you would—that is, if you wanted to." The opening was left to her, so she began stammeringly: "I'm so glad you've done so well. You're in the firm."

"Yes, we put it over, thanks. And you? Is the business going as well as ever?"

"Oh, yes. Just the same." Nan looked down at her pocketbook.

"Are you feeling all right?" He looked at her closely. "Look here, Nan. There's no use of us making it hard for each other. If you have any plans, I'll accommodate myself to them."

"Any plans?"

"Yes. Whatever you want to do. . . ."

LOVE IN THE YEAR 93 E. E.

(Continued from page 69)

"Come where?" she said, with a direct brevity which is as commendable as it is rare in the mouths of women.

"To the forest reservation in Brazil," he answered, with equal directness, but an inward terror as to how his suggestion would be received.

"Of course, I'd come," she said. "Rather! But how could we? If we got there, we should be certainly traced."

"I don't think so," he answered, with a stubborn determination to smother the doubt in his own mind. Then in abrupt and eager phrases he told her the plan which he had formed for her abduction.

Ten years before, after the draining of the great swamps of the Upper Amazon, the forests had been cleared of human life, partially destroyed and replanted, and then relegated to a solitude of fifty years, for certain experimental purposes, which are not without interest, but which would involve too much explanation for the brevity of this narrative.

If she could join him under the boundary

I've been away two years, you know. That's sufficient."

"If that's what you want, Ted." She stood up. "Would you mind telling me what you intend to do?"

"Well, I did have some idea of buying a house. But if I'd be in your way, I'll live somewhere else—Milwaukee, perhaps. We have a lot of business there. . . . I suppose it's Soper."

"No." She hung her head.

"I don't mind telling you I'm glad it's not. From the way things were when I left—"

"No. He—he had to learn. But he's learned," she said dully.

"Good. Anyhow, I'll not make trouble for you."

"What did you intend to do with your house, Ted?"

"Do with it! Why, live in it, of course."

"Who with?"

"Who with?" He went around behind his desk and sat in his chair. "Well, let's not go into that."

"I don't want to be intrusive." Nan turned toward the door. "I think I'll be going now. Probably I won't see you again."

"Just a second," said Ted as she had her hand on the knob. "We'd better have some idea of what you would like to have me do, so I can attend to it while I'm here. I can see your lawyer, if you'll give me his name. I shall be going back to Oklahoma tomorrow."

"I thought you were coming here to stay."

"My plans depended on you."

"You certainly act like it!"

"What, when I rush in here and call up your office at half-past eight—and you don't answer for five or six hours—and when I see you it's plain you have something on your mind—"

"Something on my mind—when you are so cold and repellent! I never got your message until half an hour ago, and then I flew out of the place and ran a block after a cab, and raced down here, nearly frantic to see you, and—"

"What!" Ted jumped to his feet, kicking the chair away from him. "Do you mean you're not—"

"While you are on earth?"

Running around the desk was too slow. He leaped over it to get to her quicker, and as his arms whipped around her, the little hands were clutching around his neck, and she was crying on his shoulder.






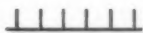











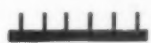
"Race," he whispered. "Race! After I'd proved myself, I drove my eight straight through. I haven't shut an eye—stopped only for gas. I bet people on the road thought it was Cannonball Baker!"

of the airdrome thirteen miles away, on a night of cloud and storm (the worse the better, for his purpose), and fortunately, the coming nights would be moonless—he did not doubt that they could escape unseen and unfollowed. He supposed, foolishly enough, that even the M. I. would be unlikely to have its attention concentrated upon them at such a time. He was, indeed, more concerned for the conditions of the wild life that they must be prepared to face together than for the perils of the journey in his familiar element.

Nor did she think much of the danger of the flight itself, though she had a greater fear and a greater knowledge of the powers that ruled them. She thought of the flashing speed of *Condor 5*—they would escape in the night unnoticed, and who should follow? They would be almost there in the morning!

"I'm afraid," he said, with his irrepressible truthfulness, "it won't be so easy as you think. We shall have to try it in a Kestrel."

"In a Kestrel!" There was good cause for her protest.

 TENDER SKIN HEAVY BEARD 	 TENDER SKIN MEDIUM BEARD 	 TENDER SKIN LIGHT BEARD 
 MEDIUM SKIN HEAVY BEARD 	 MEDIUM SKIN MEDIUM BEARD 	 MEDIUM SKIN LIGHT BEARD 
 TOUGH SKIN HEAVY BEARD 	 TOUGH SKIN MEDIUM BEARD 	 TOUGH SKIN LIGHT BEARD 

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- ☐ C. P. A. Coaching

- ☐ Business English
- ☐ Commercial Spanish
- ☐ Effective Speaking
- ☐ Stenotypy—Stenography
- ☐ Telegraphy
- ☐ Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name _____
Present Position _____
Address _____



EVERYONE knew the Kestrels. They were the only form of plane that everyone was trained to handle. They were fool-proof and simple. When they had risen, they would not readily descend, without deliberate manipulations, too low for a parachute to be used with safety. But they were built for short flights on the afternoon of a summer day; they were forbidden to go over any considerable stretch of water; and though the difficulty of fuel did not arise, they were unfit either in strength or power or flight for any ocean passage, where their parachutes would be useless. Their speed and direction were controlled by a degree of muscular exertion that made a prolonged flight an arduous enterprise.

Yet there was no other way. 48 V. C. had judged coolly enough that, even could he descend in his own machine, and take the girl unobserved, its disappearance would lead to a world-search, and an almost certain finding. He might not even be able to destroy it effectively, or to hide it among the forest trees, before its location would have been observed, and their fate be certain. He must make excuse to put up *Condor 5* for repairs, and while on the free leave which would result, he could easily have one of the very numerous Kestrels so placed that it could start unnoticed in the night.

There was one point in their favor. The Kestrels, though small, had a roomy car, being built for summer picnics in the air, whereas the *Condors* were for work and speed, and had a seating space for one only. Also, with sufficient skill, the Kestrels were capable of a very high speed indeed, though it was seldom attempted. But most important of all, he intended his plan to succeed by its incredibility. If the flight were known, and the disappearance of the Kestrel discovered, no one would dream of looking for them more than a hundred miles away.

Yet it was with a natural doubt that he looked at P. N. 40 as he confessed his plan. But she did not hesitate. Perhaps she did not realize the utter madness of the project as clearly as she would have done had she had a wider experience of the air.

"Oh, yes, if you think a Kestrel's best. You ought to know," she answered easily. "But you'd better go now, or we'll neither of us go anywhere. The disk has changed color twice already."

She pointed to the signal which had twice reminded her of her remissness in going to the breakfast-room, a remissness of which she had not been guilty in years, and which could not continue for many seconds longer.

48 V. C. turned reluctantly. He wanted to make clearer arrangements for meeting. He wanted permission to come again, if the chance should offer; he wanted— But the girl had no mind for a needless peril.

"Come again? Of course not. Are you quite mad? Of course I shall find it. I'm not a fool, really. The first night the indicator shows below two-seven, I shall be there at half-past three. You needn't look for me earlier. If the nights are fine till the twenty-eighth, I'll come then anyway. . . . You'd better go while the sky's clear."

He did not want to go. He wanted to say good-by, but lacking practice, he was not sure how to begin. A night-passage to Brazil seemed a less formidable enterprise.

He looked uncertainly at the empty sky, and back into the room and found it empty also.

Then he went.

BRAVELY enough, P. N. 40 entered the breakfast-hall, though she was conscious of the puzzled wonder of a hundred pairs of eyes that were directed upon her, and her heart might well have failed at the thought that she had already drawn inquiry, which might so easily turn to suspicion, in her direction.

She was three minutes late, in a world in which unpunctuality was as obsolete as manslaughter.

There had been a period of many centuries during which men had learned to rely upon mechanical instruments for notifying them of the passage of time, and had become consequently almost insensitive to its durations.

Then a country schoolmaster, a Mr. Alfred Borton, had immortalized himself, and revolutionized the organization of society, by observing that, if he established a habit of feeding his flock of geese at seven minutes to four, they would appear at his back door at that time, neither before nor after, with an exact punctuality. He had reflected that what is possible for a goose should not be impossible to a man. He had first experimented with one of his own family, a child of three years, who had learned that it must leave its nursery at exact periods, of which no indication was given, for an adjoining meal-room, if it were to obtain food. It was found that children so trained could achieve automatic habits which would not vary more than from seven to thirteen seconds from exact punctuality. They would observe the regularities of an ordered household with no more conscious thought than they would give to the separate movements of the limbs that bore them to the waiting table.

IT was natural, therefore, that Instructress 40 should have been alarmed and puzzled as three successive minutes passed, at the end of each of which she had given the signal, which should have been so needless, and which, she knew, must have discolored and agitated the warning disk which was fitted into every bedroom to deal with such an emergency. P. N. 40 approached the table, unaware of how successfully she was concealing the perturbations of her secret mind.

The Instructress was a lady of seventy, wearing the white dress of widowhood, below the rose-pink collarette of honor which was the badge of the Sixth-grade Women. The four red stars on her right sleeve were the number of her living children. There were no gray disks of the dead. She was now a tall, somewhat angular woman, with a rather long nose, and a high crown of graying hair.

The glance which she gave to the approaching girl was shrewd, but kindly. She guessed that some abnormal mental disturbance must have occasioned so startling a breach of ordered living.

"What has happened?" she asked, as P. N. 40 lifted her chin courteously, and seated herself at her right hand.

"I was thinking. . . . I forgot."

The Instructress considered this impossible answer.

"I trust it was not done deliberately?"

"Oh, no, Instructress. I am very sorry. I didn't mean it at all. It won't happen again."

There was an evident sincerity in her voice that assured. A sincerity of regret which was unmistakable. And the tone was more satisfactory than had been usual from P. N. 40. The matter must be reported. It was too serious for a mere reprimand to condone it. But it might be less so than she had feared. Perhaps an instinct of rebellion had culminated in this breach of etiquette, and had produced a natural reaction. The Instructress said no more. . . .

The days passed without any disturbing incident, but also without the break of weather for which P. N. 40 was watching with a concealed anxiety, until the 27th of April, when the skies clouded heavily, and a cold tempestuous wind, veering unsteadily from one point of the compass to another, resulted in the air warning which brought all the pleasure-planes to the crowded anchorages, and caused the freight planes to descend to the lower levels which the pleasure-planes had vacated. Only the mile-high continental

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Deltah

liners continued their scheduled way, indifferent to any elemental discord.

That afternoon, *Condor 5* descended to its airdrome, reporting a strain on the hinge-expander of the falling-tail, which would take two days to repair.

AT eleven forty-five that night, when for three-quarters of an hour the long lines of the sleeping-bungalows had been dark and silent, P. N. 40, bare-headed, but clothed in a suit of waterproofs, and with her most precious possessions slung from her shoulders in an oilskin satchel, opened her bedroom window, and stepped quietly out into the blackness of the driving rain. Her only guidance was the red lights of the landing platforms of the airdrome she was seeking.

This airdrome was, in fact, no more than a depot for pleasure Kestrels, and a government repairing shed for planes of the lighter patterns. Yet, however small in comparison with the major ports, the airdrome was of sufficient extent to make the place of appointment somewhat vague.

P. N. 40 did not want to advertise her presence. Secrecy was vital. She looked across the phosphorescent luminosity of the boundary, waiting in the darkness for any voice or movement to call her.

But nothing stirred. There was only the scream of the wind through the plane platforms, and the nearer rattle of the rain.

Should she call aloud, and perhaps bring the discovery which would be ruin? She could not wait here forever. Had he forgotten his promise? Perhaps he thought the storm too bad for so perilous an adventure. Perhaps he was far away in his *Condor*, resting above the storm.

What did she know of men, that she should trust him with her life so lightly?

Lightning flickered, and a dark shape showed, not fifty yards over the boundary. Surely a Kestrel; and Kestrels are not left out in such positions without reason through a night of storm. She went confidently forward and came to the dim bulk of the Kestrel. She had been right so far.

"Forty-eight!" she whispered, but there was no answer.

Fearful and trembling with an anxiety which she could control no longer, she felt for the lighting switch, and illuminated the interior of the car.

It was rain-soaked and empty.

The significance was too clear for any hope to survive it. If this were the chosen car, it would at least have had a store of provisions and water, if not of a hundred things that they would need in their forest solitudes.

IN the ninety-third year of the Second Eugenic Era, Professor Pilphit (66 A. T.) held the office of premier. He was so conscious of the importance of racial improvement, in which he had specialized very brilliantly, that he had himself taken charge of the Physical and Selection Department.

He had shown, in his well-known monograph "On the Psychology of the Adolescent," that every instance of erratic contact, however casual or trivial, between the youths and girls of the separated seminaries, should be regarded with the importance of a seed from which a crop might develop which would choke the healthy growth of the entire community. Professor Pilphit had given orders that such instances should be reported instantly to himself, and the airplane escape in which P. N. 40 had been involved had naturally come before him.

The report that the girl had been late for breakfast, without any credible explanation, within a fortnight of the Festival of the Marking of the Brides had caused an instant requisition upon the Ministry of Insight to expose the truth of her conduct.

The apparatus of the Ministry of Insight, at this period, had reached a point of excel-

lence of which it was difficult to take the fullest advantage.

It was no longer obstructed by intervening walls, nor dependent upon visible light rays for the photographs which it obtained. In theory, it could, and did, record every incident of the lives of every individual in the country. But the very extent of this success produced its own difficulty. How could so vast an accumulation of records be stored, tabulated, developed? The result was that the records actually retained related to events of national importance, to specimen records of selected lives, and to periodic photography of the body of the nation.

The demand for the exposure of the actions of P. N. 40 on the occasion of her unpunctuality was made within seven minutes of the circumstance coming to the Premier's knowledge, and within twenty-four hours of its occurrence. Everything possible was done to supply his requirements, but the result was necessarily incomplete.

The picture of P. N. 40's room itself had faded into a dim scene of two figures which did not appear to move about more than a little, or to approach very closely. Nothing could be recovered of speech, or even of expression or gesture. But there was a clear record of 48 V. C. leaving the window, and making his covert return to the airdrome.

Considering this sinister episode, Professor Pilphit gave instructions that a special photograph of P. N. 40 be taken. He decided to do nothing further for the moment, but to watch the delinquents very closely until the girl should have passed into the care of her selected husband.

THE reports he received were satisfactory until the morning of the 27th of April. P. N. 40 was punctual in attendance at her meals and classes. She seemed placid and cheerful. She took an intelligent interest in the instructions she was receiving in the Seven Duties of Marriage. 48 V. C. was occupied on his patrol, and had shown no disposition to descend to the airdrome, nor consciousness of the existence of P. N. 40. There had certainly been no communication between them.

When, on the morning of the 27th, Professor Pilphit heard that 48 V. C. had descended with a report of damage to his machine, he was cautious, but not alarmed. He inquired as to the nature of the alleged damage, and learned that it might render landing dangerous in a rough wind. 48 V. C. had been right to report it. But the Premier took no risks. He ordered a police officer to remain in the company of 48 V. C. until he should return to the air, and to report telepathically to his private instrument, to avoid the delay of communicating through the Ministry of Insight, should any suspicious circumstance require it.

It is to his lasting honor that the possibility did not enter his mind that P. N. 40 could be so shameless as to go out into the night to seek her lover.

It followed that when 48 V. C. strolled into the mess-room, having already arranged on some plausible pretext for a carefully selected Kestrel to be left near the boundary of the airdrome, he found a certain Police Inspector, 17 T. P.—whom he knew—had developed a friendliness which he was very disinclined to welcome, but which he found it impossible to shake off.

After some hours of abortive fencing, when the necessity for obtaining supplies for the Kestrel was becoming desperately urgent, he attacked his persecutor with a direct inquiry.

"You seem very fond of me today, Inspector. Have you been told to watch me?"

"Yes," said the Inspector.

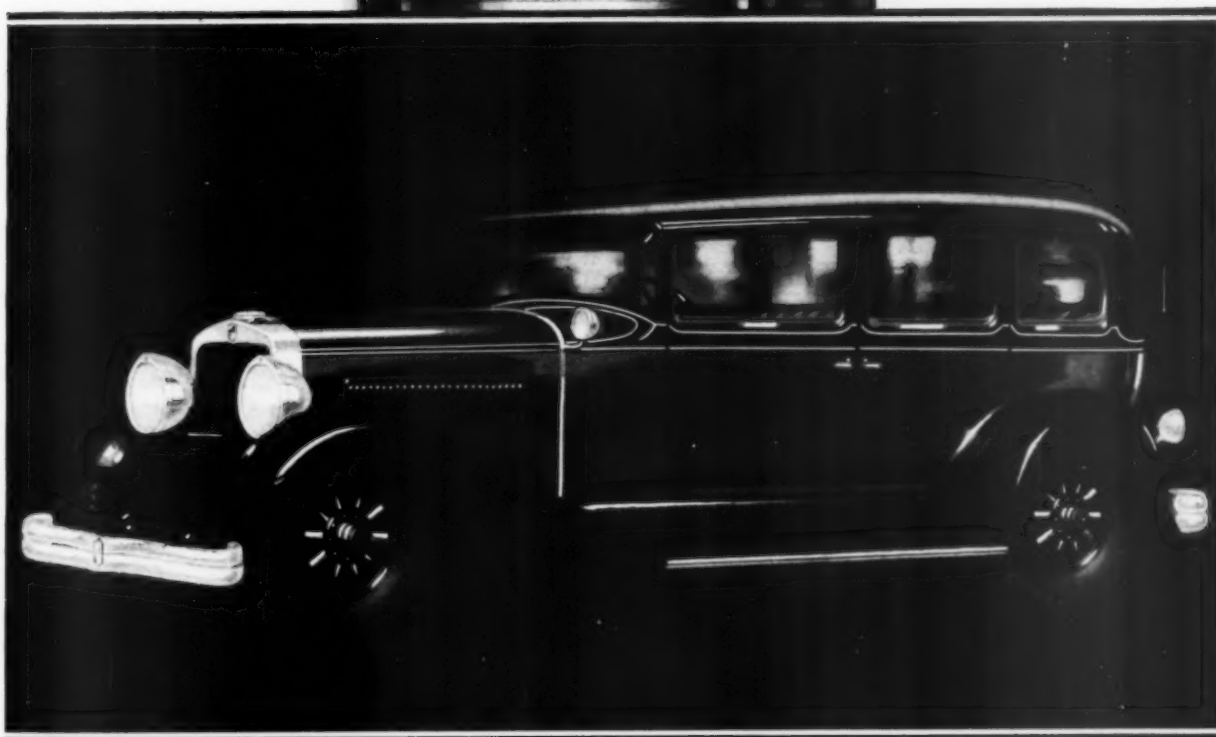
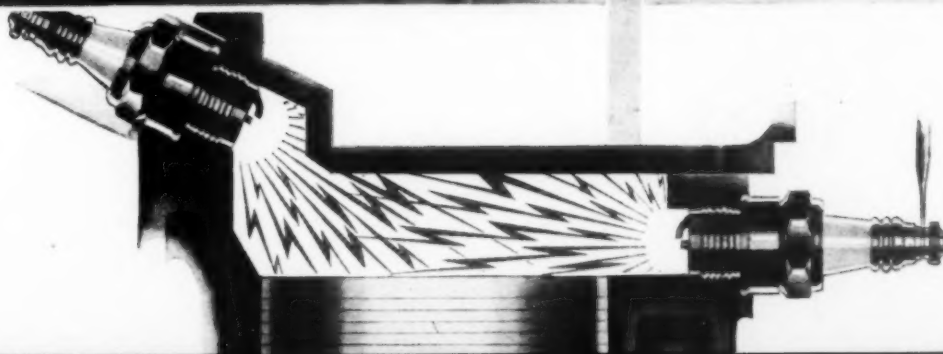
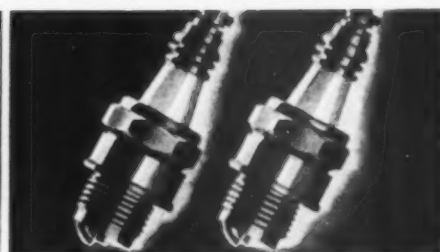
"Why?" asked 48 V. C.

"I don't know."

"Are you reporting everything I do?"

"Yes."

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"Everything I say?"

"No."

"Well, that's something. If you've got to come around with me, you might lend me a hand. I'm going to load up *Condor 5*, ready to fly as soon as the repair is finished."

"She'd fly all right now, if you wanted to get away from me," said the Inspector.

"Yes, but I don't," said 48 V. C.

HE commenced, with his companion's help, to load the well of the *Condor* with an unusually well-assorted store of food and water. He thought of tools, and many miscellaneous things, which might be useful in the air. He explained that he never knew what accidents he might have to succor, or in what distant places.

"Are you reporting all this?" he asked pleasantly.

"Yes," said the Inspector.

"You might tell them that it looks as though I mean to disappear altogether."

"You couldn't do that," said the Inspector.

"Not in a *Condor*, anyway."

"I suppose not," said 48 V. C., laughing. "I'd better alter my plans."

The Inspector laughed also. They both knew that in the chartroom of the Ministry of the Air, the location of every machine with a metallic responsive hull could be told at any moment, within half a mile in either altitude or direction. Only the Kestrels were built of the commoner metals, and their little flutterings were outside the knowledge, as they were beneath the notice, of the chartroom records.

It was after three A. M. when 48 V. C. rose from his berth in the dormitory and commenced dressing.

"What's the game?" inquired the Inspector, rising with an equal alertness.

"It's the weather," said 48 V. C. "I think the things in the *Condor* may need moving."

"Are you gone crazy?" said the Inspector. He began to understand why he had been detailed to watch this young pilot.

"INSPECTOR," said 48 V. C. from his seat in the *Condor*, "it's a bad night for flying. You weren't told to come with me, were you? You'd better go back and report."

"I can report without going back," said the Inspector grimly. He wiped the rain from his eyes to watch the *Condor* as it rose abruptly into the air, and circled back to the further side of the airdrome. The next moment his whistle shrilled through the darkness. The last news he had sent had closely followed an alarm from Instructress 90 that the room of P. N. 40 was empty, and orders had come to arrest them both by any method, regardless of the lives of the fugitives.

ONLY a few minutes later it was, that P. N. 40, waiting in despair near the Kestrel, heard the beat of balance wings as *Condor 5* came to the ground beside her. It came down with no pretense of silence. Its landing lights shone through the rain. P. N. 40 was aware of the wail of the signal sirens and of long arms of light that rose stabbing the storm.

"Quick," said the voice of 48 V. C., "heave these things in. We've got two minutes, with luck."

There were running feet within ten yards as the Kestrel felt the impulse of the release, and rose clear of the hands that clutched in vain for the mooring-ropes, which they guessed that she must be trailing behind her.

"Wont they follow?" she asked, as he switched off the car-light, and the darkness closed them. Harshly, through the noises of the storm, there came the useless barking of an Elston gun.

"Not in *Condor 5*," he answered. "I've seen to that. They may in others, but they wont have them out for five minutes yet, and how will they find us then?"

He laughed excitedly, and then became tense and cool, as he saw a streak of light that searched the sky turn from white to orange-red as he watched it. The Kestrel swerved to his steering, so that the girl was thrown against the side of the car in the darkness.

"What's the matter?" she said, laughing at the mishap, in contempt of a bruised shoulder. "Do you usually steer like that?"

"I may do it worse than that," he answered. "Don't talk now. Get the straps on quickly. Don't switch the light."

She knew that it was no time for talking, as she groped in the dark for the first strap she could find which would serve to hold her in the swaying plane.

Overhead, the red light moved incessantly, probing the night.

FLYING low, with frantic dashes, right or left, as the blind search pursued them, the Kestrel dodged like a snipe, till, perilously low, it passed over the great circle of the sleeping-bungalows, and the public halls which they surrounded, with the lighted tower in the center.

P. N. 40 spoke at last, with a natural question.

"Did it matter so much if they saw us? They knew we were there." She was puzzled, realizing that they must have circled round, while they might have been fifty miles away.

He answered: "I didn't think they'd have done that. We're safe now, if we fly low for a time, but I had to get the rise of the land between us. No, the searchlight wouldn't have mattered—not while it was white. But the orange-red is meant to kill. We should have shriveled up like a cinder if it had once settled upon us. . . . Do you mind?"

He spoke with a sudden contrition for the reckless perils into which he had lured her—of whom he had dreamed, unhoping—this stranger who touched his knee.

She did not answer in words, but he had switched on the car-lights, and her eyes spoke clearly.

"We shall be steadier now, for a time," he said, "if the wind holds as it is." They began to plane upward. Side by side, they settled themselves into the seats in such comfort as the space allowed. For ecstatic breathless moments they forgot everything but themselves, the wonder of the new companionship, the joy of the distant goal.

The speed increased to the maximum. They knew now that they were out over the water. The light in the open car made the surrounding blackness more absolute. There was no steadiness in the wind, which drove gustily. Out of the darkness the storm came in heavy oceans of air through which the flying speck of the little Kestrel fought, and swayed, and faltered. It was colder now, and the rain had become sleet in their faces.

"They wont find us?" she asked.

"No," he said confidently. He felt fairly sure of that, during the darkness at least—though he had been startled by the use of the orange ray, and the ruthless purpose which it showed. He meant to be very far across the sea before daylight should aid them.

BUT he knew that there was an even greater peril in the flight itself—a peril which he could only guess, for no one had ever put a Kestrel to such a test before—and in such weather as this, with the length of the Atlantic before them!

"Can I help?" she said, after a time.

"Not yet," he answered. "I can keep on for a long while yet. I'll tell you when I get tired. You'd better sleep now."

Soaring still, the straining body of the little Kestrel fought its bitter way through the storm, and she slept beside him. Should

it fail, as at any moment it might, should the frail parts snap at pressures which they had not been made to meet—well, it would be useless to wake her. He knew they could not go on for very long like this. There might be better weather if he still went upward. He knew that he had reached a level where there was an added danger in the darkness. Any moment an air-liner, shouldering its smooth contemptuous passage through the night, might strike them broken-winged to earth, and pass on, unaware of their triviality. But it was the only chance they had. His foot pressed harder on the soaring-lever, and the wing-beats quickened. They soared upward through the storm.

THERE was a murmur of protest in the Telescenic Laboratory.

"They want us to find a Kestrel in the night!"

"Where?"

"Within fifty miles of Brentwood."

"It can't be done. . . . There's no responsive metal in a Kestrel. How can we tell where to look?"

"Why can't they wait till morning? We can't miss it when it comes down! A Kestrel can't go far."

"They say it first circled low, and then rose, and headed south."

"Well, we've got to try."

"South? It can't go far that way. Does it want to fall into the sea?"

The operators might murmur, but the words of protest were over in ten seconds, and already the crackling sound of the batteries, and the droning of the great disks, showed that the search had started.

For twenty minutes the swift miles of magnetic air passed before the eyes of the operators, luminous as though unaware either of storm or darkness, before they found the speck they sought in the immensity of the night.

"Two miles up," they reported, "heading southwest."

"Can it last?" came the query.

"It may be blown back. It is facing the storm. But it is making for the open sea!"

"Can it live," came another question, "if it does not return to land?"

On the screen, the chief operator studied the driving blur of the storm for some minutes further before he answered the query. A wind-tossed Kestrel showed faintly. Lightning flickered around it.

Knowing that it had no electric control, he looked for it to crumple and disappear, but it still kept onward. Its course was rapid, but so erratic at times that they had difficulty in keeping the sights upon it.

He noticed that it was still climbing upward, between the buffeting of the storm.

Then he saw that it was falling—falling fast. Was it injured? He thought it righted for a moment; then he lost it.

They searched for it to the limits of height which they could reach, and downward, till they skimmed the blackness of the heaving sea, but they could not find it again.

Did it matter whether it was already beneath the waters, or a wind-blown atom in the screaming heights? There could be only one end. He ordered them to give up the useless search.

He reported: "It is out of sight, and is probably sunk already. If it be still flying, it must return, or fail and perish. It is unfit for such a flight, and the air to southward is foul with crossing storms."

He spoke of failure, not understanding that they had triumphed already. For all men die, but few live.

FAR up, far over the Atlantic waters, the little craft, with its two warm-hearted lovers, beat upward through the snow-swept night, upward against the fury of the freezing wind, still upward—upward—safely over-riding the storm.

We'll pay for Your Test

Accept this 7-day trial tube at our expense.

Prove these remarkable claims for
this unique shaving cream.

Mail the coupon



These 5 Supremacies

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

GENTLEMEN: With a product such as ours the advertising problem is chiefly to get you to make this seven-day test. For results have proved that 86% of men adopt Palmolive Shaving Cream—once they try it.

A seven days' test on your own face beats all the laboratory tests that we can make. That is where sales are made. And that is how Palmolive Shaving Cream attained leadership in a competitive field in so short a time.

Now, if you will return the coupon below, we will give you new ideas of shaving comfort. For we believe in proving our claims first—then asking you to buy.

How it came about

Shaving preparations had not kept pace with shaving needs. We studied long, then asked 1000 men's advice.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAJ and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

They told us others' shortcomings. And we set out to fulfill them. 129 formulas, tried and discarded, finally brought success. Five unique features were attained.

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Suited or not, you owe it to yourself to try this remarkable shaving cream. You are the judge—it either pleases you or not—you take no risk. So won't you mail the coupon now?

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Simply insert your name and address
and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3067,
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(Please print your name and address)



Miss Margaret Hatfield, daughter of Judge Charles S. Hatfield of the U. S. Court of Customs Appeals, and Mrs. Hatfield, is known as one of the real beauties in Washington society.



Miss Ruth Dickinson, lovely young daughter of Representative and Mrs. Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa, is noted for her beautiful complexion.

Photos by
Harris & Ewing.

New Wonderful Face Powder Stays on Longer

These beautiful Washington Society Debutantes use MELLO-GLO exclusively because it stays on longer and prevents large pores—conquers shiny nose—spreads more smoothly and gives a youthful bloom unknown before. These marvelous qualities are due to a new French process owned and used by MELLO-GLO only.

The purest face powder known! MELLO-GLO is made of the finest imported ingredients and the coloring is passed by our Federal Government's chemists before it is used.

MELLO-GLO is an exclusive powder made for and used by beautiful women. Its purity, smoothness, softness and fineness insure you against any flaky or pasty look or irritation. Use this truly wonderful Face Powder and protect your complexion. Keep the beautiful bloom of youth forever glowing with MELLO-GLO.

Your favorite store has MELLO-GLO or will get it for you. A square gold box of loveliness for one dollar.

EXCITEMENT

(Continued from page 65)

the table and Janis picked it up. She had never seen one like it before. Like all of Angel's possessions, like Angel herself, it was rare and individual.

Janis, straightening the furniture here and there and throwing away ashes, for she liked to leave her house in order, wondered if, under the amusement, Angel had any idea of the kind of place to which she had come. She would be forced to assume a position here, whether she wanted it or not, whether she dignified it or outraged it. She was Clement Ware's wife, and he was the manager of the great local holdings of the Lefevre Iron Mining Company. He was Mr. Hart's successor, the same Mr. Hart who had given the organ to the Presbyterian Church and endowed the boys' gymnasium and whose wife had been such a worker in the D. A. R. and other organizations for women. Mrs. Hart had been past fifty and a little stout: she had also been an heiress in her own right. Janis had met her once or twice at receptions; and thinking of her now, middle-aged, homely and yet somehow so competent, a shadow of fear crossed the girl's mind. Angel would do nothing that Mrs. Hart had ever done. That didn't matter especially. But what would she do? The gay crowd would swoop down on them, of course. Janis thought of that with a heightening excitement, for invitations had already begun to come her way. If Ben Towne came West, she wanted him to see her in the middle of things, and not needing his attention. He would see Angel in her new rôle too. That is, if she accepted the rôle—if she realized that there were obligations, things expected of the young Clement Wares.

CLEM felt that at once. He had been living for weeks in rhapsody, talking in clever phrases. But when, the next morning, he drove down to the city with Uncle Will, he felt the load settling. It was entirely agreeable at the moment, like a successful test of strength.

Uncle Will was married to Mr. Ware's sister and his relationship to Janis and Clem was very friendly and devoid of responsibility. His advice and his praises came easily. "Very remarkable," said Uncle Will, "that they should put in a young man like yourself. Highly flattering."

"Well, I'll have to show them that they had the right hunch," said Clem.

"I suppose they're giving you the same salary Hart had?" asked Mr. Winter confidentially, with the reticent tone proper to mention of salaries.

"Eighteen thousand—and certain expenses. I suppose it's the same."

"That's it. Well, it's a young man's world, all right. Eighteen thousand a year, a beautiful wife, honeymoons in Europe instead of at Niagara—I suppose you'll take a house?"

"We don't want to park on Janis very long, of course."

"Lots of room there; but I suppose you want something of your own. Janis ought to sell that house, anyway. You ought to encourage it, Clem. That's no house for a girl to have on her hands. Your Aunt Catherine wanted her to come and stay with us—until she marries. But she wouldn't do it."

"I suppose she likes to be independent."

"Well, as a matter of fact she doesn't lose anything, for that property's increasing in value all the time. She could really afford to scrap the house for the sake of the land sale. But as I say, it's no way for a girl to live. She could take a little apartment somewhere with her Aunt Esther if she doesn't want to live with us."

Mr. Winter left Clem at his office and there his new associates met him. It was impressive. There was the sense of stepping into a responsible and coveted place left vacant. In

the office which had formerly been Mr. Hart's and would now be his there was an air of recent occupancy. Anderson Graham, the man who would be Clem's immediate subordinate, welcomed him with dignity. He was a man in the middle fifties with a careful, repressed, rather meticulous manner and a memory for detail that seemed extraordinary. On the instant Clem guessed that Graham must have been ambitious to step into Mr. Hart's shoes himself and that there undoubtedly was a flaw somewhere which had prevented his doing so.

Clem liked his broad desk and the thickly carpeted office which looked out over miles of railroad track. He could get his teeth into things now. This was a subsidiary company, of course, but it was valuable to the parent organization. And it needed attention or they wouldn't have sent him. Howard Joyce had made that clear to him, back in New York.

"Here's the thing," he had said. "Old Hart's kind of half sick—he wants to let go. It needs somebody who can go out there and find out all the things he doesn't see, not because he's unwilling, but because his eyes are getting dim—too dim to see his opportunities. The whole thing needs tightening up and energizing. The company hasn't the place it should have in the city. We picked you for several reasons. Because we know you understand the industry, but more than that because you know that part of the country, and in a way it's your own city. They don't like it out there when strangers are put over them, but your father was one of their own financiers. They can't make any kick about you. You ought to be able to put it over."

"I don't see why not," Clem had answered; and to himself he repeated that now. He'd always liked St. Anthony. He had left it impatiently but that was because of the restrictions of his father's house, because he was under discipline and surveillance there, because he was lonely. It was different to approach it from this angle. He was willing to ally himself with the city on these new terms. Long ago he had learned to admire its traditions and the way it had sat stubbornly on its hills through Indian massacre and financial panic and hard times and every provocation for despair and abandonment. In a way it was still frontier territory. The mining lands stretched away a hundred miles to the north and west, and the farm lands sloped toward the south. Clem thought of the way wild ducks would fly over hundreds of blue lakes not so far away. Angel would like the hunting. Yes, it was a good place to live. He ought to be able to make quite a thing of this.

THE morning disappeared. Shortly before noon the telephone rang and Henry Randall asked Clem if he couldn't come over and take him to lunch at the club.

Henry Randall knew everyone. All the bankers, all the manufacturers, all the lawyers and the kind of law they practiced, all the politicians of consequence. His mind was an irreproachable filing system for the relative values of people. Like all the other men Clem met that day, he was cordial, informative in a way that didn't tell much and willing to take Clem into the group of important men.

They had a highball before lunch in Jerry Allen's room at the club, while enormous English mutton-chops were being prepared with pickled black walnuts to Mr. Randall's liking. Clem enjoyed it. The food was excellent and the conversation far less stodgy than he had feared it might be. These men knew what they were talking about when they spoke of freight rates, and methods of production, and political and financial con-



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If germs as huge as dragons roamed your rugs, with what awe you would regard the instrument which devoured them! But germs are none the less terrifying because they are infinitely small. Nor is the marvel less because The Hoover removes them so easily.

Rather it is greater, for the ability of The Hoover to gather up, in its cleaning, millions of these germs—so small you cannot see them—only shows how thoroughly, how amazingly, it removes *all* types of dirt from your floor coverings.

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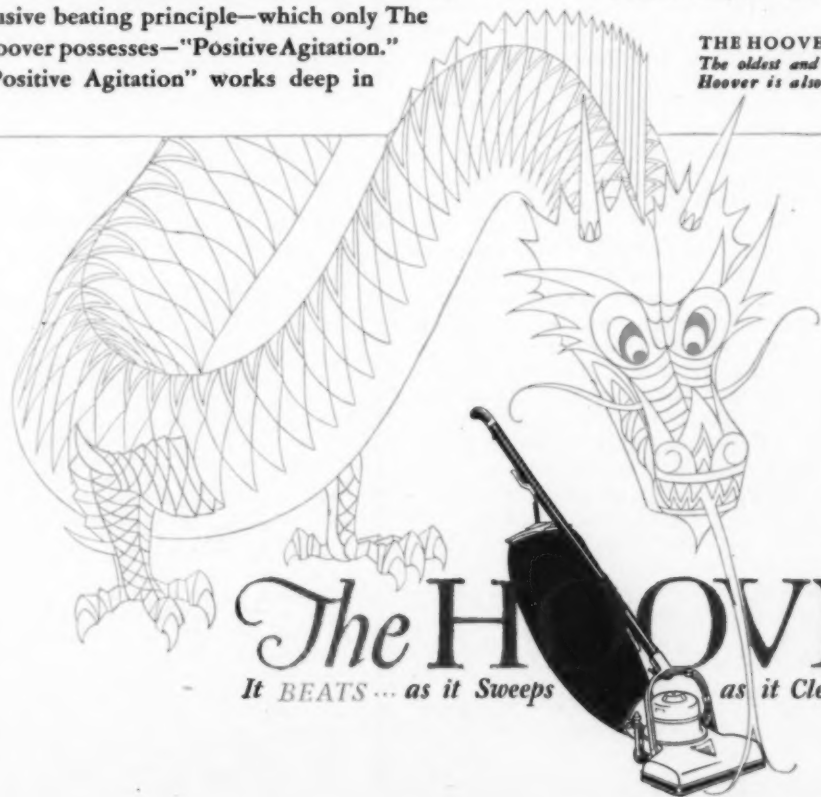
the rug, opening wide the pile, vibrating the fabric on a cushion of air, and shaking out of the spread-open tufts and the myriads of tiny pockets the heavy sharp grit and the caked masses of dirt.

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SELECTING THE SCHOOL

The training, association and environment experienced during school years lay the foundations for success or failure in future life. The selection of *the* school best suited to develop each individual therefore should be a matter of thought and thorough investigation. This is especially true of boarding schools which prepare for college and for life, but it also holds good for schools of professional and special training.

The Red Book Magazine publishes each month the largest and most representative list of school announcements to be found in any magazine. Consult our School Directory and write direct to the schools which interest you. The principals are, at all times, glad to send catalogues and answer letters of inquiry. If you do not find a school in pages 11-26 which seems to answer your requirements as to courses or location, ask our assistance.

The Red Book Magazine's Department of School Information has helped hundreds of parents select schools for their boys and girls. We have also helped many young people who appeal to us to find a school where they may procure just the training for a chosen occupation. The same service is at your disposal. Our service is based on personalized information obtained through visits to representative schools in all parts of the country. In order to be fully helpful we need data on the following: type of school—college preparatory or general academic (in the case of a boy, military or non-military), finishing, post-graduate, business, technical, secretarial, art, music, dramatic, dancing, etc., in what section of the country; approximate amount you plan to pay per year for board and tuition, or tuition only for schools of special training; exact age, religion, and previous education of prospective pupil. Enclose stamped return envelope and address

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

ditions. They spoke with frankness and discernment about all those things. On other subjects they did not touch at all.

Four or five of them, including Clem, were still around a long table in one corner of the dining-room where a group of men evidently often gathered, when a youngish, rather handsome man, with a thin, nervous face came into the dining-room alone. He was very nonchalant in his manner as he passed the table where the other men were sitting, pausing for just a fraction of a minute as if wondering whether he would be asked to join them. Then with the faintest trace of swagger he went on to a table by the other wall. The men with Clem had all spoken to him as he passed, with the fragmentary, uneffusive nods that were characteristic of them, but there was something in their composite manner which was clear enough. They disapproved of the handsome young man. He was unacceptable.

Going out, Clem asked Mr. Randall who he was.

"The fellow by the wall?" asked Mr. Randall rhetorically. "Oh, that's a man named Mason. Been in the bond business here."

"Has he got the measles or something?" inquired Clem.

Mr. Randall grinned.

"He's got an awful lot of bad debts, I guess," he muttered, half to himself and half to Clem, and then explained: "Pretty light weight. One of these fellows that thinks you can make a rich man of yourself by turning on all the lights in the house. Say, by the way, you ought to look into the matter of that house of his."

Clem remembered then that he had heard of the Mason house the night before.

"Is it a good house?"

"It's bound to be a great bargain," answered Mr. Randall in his own terms. "The fellow's a fool. Just kept on spending whether he had it or not. I guess he had something to start with, but he blew it all in. And then wanted to begin on other people's money."

"How do you mean?"

"Trying to make a touch everywhere he could. He seemed to think the world owed him a living because he'd had it to dinner. He's through."

Clem did not argue that finality. But it struck him with a touch of unpleasantness. These men he had been lunching with were in so many ways cordial, jocose, tolerant. But they were hard too, and they would refuse to condone a money psychology which was not their own. The spendthrift had to go. It was a moral issue. He saw Mason going out of the club, and thought how dreadfully stuck the man must be.

BACK in his office again, where he was already losing his first sense of strangeness, he and Graham decided to call a meeting of the board of directors for the next morning at eleven. There were things which must be decided and approved before much action could go on, and things had been in abeyance since Mr. Hart had left. There was correspondence to go over, and before long it was past four o'clock, almost time to go back to Angel. She had been out of his mind much of the day, but now she swept into it again, filling it, crowding everything else out. He must stop and see about a car for her. He knew the kind she liked to drive, and if there were one of that model in the city, he could take it home to her tonight. The cream-colored roadster would be shipped, but that would be only occasionally practicable for this climate.

He spoke to Graham about it; and Graham, ever efficient, called the proper agency and spoke to the manager, whom he knew personally. Instantly the transaction was in motion. The manager was sure he could bring over at once the very model that was wanted, ready to drive, factory-run for the

first thousand miles. Mr. Ware could try it for a few days. Clem was used to the deference of salesmen, but in this he felt something new. This deference and attention was offered to his position, his place in the city, instantly acknowledged and understood.

CLEM had returned to Angel since she had been his wife, in hotels, in houses where they had been guests. But tonight he felt himself on the path of habit, and he rather liked that. Now that he had begun his work he realized how thoroughly ready he had been for it and how it slaked an impatience which had been only half-conscious.

He went up the steps of the old square stone house two at a time. The front door was shut and a maid came in answer to his ring, with Aunt Esther lurking close upon her heels to see who it was.

"Where's everybody?" asked Clem.

"The girls?" Aunt Esther prolonged the question. "They've been out all day."

"Sounds as if they like it."

Clem went upstairs. The room he shared with Angel was in the kind of clean confusion that was characteristic of her. She had no liking for preciseness, but because everything she owned was fine and beautiful, and she kept no slovenly things about her, the disorder was never unpleasant. Clem took one of her cigarettes and meditated. They must get a place of their own as soon as they could. It would be something for Angel to take an interest in, to let her express herself with. A home would make a difference in Angel's point of view.

Then she came in with her swift, light step and as he looked at her all his little certitudes melted away. He took her in his arms, but she was not really there. He could always tell whether she was or not, and gently he released her—for he had learned already not to try to force the door of her feeling for him but to wait until it swung open.

"Looking the town over?" he asked.

"I met some people. Some I'd known before. Janis took me about. And then after a while I took her about. We began by lunching at the Country Club with some healthy and hearty ones who were strong on golf and babies, and then Rosamond Jones turned up and we eventually went to her house."

"I think we're going to like it," said Clem. "Don't you?"

She made no reply, only looked at herself in the mirror and then down at the dressing-table where her inlaid boxes were spread. And he had the feeling that she was looking at something else all the time, for her eyes were distant.

"Anyway," he persisted, still trying casualness, "we're off."

She turned her glance, in which sympathy and irony were struggling, on him.

"I'm letting you down. You were counting on me to be the waiting wife with open arms, weren't you? The passionate incident at the end of the day."

"Don't," he frowned. "That's vile talk."

She lifted her long slim arms above her head impatiently.

"Isn't there some way we can keep it for ourselves?"

"What, darling?"

"Marriage," she told him darkly. "I hate sharing it with so many people. I hate being another wife, another bride, another homemaker. Do I have to go through all the motions? Make a home—a nest?"

All the steadiness of his day was gone. Long afterward he wondered if that was the moment when he said the wrong thing.

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to do," he said; "you're the one who counts."

"No, women don't count much. It's absurd how little we do count. For weeks and weeks we've been pretending that I was the center

"One thing my daughter must be told"

—Says a mother of today



The possibility of offending others is dreaded by thousands of women. Now a discovery which neutralizes odor in sanitary pads* frees them from this fear.

HOWEVER carefully she may guard and advise, no mother can protect her daughter from self-consciousness at certain times. If she fears that she is offending others, good times are impossible; light-heartedness flees. That is why mothers and daughters both learn with relief about the latest process perfected by Kotex scientists: Each Kotex sanitary pad is now treated to end all odor. The fears that were once inevitable now disappear.

Shaped to fit, too

Because corners of the pad are rounded and tapered, it may be worn without evidence under the most clinging gown. There is none of that conspicuous bulkiness so often associated with old-fashioned methods. And you can adjust the filler, make it thinner, thicker, narrower—to suit your own special needs. It is easily disposed of, no laundering is necessary. A new process makes it softer than ever before.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

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of your life. It's the treat men give to women to keep them satisfied for the rest of their lives—the honeymoon!"

Her words were harsh but her voice was pain and it reminded Clem of every hour of beauty that she saw past, faded.

"Darling—"

"And here I am making a scene because the honeymoon is over—the way all us girls do."

"My dear," he said, "I'll do anything in the world for you. But you can't keep life for yourself."

"It's all so shop-worn—"

"Not my love—"

"I'm pretty horrible. But I sha'n't go on making scenes, Clem. This is the swan scene."

"It's not a scene at all. Just snappy domestic dialogue."

She laughed.

"It's damned near a row. I was all set to make one."

"Why?" he asked.

"I don't know exactly. Perhaps because all the women I met acted as if they had a road-map of the rest of my life. And then Janis—"

"Janis? I thought you were fond of her."

"I am. I like everything about her. But she hurts. She always makes me feel as if I were in a tail-spin."

"Too deep for me," said Clem.

"You know what Sally said about Janis?"

"What?"

"That she believed in things. That's it."

"But that's her charm," said Clem rather stupidly, "that she does believe in things and people."

IT did not seem quite the answer Angel had expected. But she laughed and went in to toss her clothes around the bathroom and sing in the shower, coming out with a head as sleek as a seal's and the rest of her wrapped in a great green bath towel, and the moodiness so gone that it seemed to have been washed away.

"We met some people who were hospitable. One of them was having a dinner tonight and said she'd put a place on for us if we'd come."

"Tonight?"

"At eight."

"Who is it?"

"Janis knows. She'd asked Janis before but Janis hadn't accepted because of us. She was a little dubious about our going. I think she still cherishes a vague idea that I should wait until people roll up in barouches and leave cards before I eat their salt or drink their liquor."

"You don't remember the names of the people at all?"

Angel became thoughtful. She was brushing her hair sternly back of one ear with a clever twist and forming the wet waves in it with her other hand.

"There was a tall girl who lifts her head like a horse, and a man who tries not to show what he's thinking and spoil his lovely enamel finish. He's coming, but only as a private citizen."

"Where did you meet him?"

"He'd been playing golf somewhere. It's the tall horse girl who's giving the party. She has a very swell house. We won't have to worry about inconveniencing her. She comes from Nevada—little Nelly's silver-mine, no doubt—wasn't that in Nevada?"

Clem opened the door.

"Janis," he called, "who are these people you and Angel picked up? Where's this dinner she's talking about?"

"The George Fremonts," answered Janis, from down the hall.

"The grain Fremonts?"

"That's it."

Angel rocked with joy, then grew mockingly pompous.

"Not the silver-mine Fremonts," she said,

"not little Nelly. The grain Fremonts! What are we, then? The iron Wares?"

"Cuckoo—but beautiful," said Clem.

Chapter Four

THE enormous lake, from which the city rose steeply against a hill, grew gray in October, a gray that seemed the very color of cold. From the windows of the Ware house it could be seen, lifting its heavy waves against freighters that still dared navigation. On the landing of the stairway to the second floor there was a narrow, old-fashioned window seat, covered with faded yellow velvet where Janis had often sat and watched the moods of the lake change. When she was a little girl she had sat there, lonely because Clem had gone away to school, and when her parents had died she had found comfort in the tossing permanence of the water. When she had come back from Angel's wedding she had sat there for hours, her eyes somber.

But this autumn she watched it less. There was not so much time, for one thing. She had discovered a new city, or at least a city turned to new uses.

It was certainly not the city of her father, bounded by the bank and the church and his home, or the city of her mother's dragging invalidism. Nor the city of Uncle Will, who dabbled a little in politics and watched the vagaries of real estate and kept many financial eggs in many baskets and liked a good movie, though he didn't care for tragic ones. It was not the city of Aunt Catherine, who went to a great many bridge-parties and won little vases and dishes and candlesticks from her intimate friends—or lost them—and liked to talk about how much less entertaining there was than there used to be.

The city was many things to many people. Janis knew that, whenever she drove down to the railroad stations and saw the narrow, dirty streets furrowed with employment offices and lined with men with weather-beaten faces who had come in from farms to find winter work. She remembered that it was a city through which sailors drifted, as she saw freighters and packet-boats slip through the canal—and that it depended on neighboring mines, when the echo of the rattling ore-trains broke the stillness of the night.

But for the moment it was only the city Angel had found.

FROM Angel's house, which had been that *tour de force* and defiance and disaster of Gregory Mason, you could not see the lake at all. It fronted its own landscaped lawns with clumps of blue spruce and rare shrubs, and at night the diamond lights of the ore docks across the bay fringed its most distant view. It had been built solidly, as a house must be to gain respect; its drawing-room was gracious and its dining-room had dignity.

The Wares had taken the house much as it was. The Masons could find no further use for the rugs and curtains which had decorated their prosperity and Angel had bought them with money which had been given her for wedding presents. She might have had them more cheaply had she bargained, but she had taken Mrs. Mason's first price.

Angel surprised everybody. She had shown an unexpected zest in taking possession of the house and great astuteness in hiring her servants. There were to be only two, and she had chosen sturdy girls, not for their skill but because she liked their appearance and their tempers.

"They look as if they might enjoy working," Angel told Janis, "and it's no use having servants around who don't."

Both maids adored her. It was a happy house to enter, almost at once, and in a more subtle way an exciting house. The cheerful smile of the plump housemaid, the long,

bright rooms with flashes of clear color everywhere, the beautifully turned stair rail, Angel's room open on a tiny balcony through which sun and wind and stars were always finding their way, the mad painting of a lady and a mirror which might have been shocking if it had not sailed past vulgarity—the way the whole house and every person in it seemed to rejoice in living was what gave it character. The cream-colored roadster, somewhat battered from transit across the country, arrived and stood at the curb at all hours of the day and night. The new car came and went. Clem had taken on his new work with confidence. And there was endless talk of Angel as the city tried to assimilate her.

She did not know that was what was happening. Of course she had quickly met many people and carelessly given affront to some of them. There was that dinner of Mrs. Randall's at which she had made no secret of her boredom and gone home early instead of playing bridge. It had upset the plan of the card-tables and it had made the guest prizes rather absurd although Leila Heathcote had been delightfully appreciative and exclamatory over hers. The occurrence had rankled deeply with Angel's hostess, and it might have been an incident which would have allied the older women in disapproval of Angel, but she had completely captivated Mrs. Jennings by shouting amusing and complimentary things into her deaf ear one afternoon. And Mrs. Jennings, deafness and all, could make her favoritism important, even to Mrs. Randall, who after expressing herself freely to her husband, took his advice and said no more.

Angel might have alienated all the more serious young women if Josephine Elder had not been so immensely taken with her and if she had not shown such generosity to the charitable projects which were brought to her attention. It was Angel's donated Paris clothes which made the Junior League Dress Exchange such a success. It was Angel who not only paid for the tickets to take a number of girls from a home for delinquents to a Kreisler concert, but chauffeured half a dozen of them in her own car and sat among them as if they were her personal guests. Such things confused people's judgments. Her beauty and manner confused them. Just as some one was writing her off as fast or scandalous, Angel would do something so disarming, so straightforward and friendly that opinion had to be scrapped and fashioned anew.

She was a success in spite of the people who stood aloof. For she was considered a modern of the most recent and expensive pattern, and to be modern was to be on the winning side no matter how stout a battle was put up against it. But for all that, it was not quite the picture Janis had imagined, of Clem and Angel finding a kind of pleasant permanence. The queer thing was that all the elements were there, all the things that seemed to be needed in the picture—home, friends, love. But once in a while there was a look in Angel's eyes that discounted the whole thing. It was impossible to think of it as despair and yet that was the idea the look bred. Only for an instant. It flickered and went before it could be questioned.

BUT to Angel, in these first weeks after her arrival, St. Anthony was only another city of parties, of one bright occasion piled on another, of diversions mounting to a fever of excitement, of abandoned shells of amusement. Everyone wanted the young Wares at once—and Janis. For Janis had been discovered as well as Angel. The technique of personality which admiration and a sense of power had begun to develop in Janis at Angel's wedding was growing steadily now. She knew now that she was beautiful and she was determined not to be hurt again. Not as Ben had hurt her, because she was off



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guard. At first it had shamed her to find that the admiration of other men could ease the sting of that episode with him. It was against all romantic tradition that excitement and pleasure should overlay it. But that was what happened. His coming had been delayed and in the meantime Janis had been caught up by a gust of gayety and whirled into its center. She learned to tuck her hair back of her ears in the Sally Baldwin fashion, to wear a cotton Antibes golf-shirt or a velvet dinner-dress with equal carelessness. But she did not look like Sally, but only younger and more ingenuous than ever. She was beginning to like to see ancient instincts wavering in men's eyes when they looked at her and to steady herself against them. Angel saw and laughed at her.

"You're a ruinous woman, Janis."

"What's wrong about me?"

"Who was the man who went home to bite his nails because of you last night? The one with flat ears who talked about the Congo."

"Tony Elliott? I've known him all my life. A little. He never noticed me before."

"That makes it worse. The trouble with you is that you stir up all the nobility in the poor boys. They want to rush right out and bring back a good deed or a fireman's helmet and lay it at your feet. You're the kind that makes them feel unworthy of a good woman's love!"

"And what do you do?"

"I don't put rough ideas like that into their heads. They only mix another drink when they see me coming."

THERE were certainly a great many drinks mixed. Not that Angel drank them. But she was often the occasion. They were invariably served at dinners where she was present and if the dinners become incidents of gossip the scandals were added to Angel's account and tied to her name. Possibly it was because she was the first guest mentioned and possibly because she had a habit of smoking wherever she chose, in a fitting-room, on the street, in her husband's office. They were minor scandals but Janis resented them. She resented it when Cora Fairburn told her frankly that she hesitated to ask Angel to a luncheon she was giving for her cousin.

The Fairburn name had certain definite connotations. It was a family which had put many a prosperous chapter into the history of St. Anthony. A park, a school and an office building were named after various members of the family who had been large donors. They owned ore-boats and mines and were the kind of people who had never thought it necessary to become fashionable. Charlie Fairburn lived at the club and did all that for the family. The others, like Cora, thought Charlie more or less of a fool and did not bother. Being Fairburns was quite enough. Things always came to them.

Cora and Janis had gone to the same dancing-school when they were ten and had learned there to speak freely to each other.

"At one on Wednesday," Cora said, "and I guess I won't ask Clem's wife. It isn't her kind of a crowd."

"Who on earth are you having?"

"Just a few of the girls." Cora gave a few sample names.

"Some of the nicest people in town," said Janis. "What makes you think it isn't Angel's kind of crowd?"

"I thought she was so awfully sophisticated," said Cora, "and we won't be having liquor or anything. Our cocktails are fruit." "Angel doesn't care anything about drinking."

"It isn't the impression she gives. Charlie says she's swell. He says she's the only really big thing that's happened to St. Anthony since the fire."

That was mockery.

"You don't know Angel. You've barely met her."

"She plays around with the Radleys and that crowd, doesn't she?"

"Well, why not?"

"No reason at all. But from the few glimpses I've had of her she doesn't strike me as the sort of person who would enjoy herself with a bunch of girls who'll want to talk child psychology and how to get the baby to eat his spinach. And they will, you know."

"Well, so am I bored. And so are you."

"I know," said Cora sagely, "but we're different. We know our time for spinach will probably come. But I'm not so sure about Clem's wife. I don't think she'd ever get passionate over vegetables. However, I'll ask her, if you feel so fussy about it."

"I wish you would."

"All right," said Cora, "of course—if you want me to. I just didn't want to let her in for anything."

BUT harder than explaining Angel to Cora was Janis' task in trying to tell Angel just why the luncheon was important. For Angel, having carelessly accepted, had quite as carelessly decided not to go when Janis spoke to her about it.

"You must, Angel. It's going to be the kind of thing you shouldn't miss."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because of the people who are going to be there."

"I'm tired of watching strange people eat."

"These are all girls. Young married women. The nicest in the city, really. They stand for things. You know."

"I don't. Why do they stand for things—what things?"

They stood for the slow, definite growth of the city, for its charities, its mines, its mills, its dignity. They stood for a conservative decency that was not defensive but made few concessions. When Janis thought of the Fairburns and the Rices and the Delands she thought of people who were fundamentally serious about living, who couldn't be jolted off the reality of banks and property by clever epigrams or by people who lived in clever epigrams. Solid people—rather well-informed—who kept the words *duty* and *responsibility* in circulation, and had children to inherit their fortunes; people who thought but did not imagine.

But to try to tell that to Angel, when it was only vaguely apparent to Janis' own mind, was not so easy.

"They aren't exactly exciting," said Janis, "not like Rose Jones and the Radleys. But they can be awfully good friends. You want to know them."

"Wrong that time," answered Angel; "I don't. Did I tell you Clem was going to give me a dog?"

"What kind?"

"He wanted a large serviceable one and I thought I'd get an Irish setter. Color of acajou to match some shoes. Then I saw two dachshunds, the long silky kind that you can pull through a ring. I think I'll have to have those. What do you think?"

"I think you have to go to Cora Fairburn's party."

"You're all out of reasons."

"I am not. But it's hard to say it without being snobbish. It's just taking your natural place in the city."

"Don't I just find my own level?"

"You can do what you please. But go to Cora's."

"All right," said Angel in much the same tone that Cora had used when she conceded the invitation.

IT was unfortunate that for that particular luncheon Angel, whose wardrobe was full of plain sport-clothes, should have chosen that preposterously elaborate dress and coat trimmed with caracul. There was a model hat that went with it and was as unbecoming as any hat could be on Angel. She

added jade earrings and looked like a mannequin, and Janis had an idea that she had done it on purpose. The rest of the guests wore simple, expensive clothes, the kind that Angel really liked and usually chose to wear. Many of the girls smoked a cigarette or two but not as Angel did today, beginning with the soup and crushing one stub of cigarette as she lighted another.

The others were handsome, healthy young women who had married well and had a straightaway of living ahead of them. They had, as Angel said later, respectable joys and non-poisonous sorrows. They liked their food and their friends and their own husbands and all children. It would have been natural for Clement Ware's wife to be taken into their group. Janis knew it.

But it did not happen. Angel stayed outside the group at the Fairburn luncheon. The guests were all aware of her, and a few went to the edge of like or dislike. Most of them simply drew into themselves, normalized themselves still further and appeared, Janis felt, at their most obvious and dull. The conversation ran in a slow, friendly trickle toward anecdotes of children, opinions on how soon after scarlet fever tonsilectomy was safe, discussion of the difficulty of getting competent cooks, the transplanting of iris. They made short literary digressions conscientiously, speaking of this or that book which must be read. Why it must be read no one explained.

GOING home, Janis spoke defensively. "Just the same, they aren't as bad as all that!"

"Bad? I had to sit and remind myself that there really are seven deadly sins. I got to thinking of them with longing."

"You saw those girls at their worst."

"They haven't any worst. They have all the virtues. I wanted to begin some sentence with a good ripe oath—or tell a story I heard not long ago from a gentleman in his cups."

"Why didn't you? They wouldn't have cared."

"No—and it wouldn't have affected them," said Angel. "They're the kind that read all the bad books in a good way."

She turned to Janis.

"Doesn't a party like that make you want something yelling with pain—something uncertain—high stakes or something?"

"Yes," said Janis, and knew she was telling a truth, a new truth. She'd gone to luncheons like that before, and come away dull but unresentful. Today it was different. A flicker of loyalty in her still put up a fight, but she knew she agreed with Angel.

"You have to get to know those girls," she said, "before you appreciate them. They seem more limited than they are because they never show off. But they're not stupid. They've nearly all been away to school or college. They go to Europe and California and Florida."

"Of course they do," said Angel, "and send home postcards."

"And you haven't any idea of how much good they do," Janis went on with relentless justice, "to people who need it."

"I can't seem to cotton to doing good," said Angel, "not to those who make a point of it. I'd rather fight than hold a sponge. Don't turn in that direction, Janis. I don't feel like going home to be a wife. I think there's some contract being played at Molly MacIntyre's."

Janis felt a little stir of excitement. She turned to the left.

Molly MacIntyre's was another kind of house. It was not bizarre, because Molly was too rich for that, but it might have been if she had not enough money and advice to drive her taste straight through tawdriness into beauty. She had done very well since Fred MacIntyre had begun to make money, and today at her two bridge-tables were five



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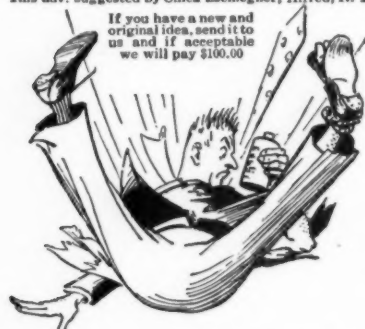
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guests of consequence and two whose bridge was indispensable. Molly was really not a climber. But she was an eager woman and she disliked the Fairburn crowd because they seemed to have nothing to be eager about.

Angel and Janis were greeted with enthusiasm.

"Where have you been?"

"Among the non-alcoholics," said Angel.

Of course that was quoted—widely.

THERE was a strange dialogue that night between a young bank director and his wife. No one ever knew of it except the two of them and he soon slept off his uneasiness or the most of it. But there they were, the two of them, at eleven o'clock, in a delightfully furnished bedroom which they had shared for some seven years.

"But what's got into you?" he asked at length. "What's it all about?"

"I don't know. It's just going on like this that's on my nerves."

"Like this?" he asked, and looked about the intimate scene of his domestic life as if searching for a hiding flaw. "Is it anything I've done?"

"No—not that. But it's all so limited. I wish I had some outlet. Something to take me out of myself. Something to take an interest in."

"You've got the children—your home—me—"

"Oh, I know that. But after all, your children aren't yourself. And there's nothing ahead but years on years of doing the same things over. Seeing the same people. Years of—those beds!" She began to cry, with a touch of hysteria.

He looked at the beds, which happened to be rather good copies of Adam originals. They seemed inoffensive.

"What's the matter with the beds?" he asked. "What ideas have you got in your head?"

And she said: "I'd like to take a course in something!"

As if that had anything to do with beds!

The young man, who had been made a banker at an early age not only because of his wealth but because he was very astute and controlled, tried to find a connection. But he couldn't. He saw his wife crying, saying that she was discontented and vaguely insulting his beds. An athen sense of failure came into his mind, for he loved her—he loved her more than he had ever told her, for he was not very articulate.

"I don't understand," he said.

"I'm sorry. It's all foolish. But sometimes all the things I do, all the people I see seem so dull, so heavy. At Cora's luncheon today I was watching Angel Ware. You could see what she thought of us. I felt like a nothing, like one more dress on a rack of ordinary clothes—"

"And who's she?" asked the young man, defensively. "Who does she think she is? The couple of times I've seen that girl she looked hard-boiled to me. What did she say today?"

"Nothing. She was pleasant enough—she's awfully civilized. But you could see how commonplace she thought us, and how bored she was."

That at length was something to tie to. The young man's jaws almost clicked.

This month we've given you a hint on "How to Choose Husbands." Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins, the authors (also authors of "I've Got Your Number") have completed the twin test to this, "How to Choose Wives," and we give it to you next month.

"I haven't any patience with these bored people," he said; "it's some of this modern stuff that doesn't go down with me. With a world full of work to be done nobody has any business being bored. Real people aren't. They've got their minds full and their hands full carrying on the work of the world. But these bored birds, helpless, doing nothing, going around shooting off their mouths—what are they good for, anyway? They're an obstruction. That's what they are."

His wife sat silent, her young face tired, her stinging nerves eased and soothed by his convictions. What he said was true, was fundamental—no doubt of it. The work of the world—it was almost noble.

They went to sleep in each other's arms, and woke to a day like yesterday. . . .

It was a secret dialogue. It might be irrelevant unless it affected a meeting held several days later in the board room of the Merchants National Bank. Those who knew of the meeting understood that its main business would be to elect a new director. Someone to succeed Mr. Hart, lately resigned from the Lefevre company; would be chosen. Clement Ware would be the one, no doubt. The Merchants National could use another young man. Young men brought in young accounts.

However, at the meeting they elected Michael Allen to the directorate. No fault could be found with that. Michael Allen was not old and he was a capitalist—a little rough in manner and appearance, but that did not affect his holdings. Clement Ware's name had been proposed. But there was after all a good deal in what young Fahnestock said.

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"Not that I know of. No—how could I? Why should I?"

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"Ducks, eh?"

"Well, I wouldn't pass up any wild geese or pheasant."

"No, I guess you wouldn't. Deershot is that place George Fremont took over, isn't it—after they couldn't make a go of it as a private club?"

Clem nodded.

"Fremont doesn't know what to do with all his money, does he?"

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"He can. He didn't have to earn it. Old

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"I've never been there. A crowd is going up. Angel's going. So is Janis."

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"I did change my mind," answered Ben; "and then I changed it back again. How are you? You're putting on weight."

"Couldn't be better. I want you to meet Mr. Winter. Mr. Towne—he's come out from New York to be in Judge Cady's firm."

Mr. Winter approved of that connection. His handshake accepted it as entirely satisfactory.

"Mr. Winter is Janis' uncle, Ben."

"And how is Janis?"

"We were just talking about her. About marrying her off."

"Is she to be married?" asked Ben in a somewhat crisp voice.

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"And how's Angel?"

"Under lock and key. Say, we've got a house. She'll want to see you. I must call her right up. Oh, that's right—Deershot. I tell you, Ben, we're going out of town this afternoon, duck-hunting. You'd better plan to come along. I can fix you up with clothes—you can't do anything here before Monday, anyhow."

Chapter Five

WEST SICARD had sent Janis some books—quite a package of them, covered with bookseller's labels—more than one would buy in St. Anthony all at once. She had read a little in two of them already. In his light, friendly, beautifully keyed note he had said that each one of the books made him think of her and he liked them for that pleasure, if no other. There was a book of



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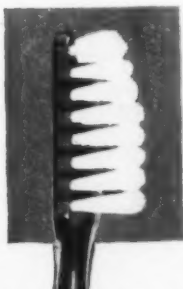
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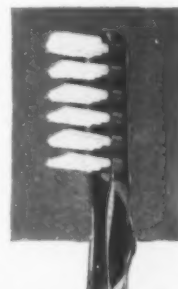
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There are schools to fill all these requirements listed in the school section (see pages 11-26) every month. They invite correspondence. We know the schools from personal visits in all parts of the country.

The personalized information thus collected is at the service of our readers without charge, when they wish expert help in finding the right school to meet some special need. Address

The Director, Department of Education
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE
420 Lexington Avenue, New York City

guests of consequence and two whose bridge was indispensable. Molly was really not a climber. But she was an eager woman and she disliked the Fairburn crowd because they seemed to have nothing to be eager about.

Angel and Janis were greeted with enthusiasm.

"Where have you been?"

"Among the non-alcoholics," said Angel.

Of course that was quoted—widely.

THERE was a strange dialogue that night between a young bank director and his wife. No one ever knew of it except the two of them and he soon slept off his uneasiness or the most of it. But there they were, the two of them, at eleven o'clock, in a delightfully furnished bedroom which they had shared for some seven years.

"But what's got into you?" he asked at length. "What's it all about?"

"I don't know. It's just going on like this that's on my nerves."

"Like this?" he asked, and looked about the intimate scene of his domestic life as if searching for a hiding flaw. "Is it anything I've done?"

"No—not that. But it's all so limited. I wish I had some outlet. Something to take me out of myself. Something to take an interest in."

"You've got the children—your home—me—"

"Oh, I know that. But after all, your children aren't yourself. And there's nothing ahead but years on years of doing the same things over. Seeing the same people. Years of—those beds!" She began to cry, with a touch of hysteria.

He looked at the beds, which happened to be rather good copies of Adam originals. They seemed inoffensive.

"What's the matter with the beds?" he asked. "What ideas have you got in your head?"

And she said: "I'd like to take a course in something!"

As if that had anything to do with beds!

The young man, who had been made a banker at an early age not only because of his wealth but because he was very astute and controlled, tried to find a connection. But he couldn't. He saw his wife crying, saying that she was discontented and vaguely insulting his beds. An athen sense of failure came into his mind, for he loved her—he loved her more than he had ever told her, for he was not very articulate.

"I don't understand," he said.

"I'm sorry. It's all foolish. But sometimes all the things I do, all the people I see seem so dull, so heavy. At Cora's luncheon today I was watching Angel Ware. You could see what she thought of us. I felt like a nothing, like one more dress on a rack of ordinary clothes—"

"And who's she?" asked the young man, defensively. "Who does she think she is? The couple of times I've seen that girl she looked hard-boiled to me. What did she say today?"

"Nothing. She was pleasant enough—she's awfully civilized. But you could see how commonplace she thought us, and how bored she was."

That at length was something to tie to. The young man's jaws almost clicked.

This month we've given you a hint on "How to Choose Husbands." Doris Webster and Mary Alden Hopkins, the authors (also authors of "I've Got Your Number") have completed the twin test to this, "How to Choose Wives," and we give it to you next month.

"I haven't any patience with these bored people," he said; "it's some of this modern stuff that doesn't go down with me. With a world full of work to be done nobody has any business being bored. Real people aren't. They've got their minds full and their hands full carrying on the work of the world. But these bored birds, helpless, doing nothing, going around shooting off their mouths—what are they good for, anyway? They're an obstruction. That's what they are."

His wife sat silent, her young face tired, her stinging nerves eased and soothed by his convictions. What he said was true, was fundamental—no doubt of it. The work of the world—it was almost noble.

They went to sleep in each other's arms, and woke to a day like yesterday. . . .

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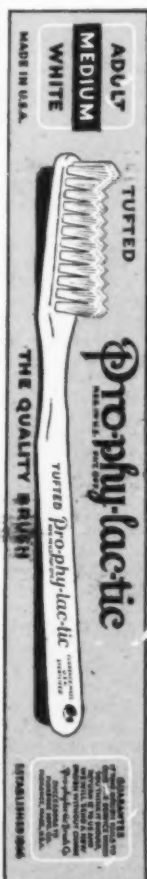
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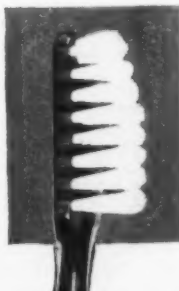
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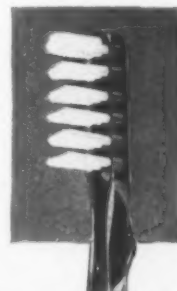
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sketches of horses and dogs, obviously rare and expensive, a play, several novels. Janis hunted for herself among the tossing sentences, wondering just what he meant, where he found resemblance or contrast. It was interestingly obscure. To think of his reading some of these things, so intricate in psychology, so outspoken in fact, and carrying her in his mind as he read was exciting.

It was his second note to her. The first one had come shortly after Angel's wedding and had referred to the few words they had together that day when he had felt her confusion and depression and wanted to do something about it. It had been a note one could show to anyone—an unobjectionable one, hoping that she was rested. But the scant relation with him was one she liked. It made her feel important.

THE books were still lying about when Angel came in. She was wearing a slim coat of goatskin and a green beret and her eyes wanted excitement.

"Where did you get all the high-priced reading matter?" she asked. "Trying to learn all about life?"

"West Sicaud sent them to me."

"Did he? He's nice about books. Always feeding some greedy little author too. I think he lends them money. Are you carrying on heavily with West?"

"Heavens, no. He just thought I'd like these. We talked some about books."

"He liked you. Sally told me something he'd said about you. I can't remember what it was but it was all to the good. I guess his Lise isn't much of a comfort. More of a household word than a household comfort."

"Isn't he in love with her?"

"How should I know? He was. Yes, I suppose he still is, off and on. Lise would see to that. She knows a lot about men. She's not good-looking and she's smart enough not to waste time pretending she is. But she knows more about men than they know about themselves."

"I didn't like her," said Janis.

"No. I suppose not. But sometimes after a lot of blah people she's pretty restful. She hasn't any mercy. But she doesn't use any dope on her mind either, if you know what I mean."

"I can guess," said Janis.

Angel was turning the pages of the book she had picked up.

"This seems to be a nice little manual."

Janis glanced at the striped jacket of the novel.

"On what?"

"On being an expectant mother. Did you know I'm one of those?"

Janis fumbled. She wondered in a flash what Clem had said, what Angel thought, and met Angel's eyes, daring her to be commonplace or sentimental.

"That ought to be fun," she said. "I'm glad. Aren't you?"

"Of course. I think it's very skimpy not to have children."

"When is it?"

"My party?"

Janis wished she had not said *party*. It was a flat word against the mood in Angel's tone. It didn't fit. It meant too many other things. This should have a word of its own.

"In March—unless it's leap-year or something. Well, I just thought I'd tell you."

She threw the book on a couch and stood there, the color high in her cheeks.

"I love it," she said. "It gives you such a free hand. Such a chance to do something that nobody has done before. It's a great idea, making your own children!"

That was all. She didn't want to go on talking about it. Before Janis could answer she had switched the subject.

"All set for Deershot?"

"Do you think you ought to go?"

"Why not?"

"Do you feel all right?"

"That's Clem's favorite sentence," said Angel; "he's worn holes in it. Of course I do. By the way, Clem just called me—and who do you suppose blew in today? Ben Towne. He's going to bring him along."

"To the Fremonts? To Deershot?"

"Isn't that all right? Don't you want him?"

"Don't you?"

She shouldn't have said that. She knew it as Angel looked at her with a touch of surprise.

"Not too personally. I've a full-time husband, and I find I'm singularly chaste. But I certainly do like Ben as an American citizen. I thought you did. I thought you two were very chummy at the time of the wedding."

"I like him, all right." "Careful," said Janis' mind to her. "Go slowly now, and you won't stumble." "Did you call Jenny Fremont? She's got a lot of people coming up from the Twin Ports."

"Clem called George. They've gallons of room. They'll pick us up here. Clem's going to stop at our house for the bags and then come on here. I'm leaving the roadster in the empty stall in your garage. They should be here any minute. You're all set, aren't you?"

Any minute. Janis felt panic come over her. There was no time to choose, to shape a mood. Something extravagant was what she wanted, to run away, to refuse to face him, to say something scathing, to say nothing at all, to be indifferent, to be admired, to be negligent and mysterious.

"Yes. I'm all set," was what she said.

DEERSHOT was much as it had been for hundreds of years. The Fremont place, which had been the Deershot Club, had not changed things greatly. The lakes had been blue and clear for centuries. The pines had stretched themselves toward the sky, ring on ring added to their growth with the passing years. It was virgin timber which had miraculously escaped a score of forest fires. The high ledge of land lay between two lakes and saw sunset over one of them and sunrise over the other. Old Indian relics had been found there and some imaginative settlers had once, so laboriously, built a couple of log houses, pegged together with wood because they had no nails. A few ancient logs still clung together.

Jenny Fremont had been glad to have Deershot because in spite of the great show place in St. Anthony which the architects and decorators had turned out for her, and the bungalow at Palm Beach, she felt the need for a country-place within reach in the summer and early fall. A certain kind of parties and a certain kind of clothes went better there than anywhere else and the parties were entertaining and the clothes becoming. As she liked to say, much as George spoke of his pine trees, the children loved the simplicity of the place and its wholesomeness. That was very true. And when there was a large house-party the children and their nurse slept in the guest-house where they could not possibly be disturbed. It was all done according to the most expensive manner and invitations to Deershot were greatly coveted.

At Deershot bridge was always contract and normally played for five cents a point. Mixed bridge, at least. But when George Fremont went up with a party of men, the checks that went through the banks a few days later were bankers' scandals. There was always all the liquor one might want and the shooting was excellent.

BEN looked at Janis. She had just come in and had pulled off her hat. Her scarlet leather coat was open at the throat and her cheeks had that living color that only wind can bring to them. There was no one

else in the circular living-room. He had been waiting for this moment.

"Why did you send my letter back?" he asked.

"Just testing out the post office's efficiency," said Janis.

He seemed very tall and rather thin and not particularly happy. He did not smile.

"You've changed," he said.

"You didn't know me very well."

"Didn't I? I thought I did—for a moment."

He was too close. It was like hypnotism, that feeling that came over her. She walked away and sat on the arm of a chair.

"We were both bluffing," she said.

"I wasn't."

"You were in love with Angel all the time."

"You wouldn't let me explain."

"There's nothing to explain. I'm fond of Angel. But I don't share—men with her."

He flushed. "There was no question of that."

"Or take them second-hand or shop-worn."

He ran his hand back over his forehead and his hair, and stood there thinking, as if he had been trying to puzzle things out for a long time.

"You don't understand," he said at length. "There's no use denying that I was in love with Angel. Everyone knew it. It was perfectly true. It was rather braggadocio of me to be there at all. But she had asked me and Clem didn't care. He knew that he had her and that she didn't give a damn about me. And I suppose I still did care. But there was nothing ugly about it. Then you came along and were so decent and so sweet and so different from the rest of that hard-boiled, hard-drinking gang that you reminded me of all the things I'd forgotten about or stopped caring about. Simple things, honest ones. Of course, you're beautiful too. But it wasn't only that. It was something coming to life in me that had been pretty close to dying."

He paused. "Then suddenly you turned and cracked me in the eye," he finished, abruptly.

"Listen," she said, "if Angel were free now—weren't married—Well?"

"That's a preposterous question. It doesn't make sense. She isn't. You take life as you find it."

"I don't think you do," said Janis. "I think you got that out of a phrase book."

"You don't understand what I mean," he said again. "You represent something to me entirely different from what Angel did. There isn't any competition or comparison. You keep rubbing it in that I loved her. Well, I've told you I did. But you meant an entirely different kind of happiness—one I knew was better—"

"Sit-by-the-fire," supplied Janis. "That's where you were wrong. What I like is the other sort of thing, now that I've tasted it."

SHE threw her head back and laughed at him and at herself. Why couldn't he say, why didn't he love her better than he had ever loved Angel? And tell her so! But he didn't.

"I like good strong life," she said, "with lots of kick in it."

"You're not the same person you were," he said, "or else one time or the other you were throwing a most prodigious bluff. Either then or now."

"That," she said, "is for you to find out."

He looked around the room and at Tony Elliott, coming in the door with his hostess.

"And this isn't the kind of place you told me you were from. I can't figure it out. Not the place I came to find."

"Oh, that— Well, the place is still here. You can find crowds of the good and moderate. I'll give you a letter to Cora Fairburn. But I'm taking a growing interest in the immoderate."

Tony came up and ruffled her hair. "Beautiful," he said tenderly, "much too beautiful to be running around loose, you are."

"Where's Angel?"

"Playing bridge in the dining-room—and oh, how disastrously! I never saw anybody lose the way she's been going on. Clem's mortgaged for a month."

A shadow came into Janis' eyes. She hated to see money wasted like that—money had to be earned. Then she chased the shadow away.

"That's her problem. But those two really ought to begin to save for the baby-carriage."

"So Angel was saying."

She saw Ben's look. He had turned almost involuntarily. He was talking to Jenny Fremont, but he turned to look through the door toward the room where Angel was playing cards. He still cared, thought Janis—and she felt faint.

"Now I have to go and brush my hair," she complained to Tony.

"Let me do it."

She laughed into his lazy, half-passionate eyes. "Not just yet."

"Please."

"No." But this was provocation now. Ben would know.

"Well," said Tony, "I promised George I'd lend a hand at the cocktails. That man of his doesn't know a thing. They brought him up on milk, apparently. Hurry down, Janis darling!"

AFTER the second cocktail she didn't really care. It had been rather awful until then because there was a thick sob in her throat. The lumpy kind she used to have when she was a little girl. But the cocktail melted it. That was what she had hoped. The third cocktail was yellow, like her dress. It was all golden-yellow and it made the men seem pleasant and very much alike. George Fremont's arms on the back of her chair, Tony looking at her with those eyes that knew all sorts of things she didn't know, Angel laughing, Kitty Ross choosing records for the phonograph—it was all on one plane, a plane in which the mind swam and everything was delicious to touch and one could dance like a witch.

She was dancing with Ben now. Dinner had slipped by. It was ten, eleven, some one said twelve. He had taken her away from some other man, but that was because he thought she wasn't behaving herself. His arm was stiff and his eyes disapproved of her and his mouth wanted hers. How she knew this she did not know.

"Why don't you kiss me if you feel like that?"

"I don't want to kiss you when you're in this state."

"How?"

"You've had more than enough. You'd better go to bed."

"That's the end of the record. I'm thirsty, Tony."

"What will you have?"

Ben brought her a glass of water.

"Tony mixes them much better."

"I'll fix you up," said Tony.

Ben turned away. Yes, this was the minute she had to tell all about it. Something had to be said about it. She didn't want to drag it around any longer.

"He's not always like that, Tony. Ben can make love beautifully."

"Can he?"

Ben had turned and was staring at her incredulously.

"When I was on for Angel's wedding we had a red-hot time, didn't we, Ben? Remember the night down by the ocean? It takes an ocean to get Ben-loving."

There—that was over.

This fine novel of American society today moves to even more interesting situations in the next installment—in our forthcoming July issue.

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HOW TO CHOOSE HUSBANDS

(Continued from page 87)

You are likely to hang onto a pet idea even if you lose money by it.

KEY NUMBER 24

We once said to a man of your type, "But you don't expect to be perfect, do you?" and he replied: "One can try." Reacting against your own overconscientiousness, you may choose a frivolous wife, and then be grieved because she wants to dance to the radio when you are in a serious mood. Remember, it isn't your wife that makes you moody; you were moody long before you met her. You are not despondent because she dragged you to a musical comedy which she thinks is good for you; that is the peg on which you hang the despondency which you would feel anyway. You will be such a darn' good husband—all wool and a yard wide, guaranteed not to shrink or fade—that if you'll only be a little more human, you'll be perfect. One can try.

KEY NUMBER 25

You are the Perfect Husband. If there is anything wrong with your marriage, it will be your wife's fault, and only indirectly your fault in that you have not discovered the way to fix things up. If your wife is naturally nice, she is going to be nicer in the warm atmosphere of your approval and love, but if she has serious faults, they may in this same atmosphere grow like weeds. Men of your sort may put up with too much from a wife. It is no credit to you if you say to yourself: "Nobody else would love her as I do." But usually your kind has the judgment to pick out a woman worth loving, and together you work out the Perfect Marriage.

KEY NUMBER 34

You can't get by with *everything* because of your sweet disposition. You can win the loveliest wife in the world; it is hardly too much to say that you can have almost any woman you want, provided she isn't already married, and perhaps even then; but can you keep her, Peter, Peter, even in the recommended pumpkin shell? If you want her to stay, you must indulge her instead of yourself. Your moodiness comes from your spotted conscience, so that will automatically clear when you apply cleaning fluid to the spots. You know you want to do the things you think you ought to do, or you wouldn't be so miserable about it all. It's a great discovery to find out that you really want to be good.

KEY NUMBER 35

Because of your loving disposition your wife will forgive you much, and indeed there will be much for her to forgive. You will start to do anything she wants you to, even if it interferes with your business, but you can't see a thing through if it involves any unpleasantness, to others or to yourself. You are likely to buy your wife roses and then have to ask her if she has enough money for the dinner.

KEY NUMBER 45

You get so discouraged that you want to throw up your job. But you don't. You never will. You know you get an awful kick out of being the only one in the family who has a sense of responsibility. You are the George that does it. Your best moods come when you have just fixed Bobby's scooter or untwisted a stubborn preserve-jar cover for the female of your family with a single turn of your wrist. Now we are going to speak more frankly to you than we would to most people. Your fits of gloom

are due to the fact that your ego is not sufficiently fed by those about you. This is probably because you are not the go-getter type to whom all our civilization is attuned. Make up your mind whether you're going to become a money-maker to get this pleasant praise, or decide to be happy without it.

KEY NUMBER 123

You are an exception to the usual run of men. You are not exceptional in expecting your wife to adapt herself to you and saying to her in surprise, "But you knew I was like this when you married me," but you are exceptional in that you can bear to hear your faults told—and so we are going to tell them to you. You are rather hard to get along with; therefore it will be well for you to bring your wife flowers twice a month during the winter, so that she can boast about it to other women. You do not fall in easily with other people's plans; therefore it will be well for you to take your wife on a weekend that she wants once a summer. You don't always do just what you say you will do; therefore, once a week, do at her first suggestion the chore she usually has to nag you about.

KEY NUMBER 124

Your attitude toward your wife will be so protective that you will be a father to her as well as a husband. You will do better with an upstanding wife whose mentality you can respect and upon whose integrity, in its widest sense, you can depend. You are likely to be a tyrant toward a wife who takes advantage of your sense of responsibility toward her, and try to force her to act the way you think she ought to in return for benefits received. You approach your aim too brusquely. Tact will get you farther, young man, than curtness.

KEY NUMBER 125

You are competent to handle almost any situation (including women), but you are not continuously happy in any of them (even if you get the perfect wife). But your normal state is contentment, and you get back to it even if you have been harassed into irritability when you find that your oldest son has gone off in your dress suit the night that you are to be speaker at an important banquet. A darn' good husband you make, as you frequently tell or will tell your wife. If she is a canny woman, she will contradict you as often as she thinks is necessary to keep you guessing, for you like to do the wooing; indeed, although you will demand a constant flow of affection, it will cloy if you get too much. But she must be affectionate with you part of the time and play fair with you all the time, or you will remember that there are other fish in the sea, and such affectionate fish, too. Poor fish!

You are a good earner; though you hang onto an idea for a long time, you can let it go before you've lost money on it.

KEY NUMBER 134

It's a wonder to other men why women fall for you, but they do. Perhaps it is because you are such a contradictory creature that a woman wants to find out what it is all about. And after she has married you, she has a job that lasts her to the grave—or to the divorce-court.

Men of your type are likely to marry because of a passionate yearning for understanding, but find themselves unable to endure the restrictions and responsibilities of marriage. If you get a divorce, it will be a pleasant one, agreeable to both sides. No-

body's life is going to be blasted by it. You have the extraordinary ability to keep on friendly terms with a woman you no longer love.

KEY NUMBER 145

You can play without money, and the sooner you learn this and put it in practice, the healthier and happier you will be. A healthy and happy man can get a cheerful wife or keep the wife he has cheerful without money. It isn't the husband who is rich and famous that the wife boasts about, but the one who admires her and gives her good times and indulges her whims. We hope your wife is the kind who keeps her engagements, has dinner ready on time and remembers to order the mustard along with the corned beef, for it will go hard with both of you if she is as careless as you are punctilious.

KEY NUMBER 135

You are the queerest of this group of men; maybe you are half a dozen men rolled into one. Or did other people answer the questions for you? Now this is what we make of you: You are always in trouble, but you don't take your troubles as seriously as other members of the family do. Do they say, "Well, I don't know why we should worry about it if he won't," and then keep right on worrying? *The Beloved Vagabond*, *Rip Van Winkle* and *Lightnin'* were of your type—much loved and very trying to their families. From the cradle to the grave you will be loved and scolded. We shall not offer any advice, because you always take advice, and it doesn't make any difference in the end.

KEY NUMBER 234

People are likely to believe what you tell them, and your habit of harping on your faults suggests to women that you really aren't as nice as they thought you were. Self-depreciation is nothing but boasting turned wrong-side out. If you do not become master of the attacks of discouragement which cloud your life, your wife will be enveloped with you in the gloom. Fundamentally you have a good disposition, and you are capable of doing for those you love things you would not do for yourself. Get the idea that your happiness is necessary to your wife's happiness.

KEY NUMBER 235

If you spoke with frankness, you would admit that you have a lot of bother with women falling in love with you. The complications which ensue (women have such honorable intentions toward you) are a surprise to you and are out of all proportion to the encouragement you gave. You never had any evil intention toward any woman. But they will persist in breaking their hearts over you. If you marry a sensible woman, she won't break her heart over you, because she will understand that your will-o'-the-wispish quality is only a minor characteristic. You will get on well with her—you could get on well with anybody.

KEY NUMBER 245

You are inclined to be romantic, but you keep romance within bounds. Your type tends to nervousness, and for this reason it is to be hoped that you will choose a placid wife. All too often men like you are attracted to high-strung, temperamental women, who are likely to have nervous children and a servant who won't stay. You will adore your children and be devoted to your wife. If she reproaches you, you will feel guilty,

even though you know you do not deserve the reproaches. The atmosphere of your home is likely to be extremely emotional.

KEY NUMBER 345

Women tumble over like ninepins before you. Those that marry you lose some of their enthusiasm. You have a good intellect, but you live completely on your emotional side. Your intelligence never directs your unruly heart. You are a marvelous lover, but married life with you is likely to be hell, save for brief periods of paradise. You live in fantasy, and are always being desperately hurt because reality is so disappointing. Always seeking the perfect woman, never content with what is, you hear the voices calling from behind the mountain and constantly set out for new thrills. When nothing is happening, you can be depended upon to start something. Adventure lies all around you.

KEY NUMBER 1234

You can do anything anybody else wants you to, provided you yourself want to do it. You can learn to manipulate your own wishes in such a way as to make the world a comfortable place for you, if you are under ninety-three years old. Sorrowfully we admit that above ninety-three is too old a dog to learn new habits. When you bump up against something you don't like, say to yourself, "How can I walk around with some pleasantness?" instead of pounding your head against it with painful results. If you like to stay in and your wife likes to go out—well, now, can't you see a way around that difficulty? Fifty-fifty, we'd say. If your wife likes the radio on and you like it off, isn't there a room in the house where you want hear it? If there isn't, move. Get a house where there is.

KEY NUMBER 1235

If we were writing for your wife, we would begin: "Would you rather have a faithful bad-tempered husband or a pleasant one who sometimes fell in love with other women?" For we suspect that you can be either a faithful grouch or a returning penitent. We hope no divorce-suit will start as the result of this surmise, for you have your points as a husband. You are a born money-earner; you can cheer up a wife who is down in the dumps; and if she likes the white meat, you'd just as soon take the dark.

KEY NUMBER 1245

You have a terrible conflict within. If you marry a woman who accords with one side of your nature, the other side won't like her. Such a situation is very apt to impel a man to tumble from one love-affair into another without a due period of mourning between. He gets the reputation of being a *Don Juan*, while really his search is instigated by a passionate desire to find the only woman. If you can resolve this conflict by deciding which phase of your personality is the real "you," you will be an ideal husband, for you are dependable, intuitive and adaptable.

KEY NUMBER 1345

When you settle down finally to one wife, it will be because you know from experience that no woman is perfect; yet ever and anon your dreams will go straying to one who sees no fault in you, appreciates the marvelous qualities that you sometimes doubt, and envelops you in an all-absorbing love as your mother did when you were two days old. This woman whom you dream of is always young, beautiful, in high spirits, and has always just washed her hair into shimmering softness. Curiously enough, you will love your real wife dearly alongside of the

SELDOM excused in a man



NEVER excused in a Woman



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dream woman, for love is a necessity to one of your nature.

KEY NUMBER 2345

You will be as generous with your wife as you will with any other girl. She will be sure of the latest in earrings if she likes them, because you will not oversee her extravagance. You will get despondent instead. You will make good money, but you will think you are hard up all the time, so be sure to get a wife who prefers treats to a budgeted existence. It is to be hoped that

your wife will enjoy adventuring among different groups of people as much as you do. Your moods are like your spending habits, way up and way down, and you are delightful when you are happy, if a bit captious when you are not.

KEY NUMBER 12345

Did anyone ever tell you that you had elfin charm? Marriage to an elf has its points, but it also has its problems, as your wife will discover. She will adore the moments when you make magic out of moon-

beams, but she won't be so pleased when she realizes that she'll always have to sit up till the small hours of the morning when you feel like reciting poetry—or else you'll recite it to another lady. You feel, however, that you should have these little indulgences, because you have lots of money—or rather you make lots of money. It is always either a feast or a famine with you, and woe to the woman who tries to make you budget your income. How on earth can you, when you haven't the least idea now what you're going to want next month?

PLAYBOY

(Continued from page 43)

The hall-telephone rang, and Bum's voice answered it. Then Bum came in.

"Pardon, sir. That man, Attorio, he is downstairs. Says it is important—he must see you."

"Attorio? What's he want?"

"Probably wants to sell you some Scotch," suggested Dorothy Vane.

"I'm not in, Bum."

"He says he saw your car in front," said Bum. "So he knows you're home."

"Nice boy!" remarked one of the girls. "He'd cut a throat for a nickel!"

"Tell him to come up," Saint said.

"Well, I'll be rolling. Come on, ladies." Lenyard picked up his hat. "Sorry about tonight."

"So am I, old boy."

The girls were reluctant to depart. As they walked out into the hall, Jack dropped back.

"If you should change your mind—"

"Not a chance." Saint laughed. "You don't know how happy I am—in love."

"Another good man gone wrong," sighed Jack.

AS Bum opened the door to let them out, Sal Attorio, quondam bootlegger, nightclub attaché and well-known Broadway character, came in. Saint received him, standing in front of a snapping log-fire in the library.

"How are you?" he said, without offering his hand.

"O. K." Attorio, who had not removed his hat, glanced coolly around the room, and sat down. He was a swarthy, sleek young man, elaborately dressed in brown, wearing a lavender shirt and a purple tie. Saint had often encountered him around town after midnight, and had several times bought cases of champagne from him.

"Well," began Attorio in a hard East Side voice, "I s'pose ya wonder w'y I dropped in."

"Business?" Saint inquired pleasantly.

"Yeh—in a way."

Saint waited. Something in the fellow's dark, furtive eyes gave him a sudden twinge of uneasiness.

"Frien' of yours sent me over." Attorio examined the toe of one of his patent-leather shoes. "Maybe ya know who I mean?"

"I'm not much good at guessing."

"I got a little message for ya—from Sally."

"Anything she has to say to me?"—Saint frowned with annoyance—"can be referred to my lawyers."

"Yeah? Well, this is private—see?"

"If that's all you came for—" Saint stepped over to the wall and rang the bell.

"Just a minute!" Attorio stood up. "Sally wants t' see ya—t'night, at ten o'clock. An' it's important."

"I haven't seen her since the divorce." Saint felt warm with anger. "She and I have nothing to say to each other. My lawyers—"

"Get this." Attorio's voice was harsh. "She'll expect ya—at her flat—ten t'night. Ya better show."

Bum appeared in the doorway.

"Yes sir?"

Attorio stood with one hand in his coat pocket. Saint knew that he ran with a gang. Probably carried a gun in that pocket. . . . Yet that was too melodramatic.

"Mr. Attorio is just leaving," he said, trying to keep his voice steady.

Bum nodded, and walked out into the hall.

Attorio smiled insolently. "Listen," he said. "Ya better tie on your hat—ya're goin' through a tunnel!" Then he was gone. The hall door closed.

Saint stood still, his anger receding before a chill apprehension. What did this mysterious summons from Sally Cairn mean? He dismissed Attorio—merely a paid emissary. But there was something unpleasant back of it all. A threat?

Alicia noticed during dinner at the quiet little French restaurant a vague undercurrent of worry beneath Saint's manner. She did not want to mention it; she sought, rather, to divert his mind. They had been in love such a short time that they were still in the process of becoming acquainted, still were eagerly exploring each other's hearts and minds.

"Tell me," she said, "about you—when you were a little boy. You were probably a very bad little boy."

"I'm afraid I was." Alicia adored the way he smiled. "I was kicked out of a dozen schools. Then, when I was seventeen, I ran away from the last school, and went to France to drive an ambulance. That was the winter before America got into the war. Afterward I wangled a commission in the French artillery."

"Were you decorated?" Alicia's young dark eyes were wide.

"I wasn't a hero. Oh, I got a Croix de Guerre, of course—everyone got one of those."

"You're just being modest. And then, after the war?"

"I came home. And because there was nothing for me to do, I just—well, drifted. The usual thing—New York, Palm Beach, Europe." His gray eyes were bitter. Then he told her about his mad midnight marriage to Sally Cairn, of the Follies, and the unhappiness it had brought.

"And you're sure you're all over caring for her?" Alicia asked, a little wistfully.

"I never cared for her," he protested. "It was all—mistaken. She was only after money. We had to pay her a lot before she would give me a divorce. I wish—for your sake—that I could blot out all my life—before I met you. I—I guess I've been all that the newspapers say."

WITH a sweet sympathy Alicia slipped her hand gently into his. "I don't care what you've been. It's what you're going to be—"

"But I wonder if I can ever make anything of myself, after all these years."

"Of course you can, darling." She was tender, maternal. "You look tired. You've been just—going on—all winter. Florida wasn't a rest for you; it merely meant going faster. You need to get away. I've got a

little ranch, all my own, out in Jackson's Hole, Wyoming. Have you ever been out in that country?"

He told her that the only part of the West he knew was Hollywood.

"You'll love it," Alicia said. "I want to take you there. In two weeks the snow will just be going out—"

She went on, talking about the little corner of the forgotten cow-country that she owned; her eagerness to share it with him, and her tender solicitude for him, touched Saint deeply. They seemed, at this moment, even in the crowded restaurant, closer together than they had ever been.

Then Saint noticed the tiny diamond watch on her slender wrist. Nine-thirty. And he must be at Sally Cairn's apartment at ten! The worried expression came back into his eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I've got to take you home. I've an appointment at ten o'clock. Something I wasn't able to get out of."

If Alicia was disappointed, she gave no sign of it. She trusted him. After leaving her at the door of her father's house, in upper Fifth Avenue, Saint wondered, as he drove away, what she would think if she were to find out where he was going tonight.

SALLY CAIRN'S apartment was high in one of those massive buildings in Fifty-seventh Street, in that neighborhood where, by day, you see painted, expensive-looking women, walking with dogs. As Saint rang the bell, a trim colored maid let him in.

His ex-wife sat playing solitaire in the ornate living-room. She was wearing a fluffy pink peignoir, edged with white fur; and at her elbow stood a half-empty bottle of Scotch and a glass.

"Well, if it isn't Little Boy Blue!" She greeted him.

Once upon a time Saint had liked that throaty voice; he had thought her beautiful then. Sally Cairn was not over twenty-six; yet her green eyes were hard, and her blonde hair a shade too peroxide. She had left the chorus when she married him, and never returned. This was the first time he had seen her since the divorce, a year ago.

"Take off your long gray beard and sit down," she said.

Saint forced a smile. He had once thought her clever, only to discover that her cleverness was a mere Broadway flippancy. It seemed ages ago since he had fancied himself in love with her. He found it difficult, now, to say anything to her. There was nothing to say.

"Have a drink?"

He shook his head.

"My God!" she exclaimed. "When you quit drinking, nobody can say Prohibition's a failure."

"Well, I've quit."

"A good woman has come into your life!" she mocked. "And the orchestra plays 'Hearts and Flowers.'"

Saint started slightly—so she knew about Alicia!

And as if divining his thought, Sally Cairn

said: "You think you're going to marry that girl, do you?"

"Yes." He met her ironic glance squarely.

"Maybe you'll laugh when I tell you that whether you marry her or not depends on me."

Saint's heart missed a beat. "What d'you mean?"

"You'd be surprised." She lighted a cigarette, and he saw that her hand trembled.

"I didn't come here to discuss this with you." He stood up.

"Listen," she told him curtly, "don't try to high-hat me. I got the goods on you."

Saint stared at her, aware that his heart was thumping very fast. What was behind the malicious gleam in those green eyes?

"I can give Mr. David Thane a little inside information that'll bust your sweet schoolgirl romance wide open!" She leaned toward him, her painted mouth smiling cruelly. "I hate to think what that old blue-nose'll do when he hears you kept his innocent child out all night!"

"That's a lie," Saint said.

"Don't try to bluff me!" She flung down her cigarette. "I got it straight. I got all the dope on you. Maybe you can explain where you were between the time you left Paxton Beems' house at Roslyn last night—and ten this morning, when you brought her home!"

"Certainly I can explain—"

"Like hell you can!" She got up, wrapping the pink peignoir tightly around her. "That little bedtime story is worth just fifty thousand to me."

"You're crazy," Saint muttered. His knees felt suddenly unsteady.

"Think fast. Fifty grand is what I said."

His own unpleasant experience with her, a year ago, had made him realize the futility of combating her when she was in this hostile mood. He tried another course.

"Suppose you go to Mr. Thane with such a ridiculous story—what good will it do you?"

"You don't dare let me go to him—and you know it!"

"But why are you doing this to me?"

"I need the money."

"You got a big settlement from me. All that I—"

"You're wasting time," she retorted sharply. "Fifty grand."

"I haven't got it."

"Don't make me laugh."

"I haven't, I tell you!"

"You can get it. Mamma's got plenty."

"But I can't." Saint put his handkerchief to his brow. "It's hot in here—"

"I thought you'd think so." She smiled.

"It's blackmail," he said angrily.

"It's business."

"You know what happens to blackmailers. I could have the police here in five minutes."

"You could—but you won't." She lighted a cigarette coolly. "If you want to marry that girl, it'll cost you fifty thousand. Pretty steep for a license—but I guess you'll come across."

Without a word Saint picked up his hat and went out.

IN the taxi on the way to his mother's house he attempted to review the case from all angles; but try as he would, he could find no way out. First of all, how had Sally Cairn learned about Alicia—and last night? Not a soul knew, save that farmer whose truck had rescued them in the early morning. And the farmer had appeared a simple, honest fellow; he couldn't possibly have known their identity. There was no tracing the source of Sally Cairn's information. But she knew. And she knew that because of his old reputation this new story was worth money. She had him against a wall. That was because David Thane was the sort of man he was. . . .

The moment after the car skidded into the ditch in the storm—was it a year ago, or

She looked exquisite as a June Rose

~but they left
her alone



You can't tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you

JOAN was lovely looking! Every gay group at the Country Club greeted her enthusiastically.

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only last night?—Saint had been struck with misgivings. There would be no way to explain it to Alicia's father. Saint recalled Alicia's words: "He's been on so many morals committees—he believes there's nothing but wickedness in the world."

After all, it had been an accident: it couldn't be helped. And in this age, surely there could be no crime in a girl's remaining out all night. Any broad-minded person would understand the circumstances. But not Alicia's father. His code was the stiff code of the 1890's. Though Saint had never met him, he knew how stern and uncompromising David Thane would be. Saint was frightened.

OLD Duffil, who had been his mother's butler as long as Saint could remember, let him in.

"Why, it's you, Master Georgie!"

Saint shook his withered hand. Duffil was an old friend, bent and aged in service; he seemed pathetically glad to see the son of his mistress. Saint had not been here half a dozen times since his mother's marriage to Jay Pomeroy.

The great house seemed strangely empty tonight. An unhappy house. His mother had never been happy while his father lived; his own childhood, in the brief school-holidays spent here, had not been a happy one; and Saint knew that Pomeroy would bring his mother no happiness.

"Mrs. Vibart is in her room," Duffil said. He could not refer to her as Mrs. Pomeroy—not to her son.

"And is—?"

"No sir," replied Duffil, "he's not in."

This prejudice against Pomeroy was a secret they shared between them, the old servant and himself.

Saint went up. His mother was lying on a *chaise-longue* before a glowing fire in her boudoir.

"Darling!" She put down a pink-paper-covered French novel, and held out her arms to him. Saint, as he kissed her, sensed that she was lonely and depressed. He did not inquire for Pomeroy.

"Tell me," she said, clinging to his hand, and making room for him beside her, "tell me all about your week-end—and Alicia."

Saint winced imperceptibly. If only he could tell her!

"Do you love her as much as you did the day before yesterday?"

"More."

"I'm so glad, dear." She smiled upon him fondly; and he thought how beautiful she was, and how absurdly young to be the mother of a man of twenty-eight.

Abruptly he rose, and paced across the huge polar-bear rug in front of the fire. "I may need some money," he said. "Sorry to bother you, darling—but—"

"I'm in the same fix," Irene Pomeroy answered. "I tried to telephone Mr. Jarley today, but he's left Washington, and gone down to Virginia. They don't know where he is—and he won't be back till Thursday."

Mr. Jarley was their favorite trustee. Scarcely a month passed that he did not have to advance them money on their income from the Vibart estate. Saint knew how impractical in money matters his mother had always been; he knew, too, that Pomeroy was an expensive luxury. And

Pomeroy was making her unhappy. Swiftly his own trouble faded in importance. He sat down beside her, and put an affectionate arm about her shoulders.

"Is everything—all right?" he asked gently.

"Of course, dear." But she avoided his eyes. Then she said: "Why don't you stay the night? Pom-pom's seeing some friends off on the *Berengaria*, sailing at midnight, and he probably won't be back till late."

Saint felt that she was shielding Pomeroy, and his resentment flamed higher. He had a great desire to protect her from the hurt that Pomeroy would inevitably cause her. Pomeroy, the handsome gigolo, who had always preyed upon rich women!

"I'll stay," he said. And late into the night they sat together before the fire, talking of many things, with all the charming intimacy that had been theirs before her second marriage. A dozen times he was on the point of urging her to break with Pomeroy before it was too late. But because he knew so well his mother's pride, he could not.

Pomeroy did not come home. And Saint slept in his own old room, which he had not occupied since his last Christmas holiday—the year he had run off to France to drive an ambulance. A school banner still hung upon the wall, and some old photographs of school friends. How odd they looked—all with boyish faces, and hair parted in the middle, and the same style collars! On the bookshelf were his old favorites: volumes of Richard Harding Davis, Owen Johnson's "Lawrenceville Stories." Just as he had left them, when he was a little boy. Ages ago!

A strange loneliness possessed him. He wanted Alicia—to see her, touch her hand, hear the sound of her voice. Picking up the telephone in his room, he noticed by his wrist-watch that it was nearly three. Too late to call her. He put down the telephone, and undressed and stood for a long time staring out a window. There were no stars. And out of the blackness of the night a thousand fears assailed him. Suppose Sally Cairn was not bluffing? He knew the malice she was capable of. Suppose she went through with the blackmail threat? Suppose he should lose Alicia?

AS he walked to his own apartment at noon next day, so bright was the May sunshine that all his worries of the night before seemed ridiculous, unreal phantoms. At a florist's on the Avenue he stopped and ordered a huge box of spring flowers sent to Alicia. The moment he stepped into his flat, he seized the telephone and rang her number. Alicia's voice sounded strange, subdued. He wondered at it, but tried to make his own conversation gay, and asked her to dine with him.

"I'm afraid I can't," she said.

"But why? You told me—"

And with a startling directness Alicia answered: "Why weren't you honest with me last night? Why didn't you tell me where you were going after you took me home?"

Saint's heart fluttered. "Why—I—"

He realized, then, that some one acting under Sally Cairn's orders had told her.

"If I hadn't thought that your divorce had finished things with that girl," Alicia's quiet voice went on, "if I hadn't believed that you were through caring for her—"

"But my dear, you don't understand—"

"I'm afraid I do. A man who's in love with her came to see me this morning. He told me that you were still secretly going to her apartment—"

Saint listened, stunned. It was all so unbelievable. Another strand in the blackmail web that Sally Cairn was spinning around him!

"You haven't played fair," Alicia said, "and it's a sort of shock to me. I—I believed in you—"

"Listen," he interrupted frantically. "The whole thing's a damnable pack of lies! I can explain—" He caught his breath. After all, he could not explain—not without letting Alicia know that she was the real cause of it all. No sportsmanship in that. There must be another way.

"What was the fellow's name—who came to see you?" he demanded.

"Attorio, I believe," she answered. "It doesn't matter—"

"Attorio, of course!" Saint cried. "He's no more in love with her than I am. It's part of a frame-up—"

"I don't care to talk about it."

"You've got to listen to me." He was pleading now. "I want to come round and tell you—"

"I sha'n't be here," she said in a cool, sad little voice. "Good-by."

Saint put down the telephone, and tingling with nerves, stalked through the apartment. It was incredible, this thing that Sally Cairn had done. The whole world—upside down!

"Bum," he said to the little valet, "if that crook Attorio ever shows up here again—and I'm not here—call the police!"

Twice in the next half-hour he telephoned to Alicia's house, and was told each time that Miss Thane was not at home. He knew, then, that the blackmail must be cleared up before Alicia could be made to understand. The other woman must be dealt with. . . . If necessary he could wait till Mr. Jarley's return to town on Thursday, and pay her some of the extortion money. Anything rather than—

The telephone rang. Alicia, he thought—and raced to it. Then a woman's voice, oddly familiar, came over the wire:

"Well, Little Boy Blue—"

Sally Cairn!

He did not reply, seeking to hold his wrath in check.

"That little business proposition we were talking about last night," her insolent voice continued. "I just wanted to tell you that the deal's got to be closed today. Fifty thousand was the price—"

"You can't pull a trick like this on me!" he raged. "And sending your messenger-boy Attorio to—"

"This is business," she cut in. "It won't do you any good to get mad. I'll expect the money—"

There was a knife-edge to her voice. He knew how futile argument would be.

"I haven't that much."

"Ten grand tonight—and the rest on the installment plan." A low, malicious laugh.

"I'll trust you."

"But—"

"I'll be looking for you at midnight at my flat. And don't try any funny business. Come alone." The telephone clicked.

SEVEN o'clock. Saint paced the floor in his small library, and the hearth was littered with cigarette-ends. Five hours till midnight—when he must march up to Sally Cairn's apartment and hand over ten thousand dollars.

He was wondering how many men in his position had ever tried to raise ten thousand dollars in an afternoon. The world believed him wealthy: if only the world knew how small his bank balance was! His father's estate paid him an income of four thousand dollars a month, and it was always spent

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before the month was up. He possessed no bonds or securities, no property of his own. He had always been prodigal in spending money, had always lived for the moment. Whenever he had needed money, his mother or Mr. Jarley, the trustee, had procured it for him. This time Mr. Jarley could not be reached, and his mother had nothing—she had told him frankly—nothing but her jewels. Some people thought it a simple matter to raise money!

HE had a few hundred dollars in the bank. This afternoon he had tried to borrow more, but the bank could do nothing without Mr. Jarley's sanction. He owned two automobiles, expensive foreign cars—a roadster and a limousine. Sold hastily, they would bring only a few thousand. He had nothing else to sell. The world considered him rich; yet his elaborate scale of living left him poor, when it came to actual cash. Borrow it? His relations, the Vibarts, had always disapproved of him: no need to look for sympathy or money from them. Jack Lenyard would give him ten thousand as readily as he would sign a dinner-check—but Jack Lenyard (so Waring's butler had told him this afternoon over the telephone) was off on the yacht, in the Sound somewhere. He had wirelessed the yacht, only to get a reply from the Captain that Mr. Lenyard and the party had gone ashore at Oyster Bay, leaving no word as to what time they would come on board again.

Saint felt himself caught in a blind alley. Fate had lent Sally Cairn a hand in spinning her blackmail web. With his nerves on edge, the little apartment had become intolerable; he felt the need of air. Restlessly he seized his hat, and went out to walk the streets. Twice he passed Alicia's house on the Avenue—that vast, austere stone chateau, walled in behind high iron gates, cold and forbidding as David Thane himself. And Saint railed at the fantastic circumstances that were sending him to his doom—merely to protect the girl he loved from her own father!

It was nine o'clock, when he entered one of his clubs, a quiet club, frequented mostly by old gentlemen who were so snobbish or nearsighted that it was never necessary to speak to them. He dined alone, and an hour later as he was leaving the club, encountered Paxton Beems, their host of last week-end.

"Well, well—young Lochinvar out of West Fifty-ninth Street!" Paxton Beems greeted him. He was a fussy, fashionable little bachelor, a harmless gossip who knew everybody and went everywhere.

"Whom do you suppose I saw yesterday? Your pa-pa!" he cackled, knowing Saint's aversion to Pomeroy.

"That must have brightened your day," Saint replied, and after a few forced pleasantries, hurried on.

IT was a soft May night; somewhere a bell tolled ten. Two hours more. He hadn't the money—there appeared, now, no way to get it. He had a stifling sensation that life was closing in on him. Nerves. Yet perhaps not entirely nerves. What did they call it—poetic justice? He had lived carelessly, making his own laws—and breaking them. Well, perhaps this was the toll. Paying the piper—

He paused suddenly. Sally Cairn had told him to bring the money at midnight. No use waiting. He might as well go to her now and demand a show-down. Swinging on his heel, he entered a taxi at the curb.

In the dim corridor of Sally Cairn's apartment building the night operator was not at his desk. From the switchboard came a dull, incessant buzz. Saint hurried past and into the elevator.

"Miss Cairn," he said. "Tenth floor."

(Continued on second page following)



DO YOU KNOW WHAT CAUSES SUNBURN?

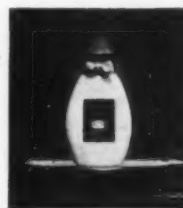
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Junior had the distinction of being the first boy from Indianapolis to fall into the Grand Canal in 1929.

Gondola, Sir?

By Donald Ogden Stewart [Author of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock Abroad"]

Illustrated by L. T. Holton

No. 6 IN THE SERIES OF "ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TITCOMBS"

THE Titcombs arrived in Venice, Italy, at nightfall.

"Shall we take a taxicab to the hotel?" asked Mr. Ferguson J. Titcomb (better known in Indianapolis as "Pee-wee" Titcomb). "Or a gondola?"

"A taxicab," replied she who for want of a better name was known as Mrs. Titcomb.

"A gondola," promptly suggested the third member of their round-the-world cruise, who happened among other things to be their son, aged eight.

The nominal head of the family considered doubtfully.

"Perhaps," he compromised, "we could get a taxicab which would float."

"A taxicab," said his wife with a firm toss of both chins, "and no foolishness!"

"A gondola!" said the son.

It was the eternal triangle again, and Pee-wee looked around for some one with TOURIST COMPANY or TRAVELERS' EXPRESS or ME SPEAK ENGLISH on his hat. Possibly there might even be one with DECISIONS ABOUT GONDOLAS—but he saw only strange-looking faces.

"This place is full of foreigners," he commented bitterly. "I'll see if I can find something." And he walked out into the Venetian night.

Returning in a few minutes, he announced:

"There don't seem to be any taxicabs, but there are lots of very nice gondolas."

Mrs. Titcomb frowned.

"Have they got meters?" she asked suspiciously, remembering how she had been overcharged ten cents in Dubuque, Iowa, on the afternoon of August 4th, 1923.

Pee-wee shook his head.

"No," he replied, "but this is Venice, dear—romance—the moon—ah, Italy, Italy!" And he began to hum something which at times came dangerously close to being, "O Sole Mio."

"Well," said Mrs. Titcomb, taking her son by the arm, "we'll have to make a definite rate with them before we start." And surrounded by baggage-carriers they moved towards the gondola landing.

The process of making a "definite rate" then began—a process which took a little longer than usual owing to the fact that the only Italian Mrs. Titcomb knew was "musical Italian;" in financial dealings with gondoliers, the words *piano*, *largo*, *mezzo-forte* and *allegro* are really not of much assistance. But finally the Titcombs found themselves afloat on the Grand Canal, and Pee-wee's thoughts were free to return to romance.

"Ah," murmured Paolo, gazing up at the moon, "if we only had something like this in Indianapolis!"

"I'd give ten dollars," said Francesca, "to be in a nice yellow taxi."

"But darling—" protested the last of the Borgias—and at that there was a loud splash behind them.

"Junior!" screamed the mother—and she was right. Junior Titcomb had earned for himself the distinction of being the first boy from Indianapolis to fall into the Grand Canal in 1929.

And twenty minutes later, when a dripping son and a still more dripping father climbed into an Italian carriage, the soft Venetian moon was still shining—but Pee-wee didn't look at it. He didn't dare.

"I told you we should have taken a taxi," said Mrs. Titcomb—and the opposition made no reply.

(Next month—Mount Vesuvius backs down.)

"She expectin' you?" the elevator man demanded suspiciously.

"Yes."

Slowly they went up. Alighting at the tenth floor, Saint rang the bell beside her door. There was a pause, and the sound of hurried footsteps, followed by whispering. Fully a minute later the door was opened by Sally Cairn. She was dressed for the street, and looked very much surprised to see him.

"I told you midnight—"

Without a word he brushed past her, and closed the door. The negro maid was nowhere to be seen. It was a small apartment: a living-room, bedroom, bath and kitchen. Saint walked into the living-room. No one there. And the kitchen was empty. Yet he was sure he had heard whispering. The bedroom door was closed.

"Well,"—Sally Cairn had followed him in,—"did you bring it?"

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Listen—I haven't time to hear any more of your alibis. I want the money and I won't take a check." She flung the words at him sharply. "Are you going to kick in?"

"I didn't bring it," Saint told her. "I came to call your bluff. What d'you think of that?"

"So you think I'm bluffing!" she retorted angrily. Then she saw that he was not looking at her: he seemed to be listening. And before she could stop him, he sprang forward and flung open her bedroom door. Within, a man in evening clothes was softly opening a window leading to the fire-escape. He turned, the light full on his face. Jay Pomeroy!

SAINT was the more surprised of the two. He stared open-mouthed at his mother's husband. Jay Pomeroy's face was very pale. Neither moved.

Then Sally Cairn cried hoarsely: "I told him midnight, Jay. I didn't know it was him at the door—honest to God!"

With a cool bravado Pomeroy picked up his coat and top-hat and walked out of the bedroom.

And in a sudden flare of crimson fire across his brain, Saint saw the whole story. Pomeroy! Pomeroy, who was ruining his mother's life, had done this thing! Paxton Beems' words: he had met Pomeroy the day after Saint's night with Alicia in the car. No doubt Paxton Beems had mentioned their leaving the country-house on Sunday evening. Pomeroy had then proceeded to find out, in some way, that Alicia had not arrived home till the next morning. After that, Sally Cairn—and blackmail! This sordid sequence of pictures unrolled swiftly in Saint's mind. He understood it all now. And but for the grace of God, his own life had been wrecked by this man!

"So you've added blackmail to your activities." He stepped close to Pomeroy.

"Cut the comedy," snapped Sally Cairn. "Let's get down to business."

Ignoring her, Saint went on: "You've annoyed decent people long enough, Pomeroy. This time you're through. You're going on a long journey—I suggest South America. And you'll go—if I have to throw you on the boat!"

"Don't be silly." Pomeroy's pale smile was mocking. "You don't think your poor old mother could bear to part with me?"

"Leave my mother out of it."

"I'm willing to—I'm tired of her, anyway!"

Red rage consumed Saint. He swung suddenly, and felt a savage joy as his fist thudded against Pomeroy's chin. Pomeroy went to his knees, then lurched up, fighting blindly.

"Gigolo!" Saint taunted him. "Kept man!" And he punctuated these insults with blows.

Pomeroy was taller, stronger—but Saint's wild fury bore him on.

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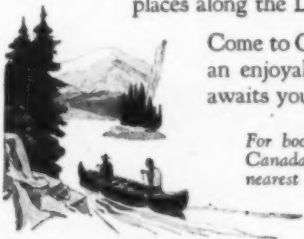
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They fought viciously, across the room, out into the little hall. And as the girl clutched and clawed at him, screaming, Saint knocked Pomeroy backward over a chair. He did not get up.

"Sweetheart!" Sally Cairn was on her knees beside Pomeroy, lifting his head.

Saint stood with his hand on the door-knob, staring down at them contemptuously. So they were more to each other than partners in blackmail! Then he saw Pomeroy's eyes blink open, saw him struggle to his feet. Saint opened the hall door.

"Get out," he said. "And not by the fire-escape this time."

"Shut that door!" The girl turned on him with a blast of profanity. "This is my flat—see? And if anybody goes it'll be you—but not till we're through with you!"

Pomeroy sat down heavily, holding his face in his hands. Saint stood there, trying to control his nerves. Sally Cairn raged at him like a tigress.

"You thought you could beat the game. Like hell! We'll go through with it now. Tomorrow morning old man Thane gets the story!"

"Tomorrow morning," said a quiet voice, "will be too late."

They turned, startled. In the doorway stood Alicia Thane—and she was smiling. Nobody had heard the elevator.

Saint could find no words to speak. Then Alicia came into the room, straight to him.

"I'm sorry I didn't see through this thing sooner. But after I talked with you, it came over me that—that there was something

queer about it all. So I found Mr. Attorio." She glanced at Sally Cairn. "Mr. Attorio was very charming. He told me the truth."

"The devil he did!" gasped Saint.

"I'd heard," Alicia said, "that these people all have their price. So I paid Mr. Attorio more than he'd been paid—here."

Saint and Sally Cairn stared at her in amazement. Pomeroy, slumped in the chair, had not raised his bruised face.

And Alicia said: "So you see—the 'best laid plans of mice and men' . . . Mice is really a pleasanter word than I might use. But it won't do any good to go to my father tomorrow morning. By tomorrow morning I'll be—Mrs. Vibart." She looked up at Saint's astonished face, and her eyes were very bright. "That is—if you want me."

"Want you!" muttered Saint, and began looking around for his hat.

Without another word they went out. The door slammed. They did not speak, going down in the elevator. Alicia's blue town-car was waiting in the street, and as they climbed in, she said:

"The real difficulty was getting a marriage license—they were just closing the City Hall for the day. But here it is. And there's a very nice clergyman waiting for us—out in Scarsdale. I could have found one in town, but it's such a divine night to drive."

"Divine," murmured Saint, "is too mild a word." A great exultation possessed him. He took Alicia's hands. "Turn around. Let me look at you!"

And the chauffeur, closing the door, pretended not to see them.

THE GIRL FROM GOD'S MERCIE

(Continued from page 84)

went to the fire, brought a blanket and wrapped it about her. Taking his rifle, he began pacing up and down again.

The fire had burned to a handful of red coals. A film of cloud scudding out of the north passed across the moon, laying a slight shadow over the islet. Harl and the old head-man still slept. The leather canoe still hovered in the V-wake downstream, and Stanley kept glancing sharply at it as he walked up and down.

So he watched through till morning.

Chapter Seventeen

STANLEY'S guess that the other Antler Hares had gone on downstream to lay some trap for his little party proved a true prophecy. For the next day, at noon, at the Devil's Gullet, the motor-canoe danced into disaster.

Shortly after sunrise they had left the tiny island; and by mid-morning, leaving behind the last scrubby stand of storm-gnarled pines, they were pushing out into the plains of Keewatin, home of the North Wind. Twenty miles farther on, as the canoe swept round a bend of the river, Stanley heard a low thundering roar ahead. Harl shut off the motor, saying: "That's the Devil's Gullet, where we portage. The current is speeding up; we'll go fast aplenty now."

Stanley got out his binoculars and turned them upon the great rapids. There the river narrowed into a funnel not a quarter of its usual breadth and poured down between ramparts thirty feet high. Through those two miles of imprisoning gorge, with a current so swift that it bowed up in the center, the charging waters plunged down to a low overfalls at the *embarqué* below.

Harl pointed. "Just above the first line of white water, that little break in the rock where the ledge shelves down to the river—that's the *décharge*, that's where we'll get out. Stanley, look on top the cliff—see if you can spot anything suspicious up there."

Stanley focused down along the rampart. It was bare level rock stretching back several hundred yards to the nearest thicket. While he was looking he saw a wary fox come down to the *décharge* to drink, and so he knew with double certainty that the Indians were not about.

As the canoe danced easily down toward the *décharge*, he stepped up into the prow, ready to jump out upon the shelving rock with the painter. Back-stroking a little with their paddles, Harl and old Winter Sun guided the craft straight for the niche. Nearer the ramparts now, Stanley saw how the rock walls were scored and gouged by the great ice-jams of the break-up; and far down, at the lower end, he saw a cloud of spume, with rainbows playing in it, that rose from the last plunge of the tumultuous waters.

The V-shaped cleft of the *décharge* swam nearer. The canoe, feeling the tug of the swift, powerful current, had quickened its speed and was dancing along at a rather faster pace than Stanley liked. But Harl seemed entirely unconcerned; and Stanley felt that Harl, who had made this *décharge* a hundred times, knew what he was doing.

They came to the mouth of the cleft. In five seconds more the canoe would have guided in and thrust its nose up on the shelving rock. But it never entered the safety of the niche. Something suddenly knocked it aside. Something suddenly struck hard against its prow. Not a head-on collision that would have stopped the canoe, but a glancing blow that swirled its prow downstream—as though some unseen hand had reached out of the water and caught the craft and shunted it into the racing current.

The sharp jolt nearly flung Stanley overboard. He clutched at the gunwales to save himself; and as he scrambled up, his frightened eyes saw that the impetus of the canoe had carried it several yards down from the entrance.

Harl, recovering in an instant, realizing something had gone terribly wrong, heaved

back with a powerful stroke. Stanley heard a splintering snap, saw the tough paddle break in two, leaving Harl helpless, white of face.

Stanley shouted at him: "Harl! Start the motor—the motor!" He seized his own paddle and desperately fought to turn the canoe around and drive it back toward the *décharge*. But he was powerless against the might of the current; yard by yard he lost; the canoe was being sucked into the rushing waters; the rampart wall was starting to glide past; the river tightened its clutch upon them. . . .

When the spluttering motor finally took hold, it came all too late. They were forty yards below the *décharge*; caught in the irresistible onrush, they were doomed to be swept through the gorge.

Harl seemed to realize this quickly. He gave up the hopeless fight, swung the canoe out farther toward the middle of the channel and launched it head-on down the fearful *saut*.

With a little cry Frances crept close to Stanley and caught his hand. As he thought of the vortex at the lower end where rainbows were playing over the white water, Stanley slipped his arm around her waist and ordered her:

"You keep hold of this canoe paddle; we may have to swim for it down there." He saw that Harl was racing the motor, and he encouraged Frances: "Harl is going to try to jump the overfalls—to jump clear of the caldron below it. The overfalls are low. If we can strike the water fair—"

THEIR wild flight down the gorge was so quiet, so smooth and swallowlike that Stanley could hardly realize they had been precipitated into the most fearsome rapids of the whole *Mère aux Rivières*. He was never more cool-headed in his life. He found himself wondering what mysterious thing had glanced the canoe away from the *décharge* entrance. And he thought it strange that the craft now did not slide down off the bowed-up center of the chute and crash against the rock wall.

As the end of the *saut* swam nearer, he rose on one knee; and deliberately searching through the spume for the lowest part of the overfalls, he pointed it out to Harl.

Old Winter Sun lay flat in the canoe, gripping the slats. Harl crouched and braced himself, clutching a stay. Stanley felt Frances' fingers grasping his hand tighter, but she did not move or cry out. A second later a blinding dash of spray lashed them in the face. For several moments they hurtled through spume and water-smoke; the roar of the overfalls swelled to thunder in their ears; the canoe plunged faster in a last dizzy rush; and then came the final instant when it shot over the lip of the overfalls—an instant of flying through air, of falling; and then the terrific impact as it struck. . . .

Both Stanley and Frances were flung bodily out of it into the foaming depths. Stanley felt waters roaring around him, over him, blinding, choking. Conscious of his arm still clutching Frances, he fought one-handed through the interminable moments till he broke up out and filled his lungs with air and dashed the water from his eyes.

Frances beside him still had hold of the canoe paddle, and with her other hand she was grasping his jacket. The impact of the canoe or the blow of the water seemed to have dazed her; she was gasping for breath and was only partly conscious. She was clinging to him instinctively, while she struggled weakly to keep her head above the surface.

He grasped her jacket at the throat so that he could support her better, and then glanced around them. They were clear of the churning whirlpools beneath the over-

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falls; they were in the foamy current below, and it was sweeping them on down. Dimly he saw the east shore, two hundred yards away; and he thought of trying to swim for it athwart the channel. But then, glancing on downstream through the spray, he sighted the ghostly outlines of something looming low and dark out of the middle of the river. In a flash he knew it must be the little willow island where Harl had planned to stop for the noon meal; and instantly he decided that though it was more distant, he had far more chance of reaching it than the east shore.

He spoke sharply. "Frances! Frances!" She was fighting off her daze and her panic, and understood now he was with her. He directed: "Your hand—on my shoulder—so my arm—is free. . . . Keep hold of the canoe paddle. . . . We'll hit for the island. . . . It's just a few dozen yards away." And striking out at a slight diagonal to the stream, he headed for the batture.

A few seconds later, Stanley thought he heard a spatter of rifle-shots; and the question of Harl's fate, of old Winter Sun and the motor canoe, struck him suddenly.

The current helped him toward the island, and Frances was swimming more strongly now; her hand was lighter on his shoulder, and he knew they would strike the shoals in a few rods more.

He heard a shout, Harl's voice, calling his name; and he saw Harl running up along the island edge. So Harl too had come through alive and was rushing to help them!

His feet touched the slippery rocks of the shoals as Harl came rushing, splashing out in the water to them. One look at his face told Stanley that Harl had thought them lost, and that the sight of them swimming toward the islet had been to his eyes like a return from the dead.

Stanley surrendered Frances to him, and they waded ashore.

While they trudged down the land-wash, Harl explained the shots. After its plunge, the boat had righted itself; but out of control, with the motor drowned, with water spouting through cracks sprung in the bottom, it had careened against the rocks. With only one paddle left, Harl and Winter Sun had barely been able to beach it. Two of Bull Back-fat's canoes had been lurking on the east side of the island and three in the west channel, waiting to assail the survivors of the plunge down the *saut*. Old Winter Sun had killed one of the bucks and damaged a canoe; the others had fled.

They came to old Winter Sun by the canoe on the sand; and Stanley saw at a glance what the disaster had cost them. His rifle and Harl's were gone. All their food and camping things were gone. All his collecting outfit, his specimens, his scientific records, were lost. The drum of gasoline had been washed away; they had only the pint or two remaining in the fuel-tank of the motor. Frances' rifle had been saved, for she had providentially fastened its leather sling to a thwart; and in a blanket which she had carefully packed there were three cartons of cartridges for it. But for his heavy caribou-gun old Winter Sun had only those few cartridges he had been carrying in his pocket.

And the canoe was hopelessly shattered.

Chapter Eighteen

AFTER the first shock of despair had passed, Stanley and Frances and Harl set to work. They were in desperate need of food and warmth and shelter; and before night fell they had to prepare a defence.

They carefully cleaned and dried their guns, spread the blanket and their top clothes on boulders to dry, and gathered

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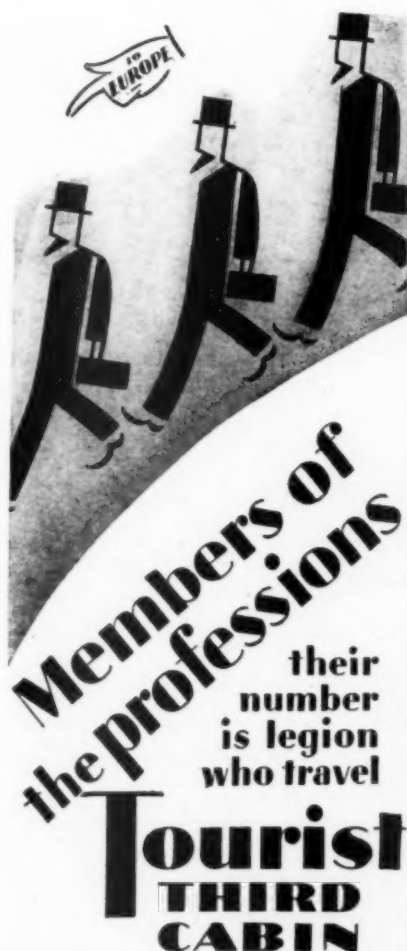
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driftwood for a fire. They combed the island for bird-nests or game of any sort, but found nothing. Taking Frances' rifle, Harl secreted himself in the willows at the upper end, and after an hour's wait, he shot down a pair of white waxies winging across to marshlands lying westward. While these were cooking over the fire, Stanley and Harl carried the shattered canoe up from the landwash, and collected stones for another barricade. And this one they built carefully, bullet-proof, for both of them felt that before night was past they would be lying behind it, defending themselves from the Antler Hares.

At the driftwood fire, Frances prepared the meal as best she could. A few paces from her, old Winter Sun was crouched on his heels, silent, for some strange reason not helping with the barricade. There was something in his silence which Frances did not understand and which caused her a growing nameless uneasiness. There were depths to the old head-man's primitive mind which she had never been able to fathom—superstitions and shaman rituals and fatalistic motives which a white person would shrink back from appalled. She remembered how, three evenings ago before the brigade deserted, he had squatted beside the fire and fashioned wax effigies of Bull Back-fat and their other enemies, and then watched the heat slowly melt them away. But that powerful spell had brought no disaster upon the enemy; that *kanana* rite had not protected the white people he was faithful to and loved.

Now he was preparing something else—a golden bullet. He had finished the carving of it; and from one of the cartridges for his old pistol he had removed the lead slug and was fitting into its place this bullet of gold. Frances wondered: "Why doesn't he prepare that bullet for his rifle? That old brass pistol he carries shoots true only at a point-blank range; and surely he doesn't expect to have any chance like that at Bull Back-fat."

IT was mid-afternoon when Stanley and Harl finished the barricade. Now when clear skies and moonlight would have been a godsend, the clouds were gathering in a grayish pall. The wind out of the north had freshened and become colder. Light flurries of snow swept across the island, melting as they fell.

At the fire, old Winter Sun, still silent and inscrutable, joined them. After they had eaten, he got up and stalked away, but the other three sat for a little while beside the embers.

The shattered canoe, propped up near them, was a grim reminder that this journey had come to an end; that their luck had gone down and down till now they were stranded, helpless to go on or to return. As Harl spread his wet tobacco on a stone to dry and looked around at the wilderness of river and cranberry bogs and rolling granite swells, he said moodily: "To be caught here, stranded here, that's the worst of it—being powerless to do anything. If it was something we could fight, something we could smash our way out of! But just waiting here—"

Frances saw the crow's-feet of anxiety beneath his eyes, and she knew what a terrible burden he carried—not only the danger hanging over her, but his unprotected ranch to which he could not now return. She remembered how, three evenings ago, he had sat with her on the moonlit sands eagerly talking of his plans. Of the airplane that would put them so close to Steel-end at Churchill. Of buying a herd of reindeer from a Baffin Land company which had gone on the rocks. Of getting a few more Lapps like dependable old Skuli. Of fetching in a sorely needed automobile which he could use over his range lands, with very

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little road-building, for seven months out of the year, as the freightage companies were using them on all the portages of the Mackenzie and Great Waterways. He had been so eager and hopeful that evening, and now he was admitting the terrible wreck of it all. Frances' heart went out to him; she knew Bull Back-fat's jealous, vengeful hatred of him; she knew that even if they should escape with their lives, Harl's ranch was doomed.

Stanley spoke up quietly: "If the worst comes and we have to stay here, we *can* stay. We've got fuel. These waters are alive with fish that we'll get some way or other. And this island is a caribou crossing; old Winter Sun and I saw their tracks, almost a beaten path, across the upper end. If we can hold out awhile, Avery is going to hear about those 'breeds deserting, and he'll scour all up and down this river to see what happened to us."

Harl responded a little. "Yes; he will. And we've got another chance too. There's a prospecting expedition, an airplane outfit, that ought to be along within a month. They sent in all their supplies to Fort Kinlay before the break-up. They're going to use six or seven big planes, and drop men off all through this country. Factor Hubbell said one party was going to prospect up and down from the Devil's Gullet. We can't miss out on both those chances."

As Harl picked up a coal for his pipe, Frances glanced across the fire and met Stanley's eyes and thanked him, wordlessly, for lifting Harl's despondency.

A LIGHT rain beating upon his face woke Stanley. It was twilight—a gloomy dismal dusk that presaged a dark night; and the rain was falling in a cold, soaking drizzle.

Harl, lying beside him in the lee of a boulder, was stirring restlessly. Stanley

woke him, and they went over to the fire where Frances had warm food ready for them.

Old Winter Sun had contrived a sort of shelter-tent for Frances by propping up the blanket; and he had dragged up wood, not permitting her to do it. Now, at the lower end of the island, he was already watching out across the darkening river. A dim blur in the gloomy dusk, he sat motionless, oblivious to the rain and biting wind.

After they had eaten, Harl and Stanley walked down to him and made final plans for that night. Harl was to guard the east land-wash, Stanley the west, and old Winter Sun would keep scouting up and down the island. Stanley gave him the automatic; he himself had Frances' rifle and Harl had taken the heavy caribou-gun. Fingering the safety a time or two to get the feel of it, the old head-man gestured that he would make a round up toward the upper end now; and he vanished into the rocks and willows, on feet shod with silence.

As he watched the old Indian disappear, Stanley asked:

"Harl, is there any Tinnah legend or superstition connected with a golden bullet?"

"Yes, there is. The Yellowknives and Dogribs and the Caribou-eaters all have it. The superstition used to be about a gold-tipped arrow, but since a good many of the bands have acquired guns, it's changed to a golden bullet. The idea is that a bullet of gold can't miss the person or thing it's shot at." His voice changed oddly and he would not look at Stanley as he added: "The legend holds for a bullet of copper too. Copper is for your enemy. If you shoot a bullet of copper at your enemy, it will go through his heart. But gold is for—"

Stanley suddenly gasped; a shudder of horror swept through him. He interrupted Harl: "I know, I know—the rest of it." He

knew now, appalled and aghast, to what use that golden bullet would be put, in the last extremity.

From the western mainland shore the eight-noted hooting of an Arctic owl came to their ears, and an answer drifted back from the eastern shore. Harl stiffened, listening as the call was repeated.

"Stanley, that's a signal. They're signaling back and forth across the river. They're on both sides of us. As soon as the dark tightens down a little more— We'd better be getting to our places. Here—" And he shook Stanley's hand in his strong, partnerly clasp.

Stanley walked across to the west side of the island, fighting to forget the ghastly meaning of the legend. As he glanced inland toward the fire, he could see Frances sitting there beside it, with the glow of it tangled in her hair, under the shelter old Winter Sun had made. With a bone needle he had carved for her that afternoon and a raveling of wool from her stocking she was mending the slits in her dress and jacket.

It seemed ominous to Stanley that Harl, who had known the legend and known old Winter Sun was fashioning a bullet of gold, had not stopped him. Did Harl too think that in the last extremity a bullet would be a great mercy?

Chapter Nineteen

AS Stanley trudged up and down the land-wash, he kept hearing those signal hoots over on the mainland shores. The cold rain beat upon him, steady and penetrating; it speedily soaked him to the skin and ran in little rivulets down his body. The bitter northeast wind brought a breath of ice-floes and stranded berg-fields from Hudson Bay.

The night was not black, as Stanley had known blackness in the tropics; the sand was a grayish blur and he could distinguish outlines of boulders and willow-tufts behind him. But beyond wave-edge the river was an impenetrable extended nothingness; the night was all too blind for rifle-work; a fight would probably turn into an affair of spears and belt-axes against clubbed guns.

Pacing his lone dark vigil, Stanley was thinking about a plan which had come to him an hour ago—a possibility of striking a hard blow against the Antler Hares. He wanted to do something more than merely beat off their attack. He realized what a horrible uncertainty Frances must be enduring and he knew it would be intolerable for all of them to go through night after night of this. If his plan succeeded, he would save Frances, and his party would no longer be stranded here awaiting a rescue that might never come. It was a desperate, suicidal notion he was pondering, but he was slowly making up his mind to attempt it.

An hour after midnight the long wait ended—with those signals ceasing. Stanley was suddenly aware that for several minutes he had not heard the weird hoots drifting over the river; and stopping short, fingering his rifle nervously, he stared out upon the dark waters, knowing that the Antler Hares were approaching the island.

The silence was his warning that he could no longer keep pacing the land-wash; the Indians would locate him and shoot him down. As he and Harl had arranged to do, he backed away, thirty paces inland, and crouched behind a boulder where he would be unseen and yet would block the path to that fire. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the fire-glow partly dim. Turning, he caught a glimpse of old Winter Sun there near Frances. With the memory of that golden bullet jiggling across his brain, he watched the faithful old Indian scoop up sand in his hands and scatter it upon the coals. The glow vanished; darkness swallowed up the fire. . . . Old Winter Sun too realized what it meant for those signals to

cease, and he was giving those Antler Hares no focus-point of attack and no idea where the woman was.

As he listened to the whisper of the mighty stream, it seemed to Stanley impossible that he and Harl and Frances were stranded here and that their journey toward the White Wolf Hills was ended now. All along it had seemed to him that Harl's ranch there, Harl's home for Frances, had been manifestly destined as their goal and the Mother of Rivers was sweeping them there irresistibly. But now their destiny was a thing gone blind, and had lost its way. Stanley was asking himself whether the goal he had imagined would ever be reached. Was something else in store for Frances and Harl and him?

His eyes fell upon a shadowy something down at the wave-edge. Though he could see it only in the vaguest sort of way—an object merely darker than the dark blur of sand—it startled him. Brushing the rain mist from his eyes, he leaned forward and peered intently through the gloom.

The object was lying at the water-edge, half within the lapping wavelets. It looked like a log, a piece of driftwood washed ashore; but Stanley reasoned: "It wasn't there before—and no log would drift in across that current!"

Then his eyes were drawn aside by some almost invisible movement, and he saw a second long blur swim out of the dark nothingness of the river and thrust its nose upon the sand a few yards from the first. A third followed.

For several minutes he saw no further stir, saw nothing but those three long blurs there at the wave-edge. But he knew they were three of the leather canoes; and he guessed that the other two were landing over across on the island to attack from the other side also.

Stanley raised Frances' rifle to his cheek, not meaning to shoot but to find out what sort of aim was possible. Sighting was utterly hopeless; he could not even see down the rifle-barrel; in the fight looming upon him, the utmost a man could do was to point and shoot blindly.

While he waited, tensed, with nerves jumping, he wondered whether Méti Paul was with these Indians. He feared the 'breed a dozen times more than he did Bull Back-Fat. He thought: "Whatever it was that shunted our canoe away from the *décharge* niche and sent us down through the Devil's Gullet, that 'breed planned it. He's brains for all of them, and he can put courage into them." Remembering how cunningly the *méti* had captured him at Fort Kinlay and tried to murder him so that Frances would be Harl's wife, he prayed that the 'breed would not be leading this pack tonight.

PRESENTLY he saw the Indians start inland, a long mottle of shadow on the sand, a long blur, writhing snakelike, of five men bellying up across the beach. He surmised that the sixth Indian had been left to guard the canoes.

The five were swinging across the sand at a good pace, for it could not be long now till the gray of dawn; but instead of heading toward his boulder, they were angling away, to his left, toward the nearest clump of black willows. He had been sure they would pass close enough to give him a deadly, point-blank opportunity; but as he watched, gauging their direction from the time they had left their canoes, he saw they would not come within thirty paces of him. In the rain and darkness a hit would be blind luck.

It put Stanley in a fearful dilemma. He had to do something. He could not let them creep inland without firing a shot at them, or old Winter Sun would have to stand the whole brunt. He debated whether he should try to crawl over the sand toward them. But that was worse than futile. In circumstances such as tonight he was no match for these



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THE BLUE BOOK MAGAZINE

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publisher, 36 So. State St., Chicago



Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., Required by the Act of Congress, August 24, 1912, of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for April 1, 1929.

State of Illinois } ss.
County of Cook } ss.
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Charles M. Richter, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The Red Book Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, 1912, North American Bldg., Chicago.
Editor, Edwin Balmer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Managing Editor, None.

Business Manager, Charles M. Richter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation give the name of the corporation and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Louis Eckstein, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Estate of Louis M. Stumer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Benjamin J. Rosenthal, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Stephen Hexter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Estate of A. R. Stumer, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Charles M. Richter, North American Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Ralph K. Strassman, 429 Lexington Ave., New York City.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1929. (Seal.) LOUIS H. KERRER, JR.
(My commission expires January 15, 1933.)

Indians. The rain and murky darkness were their allies, and the night gave them the courage of a prowling thing. If he moved, they would locate him instantly. A caribou spear or a whizzing belt-ax or a fluted Yellowknife arrow would reach out silently.

Praying they would veer toward him, he waited till the last possible moment. They were so distant now that he barely could see the sinister mottle, and in a little while more they would vanish completely. Stanley slowly raised Frances' rifle to his cheek and trained it upon the long blur; and as he took slow aim, he went over once more all the swift details of his plan.

Even as his finger was tightening upon the trigger, over on the east side of the island Harl's heavy caribou-gun *kroomed* twice in quick succession, suddenly shattering the night silence and the long intolerable waiting.

Harl's shots were answered by a dozen staccato barks from the repeating rifles of the Antler Hares who had landed over there. As if the ropes of fire gave him better aim, Harl shot again; and this time a yelp of pain, the outcry of a man hard hit, went up. Harl had scored!

Stanley had checked himself from shooting, and was watching alertly. At the outcry two of the five men, the two leaders, jumped up and leaped for the willow clump. The other three, uneasy, knowing one of their confederates had been hit, stopped and lay flat on the sand.

Their wavering was Stanley's chance. He shot at them twice; and then, cursing as he realized he had missed completely, he sprang to his feet and flung himself headlong at them, shooting again as he ran.

His savage unexpected charge, more than the bullets flailing around them, more than the unnerving yell of the man hard hit, puzzled them and turned their wavering into flight. They leaped up, whirled and streaked back toward their canoes, with Stanley charging after them. On the heavy sodden sand they outstripped him by yards; they reached the two first canoes, flung them on the water, leaped in—thrown into a panic by the white man's mad attack. Stumbling on the mud-smeared land-wash, Stanley got in another shot at them, but they whipped out into the current and were vanishing.

AS he stood panting, a little dazed by their precipitate flight, Stanley heard the thud of moccasined feet behind him on the wet sand; and whirling, he saw the dim forms of the other two Antler Hares surging out of the darkness toward their canoe. In two jumps he reached the craft—a second before they did; and whipping up the rifle, he shot his last cartridges at the shadowy forms rushing upon him. One of them yelped, stumbled, fell prostrate on the sand, half-rose again, but slumped and crumpled in a limp heap. The other, carried along by the very momentum of his dash, sprang in upon Stanley. Clutching the rifle by its barrel, Stanley swung it back to strike. At that instant something hit him a dazing smash full across the face. For a moment he was blinded, and he staggered and dropped the rifle. The next moment he was grappling savagely with a naked sinuous body.

A knife-slash laid open his forearm—a hot burning sear that brought a gasp to his lips. He struck out blindly and caught the Indian a hard blow in the mouth; and instinctively seizing the knife-hand, he clung to it. The Indian sought to break that grip and get in a deadly stab with the long ivory-hafted *kiliutok*, but Stanley doubled the arm back till the buck dropped the weapon and grunted in pain. They closed in again, splashing into the ankle-deep wavelets, fighting blindly, fiercely, in the darkness.

Fully recovered now, Stanley was easily

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The
**RED BOOK
MAGAZINE**

The Consolidated Magazines Corporation, Publisher, 36 So. State St., Chicago

the master in that bare-handed struggle. He tripped the Indian, toppled him over backward and fell upon him, meaning to pin him in the water. But as he felt the man helpless beneath him, struggling and choking, something of the fight-madness lifted from Stanley. No longer battling for his own life, he would not kill his enemy. His hold slackened. In a frenzy of terror the Indian tore loose the fingers at his throat and writhed out from under Stanley; and breaking away, sprang to his feet and fled down the land-wash.

Stanley did not attempt to pursue. As he picked up his rifle, conscious of the warmth trickling down his arm and soaking his sleeve, he heard the Indian splash out into the river and yell at the canoes and start swimming.

DURING those hectic minutes Stanley had been vaguely aware of Harl shouting at him and of Frances crying his name. He suddenly realized how they must be interpreting his silence now. Just as he was on the point of calling out to them, he heard Harl again:

"Stanley! Stanley! What's happened—with you?"

The shout came from the center of the island. Harl was rushing across to his aid. Stanley called: "I'm here. I'm—all right. They landed over here but—but I—they're gone now. Don't leave your side—"

But Harl came on toward him, running heavily through the willows and boulder jumble; and listening, Stanley thought of that other night, at Fort Kinlay, when Harl had crashed out of the buckbrush and saved his life. At least that debt was in part repaid by these last few minutes. And Stanley, remembering his question of an hour ago, his question of the goal for Harl and Frances and himself, felt that it was answered now. By carrying through his desperate notion, he himself had answered it.

A ghostly gray was beginning to creep along the sand and the darkness was perceptibly lessening. The cold rain still beat down steadily; the wind had freshened till it stung and numbed, but Stanley did not feel the rain now nor the bitter cut of the wind, for he and Harl had whipped the Antler Hares on the worst of nights—and the threat had lifted.

Harl's figure loomed out of the rain-shot gloom. He demanded:

"Stanley! What are you doing down here? What happened?"

"You drove them away over there, Harl?"

"They're gone. I heard, clear over there, the smack of those canoes on the water. Man, you were crazy—to smash into six of them like that, even if you did pull through alive! What possessed you—"

He bit the words off suddenly. He had walked around the crumpled heap on the sand with hardly a glance, but now as he came up face to face with Stanley his eyes traveled to a lengthy, puzzling object lying half within the lapping wavelets. He stepped up to it, mystified, and saw what it was, but bent down and felt of it, as though thunderstruck and unbelieving. He straightened up, gasping.

"Stanley!" He whirled. "Good Lord! That's a canoe! A canoe! They left one of their canoes!"

"We'll carry it back to the barricade," Stanley said quietly. "I made up my mind to get one tonight."

They pulled the canoe ashore. As they started to lift it, old Winter Sun appeared, saying to them:

"I went round island. Tinnah gone. Wont attack any more. But I go down to island point and keep watch out. Frances say you come back to fire."

Stanley reloaded Frances' rifle and passed it to him; then, numb and stiff with cold, he shouldered the prow of the canoe. Trudg-



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ing toward the barricade, he saw the fire come to life again and saw Frances beside it, feeding the tiny blazing pyramid. Already looking to what lay ahead, Stanley was thinking of Bull Back-Fat's crazed infatuation for her and his festering hatred of Harl; and he pictured the subchief whipping on down north now, defeated and vengeful, turning Harl's Indians from him, blotting out the ranch and the herds. Was tonight the victory it seemed? Or merely a staving off of the final reckoning?

By the light of the fire, while Frances was putting a tourniquet on his wounded arm, he watched Harl bend over the canoe and lift out of it the two paddles, a pair of verminous blankets, a coil of wire stolen from the freightage upstream, a pot of spruce gum for mending seams, a bladder of dried meat and a dozen smaller necessities of camp and river travel. Then he looked down again at Frances.

The tourniquet had checked the bleeding of the wound. Frances was bandaging it now with a strip torn from her clothes. Her wet hair, spangled with rain-drops and glistening in the fire-light, brushed his cheek as she ministered the best she could to the knife-slash. Unconscious of the pain beginning to throb in his arm with every heart-beat, Stanley was remembering, out of all that night's work, her cry when she knew he was fighting lone-handed against the Indians in the rain and darkness.

She finished and looked up, meeting his eyes; and Stanley thanked her. He felt he ought to be grateful that he was not lying yonder, a crumpled heap on the sand. He was grateful that it had been given him to do her this service. But beyond that he could feel no gladness. An hour ago, crouching behind the boulder, he had allowed himself for a moment to think that perhaps destiny would be turned back—for him and Frances. But he knew differently now. They would take up their journey again; the Mother of Rivers would bear them on to Harl's ranch at the White Wolf Hills. Her destiny and his were reaffirmed now: he was to see her safe at Harl's home for her.

Chapter Twenty

WITH the dawn came a slackening of the wind and rain, and the two o'clock sun rose from a field of broken scattering clouds. Stanley and Harl prepared a grave for the Antler Hare who had been killed, and carried the body to it. Forgetting the ruthless enmity of the past night, Harl repeated a burial service. Then they brought heavy stones from the barricade and built of them a passable repair job.

Afterward in their planning they decided that instead of continuing the journey in the captured canoe they would use it for patching the motorboat. The latter was a sturdier craft on windy waters; they still had a little gasoline for the engine; with blanket and paddle they could raise a sail when the wind was southerly; and the leather, wire and gum-pot provided material for at least a passable repair job.

It was nearly twilight when they finished repairing the canoe, but they left the island and dropped twenty miles down-stream before stopping and camping on a sand *batture*. After their scanty supper Harl blanketed the fire, and bade the other three get some sleep tonight. With Frances' rifle, he walked away a short distance; and sitting on a little sand billow he took up his guard, under the bright stars.

There were no weird hoots drifting across the river tonight. Harl did not expect to be molested. He felt, he knew, that Bull Back-fat was no longer shadowing them but whipping on down north to the White Wolf Hills. The subchief's next move would be an attempt to blot out the ranch. Then he

A Personal Service for PARENTS

ARE you, perhaps, faced with the serious problem of selecting a school for your son or daughter or some young relative, one which will carry out your aims for them with due regard to their individual traits and temperaments? Then turn to pages 11-26 for a directory of the leading private schools.

In this comprehensive list, there are almost sure to be one or more schools which meet your requirements. The principals are always glad to send catalogues and write you about the different phases of their work. Now is the time to begin the consideration of a school for next autumn. The schools will have only a few places still open for new pupils.

If you do not find a school which seems suitable or wish the assistance of one who has made a study of private schools to give you impartial advice, we shall be pleased to have you consult our School Information Department.

The Director of The Red Book Magazine's Department of Education is a Vassar graduate. With her are associated a group of college women. During the past eight years, we have been privileged to develop the most complete private school information service ever maintained by a magazine. We have visited, not once but many times, over 800 private boarding schools of all kinds for boys and for girls in New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Middle West, Far-West and the South.

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Please remember this is not a paid service, either to parents or schools, but merely one of a great magazine's many ways of serving the American family.

The Director, Department of Education,

The Red Book Magazine,

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New York City

would be *keechee-tyee* over the whole Antler-Hare tribe. Then he would be revenged. . . .

NEXT morning while the gray smoke-mist was still curling off the water, they broke camp and hurried on. That forenoon they entered a strange belt of muskeg country where the terrain was low and sunken and the whole landscape was unutterably wild and lonely. It was a vast amphibious region, neither land nor water, cut by an intricate network of sluggish creeks and small rivers and countless shallow lakes. Rank marsh reeds ten feet high choked the shallow sloughs and marched out to puddle-deep water in the lakes, and densely covered the soup-thin area of bog that quivered under a man's tread. It was in such a district—but five times larger—that Bull Back-fat had his hiding place. Harl noticed Stanley looking around the watery region; and he knew Stanley was realizing now how utterly impossible it would be to ferret the subchief out of so vast and lonely a country.

At a snow-goose rookery they stopped and roasted eggs for a meal, and went on again. The river, swollen to a stream two miles broad, had uninked itself and was flowing straight north toward the invisible hills. By mid-afternoon they had passed out of the muskeg belt and were entering the sub-Arctic plains.

In the prow of the canoe old Winter Sun dozed fitfully, his head on his knees. He had come to his fireside days, the December moon of his life; among his primitive tribesmen he would already have been abandoned on some lone trail. On the blankets amid-ship Frances was lying with head under her arm. Worn out by the last three days, she had been rocked to sleep by the undulations of the craft. Harl and Stanley had raised a sail to the gentle southerly breeze; and as he held one edge of the clumsy but efficient thing, Harl stared in reverie at the sunlit country.

This was the "terrible Barren Grounds!" This was "desolate Kewatin, Home of the North Wind." He, who knew it in all its moods, had often smiled at the words. The rolling tundra, stretching to the horizons, was carpeted with grasses and flowers, with Eskimo

mo cotton and brilliant poppies and a rich wild hay; and berries of a dozen sorts, blossoming in profusion, belied the eternal frost only a foot under the surface. The slopes and ridges of the swells were padded with cladonia lichen or reindeer moss; and scattered bands of caribou, always in sight, were swimming the deep blue rivers or standing belly-deep in mirroring lakes to escape the insect pests, or pasturing fat and sleek, like cattle on a plain.

As he thought of the hundreds of millions of acres like this here in the north and of its untold reindeer possibilities, Harl recalled Stanley's prophecy that with a few generations at most the nations would have to begin drawing upon it for their meat supplies. His vision of his own work had been enlarged by those talks with Stanley. He thought: "Stanley brought something new into my life. I'll miss him—more than anybody else I ever met."

As he looked down at Frances asleep, Harl wondered whether a suspicion preying on him had arisen out of his worry and these hardships or whether it could be true. He thought: "In a couple days more Stanley'll be starting back south. Before he goes, I've got to make sure—make sure! God! It can't be true!" And he meant to make sure, once and for all, that evening.

All that afternoon, as they were borne deeper into the treeless spaces, the country became more variegated and beautiful. The low swells grew to sizable ridges, with valleys of grass and flowers in between, and winding creeks, and lakelets with bottoms of clean granite. Twice the river broadened to waters where the shores were nearly out of sight. The blue depths under keel were alive with fish; every lake was a teeming rookery; and always they saw pasturing bands of wild caribou.

The next day, they sighted, low and hazy in the far distance, the White Wolf Hills. Hurrying on till twilight, they stopped at the mouth of a small creek; and there, in a luxuriant little glade of poppies and moss and soft lush grasses they made their last camp.

(The climax of this fascinating drama by the author of "Hearts Aflight" appears in the next, the July, issue.)

RIM O' THE WORLD

(Continued from page 77)

The last paragraph awaited. He could not read it—yet he must. He forced himself to the task:

"Jewels, gowns; now pawn-tickets. The worn face unrecognized in the squalid West Side room; the bier a ramshackle cot. She had hoped to pass unknown. As 'Mrs. Treadway' she had burned all data, as she thought. However, there remained an old theatrical contract. Her former manager, Sol Blumenthal, was summoned. He identified the body. All the first-nighters, and millions of the public will remember. It was that of the sometime musical-comedy star, Lina Wall."

SIM DUNN sat rigid, staring. He too remembered. Pallor showed beneath the swart of his face. His big hands lay palms down on the desk, stiffened. The rim of his somber world contracted, settling about his throat, pressing, throttling—

"Mr. Dunn, that copy!"

The steel of Spafford's voice pinged across the wood, piercing to Dunn's palsied mind. Sim's dulled eyes snapped alive, blazing. Queerly he stared across at the slot man. At the look Spafford's soul may have cringed. But no evidence of it showed in his imperturbable face. He only stared back at Sim, as well he might.

However, it was not against Spafford that the copy-reader's baleful look was cast, nor against the newspaper and its bounden duty. It was leveled in glowering fire against this

brutal record under his pencil—God's scheme gone wrong; the twisted, thwarted thing called life, as he had found it, so long after fair youth and its dreams.

While they all turned to stare in suspense, Sim rose stiffly, like an old man, his shoulders sagging. He took up the copy on which he had been working, tore it piecemeal, sifted it upon the floor. He spoke heavily, with no acrimony, to Spafford:

"You go to hell. I'm through."

He lunged around the table, as the luckless Bell had just done, blindly making for the coat-room in quest of his hat.

Behind him, as if in a dream, he heard the voice of Spafford, faithful always to his duty: "Fessenden! Quick! Get Johnson's carbon copy, Lina Wall, Number Six head, Page One, cut one-third. Rush it!"

The story would make the edition, after all. This cynical fact Sim Dunn had known when he destroyed the original copy. There were evening papers in the city which carried later editions than the *Argus*; these would print "make-over" paragraphs, and the news would flash over international wires, and by cable to London, Paris and Berlin, where the voice and art of Lina Wall had delighted thousands. The next morning's metropolitan editions would accord columns; forthcoming Sunday pages would blazon the sorry tale in "spreads." All this, too, Sim had foreseen.

His private reason had dictated his fruitless gesture that, in the discipline of news-



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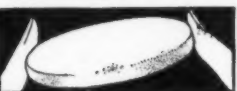
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papers, meant a job lost. His abrupt resignation, quixotic enough, had been his last sacrifice upon the barbaric altar of the sometime priestess of Baal, Lina Wall.

When Sim had gone, the copy-readers worked feverishly, with sidelong stares at one another.

"He wasn't drunk," muttered one, with conviction. "Don't believe he ever takes a drink. He was chain-lightning; leaves a hole here."

"If he's a dope fiend, I'm Billy Sunday," answered his neighbor, and shook his puzzled head.

"Copy!" bawled the slot man. And a boy came running.

NUMBLY Sim Dunn walked out into the corridor, his brain churning. In his memory, days long dead were appallingly resurrected. Sim Dunn, who years before had been somebody that the literary world had hailed as a discovery, now suffered torments. He had known of late a gray peace, since coming to New York. To the wearied, the broken, the alone, its lights, its noise, its nonchalance fuse as an anodyne. With the dulling of his ambition and the restriction of his world had come apathy. Now this was torn by a mighty wind, echo of the storm wherein his youth and seeming destiny had died.

Souls win or lose, together. His own soul, divorced of hers, had not been strong enough

for victory. Now hers, after savoring the wine of life—and its lees—was defeated too, and gone.

She had been wayward, turbulent and discontented, then tending toward wickedness. Because he loved her, he had sought to save her from herself. He had lost the fight; she had willed their parting.

Not for fifteen years had he seen her. She had preceded him to the silence, or the answer to life's riddle, leaving her confession of defeat. At the end she had desired to pass unknown. His would not be the hand to give to the world the story of her garish shame and of its inevitable aftermath. And whatever the newspapers might exume of her past, they would not learn of an earlier phase of youth, honest love, sanity—when he and she were young together. That knowledge the man now known as Sim Dunn carried in his soul.

Elbowed, jostled at either side, he had reached the street. Strangely the vortex of his thought had calmed to an even current. The trampling tread of thousands, the rattling of street-cars, the motor horns and thunder of trucks, the boats' sirens bellowing from the river—these sounds he did not hear.

Above him an airplane winged toward the rim of the world. He did not see it; his gaze was cast downward. His shadowed eyes held something of infinite tenderness.

It buried, together with her body, the sins of his wife.

PIEFACE AND THE POET MAID

(Continued from page 57)

pulled away from his mother and fled kitchenward. He did not stop until he reached the garage. There he sulked in throat-aching panic until his father came out to order him forthwith to bed.

"ARE you my friend, Bum?"

"Sure, I'm your friend, Pieface; but I aint gonna give you half this apple because you didn't give me half of that pear you was eating at recess yesterday."

Southworth shook his head, sadly.

"I don't want your ol' apple. I couldn't even eat more'n half my breakfast."

Bum Hildreth, best friend to Southworth Brown, was impressed by this news. He was a skinny, shrewd-faced thirteen-year-old with a logical and materialistic mind.

"You must be sick to your stomach," he observed.

"You would be too if you was up against what I'm up against, Bum."

"What's that?"

"I got to stay around home and play with that ol' girl."

"What am I supposed to do? Cry? Yeh, I guess I am. Yeh, I guess I am. An' if you think I'm gonna stick around while you play with her, you're crazy. I'm gonna go down to the shack."

"You can't go down there unless I go too, because it's half my shack."

"Huh, I guess I can play in my half of the shack, can't I?"

"Besides, you gotta be here for lunch, anyways."

"I can come back, can't I?"

"No, you can't. Unless you stay here, you can't eat at my house."

"It aint your house, Pieface. It's your mother's house, an' she telephoned my mother an' invited me. So if she says I can go away an' come back, I can."

"She told me you couldn't."

"I'll go ask her. You're lying, Pieface."

Southworth promptly tackled Bum as he started across the back yard to the Brown residence. Bum fell heavily, saying, "Ow, Pieface, you twisted my leg," and Southworth applied more pressure, saying, "Am I a liar? Am I? Am I, Bum?"

Bum took it back. He got up and started

toward the back gate with the remark: "I don't hafta come to the party if I don't wanta. I'm goin' home."

"Wait a minute, cantcha? Listen, Bum, listen! My mother's gonna buy me a new bike—with a double-size sprocket wheel an' racing handlebars."

"Aw-w, yeah, I'll bet! I'll bet she is."

"Don't you believe me, don't you believe me? All right, you can go an' ask her if she isn't."

Southworth's willingness to have this statement investigated was convincing proof.

"What's she giving you a new bike for?"

"For being nice to Patricia."

"Aw-w—a new bike for that?"

"It's worth a new bike to be nice to 'at ol' crazy girl. Wait till you see her, Bum."

"What's the matter with her? Is she cross-eyed?"

"She's cross-eyed, knock-kneed, pigeon-toed, bow-legged, crooked-legged an'—uh—well, she's uglier'n Maude Simms."

"My gosh!" said Bum, fascinated. "Has she warts?"

"Huh, I guess she has—an' she writes pomes."

"Pomes? Outa her own head? Does she make up pomes outa her own head?"

"Yes, she does. And I hate her."

"Where is she? Is she coming out?"

"Yes, I guess she is. She's in there eating her breakfast."

"I'll go look in the dining-room winder, Pieface."

Southworth grabbed Bum's arm.

"Naw, you don't, Bum. Naw, you don't. You'll see her soon enough. Besides, you got to stay here an' help me play with her."

"What'll you give me if I do?"

"A ride on my new bike."

"How long a ride?"

"Twice around the block."

This concession was too eagerly made.

Bum saw that his friend was in extremis. He drove a hard bargain. The agreement finally reached was that Bum should have eight rides: five twice around the block, one downtown all by himself, and two rides to his own home. On the other hand, Bum agreed to remain in the vicinity of Patricia Jacobs until after lunch and to talk to her

should Southworth just accidentally be called into the house or something.

Negotiations had scarcely been completed when Patricia appeared on the back porch to greet the mid-morning sun. "Ooo-ooh," she squealed, "isn't the sky ceruleous, Mother dear? It fills me with a sort of niveous calidity, an exquisite cephalalgia!" Her mother responded with something inaudible to the boys, and then Patricia turned her attention their way.

"Hello, Southworth." She ran down the steps and loped toward him. "Oh, Southworth, I've written the loveliest sonnet about—"

"His name is Bum," broke in Southworth quickly and vociferously, "and he's gonna play with you, Patricia."

"Oh! Is this your *fidus Achates*, Southworth? How do you do? I didn't quite catch the name."

Staring, Bum gulped. Southworth's advance description had prepared him for a shock. Bum found himself vaguely disappointed; this girl was not as ugly as Southworth had led him to believe. Still, the big words which ran trippingly off her tongue stamped her as a creature unlike any Bum had seen before.

"His name is Arthur Hildreth," shouted Southworth, "jest ol' Arthur Barthur Hildreth. But we call him Bum. Jest ol' Bum Hildreth."

"Southworth's nickname is Pieface," observed Bum. "Old pie-eyed Pieface."

"What an apolaustic shive!" said Patricia. "I've a nickname too."

"Whut's yours?" said Bum.

"Mother calls me Skylarkins. Isn't that an odd diminutive?"

"Uh-huh," Bum replied politely.

Southworth said with hasty guile: "I got to go in the house a minute. I'll be right back. You stay here an' play with Bum a minute, Patricia. I got to go in the house a minute."

"Hey, whut for?" demanded Bum. "Hey, you stay here, Pieface."

"We'll wait for you, Southworth." Patricia's voice was sweet. "I'll be telling Arthur about my career."

SOUTHWORTH leaped up the back steps. Dashing through the kitchen, he heard his mother talking with Mrs. Jacobs in the living-room. Josephine was washing breakfast dishes. The coast was clear.

He went upstairs directly to the door of the spare bedroom. It was standing open. He looked inside and saw a pile of papers on his mother's sewing table, which had been used as a work-table by Patricia. There were several books on the table. Southworth, nerved to desperate daring, slipped into the room and over to the table. He rummaged bewilderedly among the stack of loose papers. They were filled with scribbling. On several sheets his name appeared. He realized suddenly that these must be practice sheets. Then he noticed a neatly folded sheet of paper stuck in the pages of a red-covered book on the table. The title of the book was "Roget's Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases." It meant nothing to Southworth. But the paper when opened disclosed the poem he was after.

It was entitled, "CHERUBIM IN KNICKERS" and the very first sentence after the title read: "Dedicated to Southworth Brown." He started to tear the paper, then decided to preserve it for one reading in private later. He folded it and stuffed the wad into his knickers pocket, between half a sweet roll and a rawhide football-lace.

The deed done, Southworth's face showed bland innocence as he walked down the stairs. His mother called from the living-room: "That you, boy dear?"

"Yeah, Mom. Whatcha want now? Whatcha want now, Mom?"

"Where is Patricia?"

"She's outside with Bum Hildreth. We're gonna play."

"That's right, dear. But you boys mustn't play rough with Patricia or take her out of the yard."

"We wo-o-ont."

Southworth rejoined his best friend and his worst enemy in the back yard. Bum looked very much relieved to see him. He broke into laughter.

"Ya-ay, Pieface!" Bum exclaimed. "Patrishuh's stuck on you. She says you're her beau. Patrishuh says you're her beau, Pieface."

"Now, Arthur, don't tease," protested this horrid little girl demurely.

"I aint her beau, neither," said Southworth, flatly, "an' if you say so once more, Bum Hildreth, I'll soak you one."

"Southworth is just bashful," said the rejected maiden calmly. "And I'll not have him teased. Teasing is so juvenile, Arthur."

Bum subsided. But when the other guests bidden to the luncheon—Fat Fiske, Dutch Meisenhelder, Benny Olsen and Misses Marjorie Tuttle, Alberta Rennie, Joannie Drumm, Alice Knowles and Gladys Merriam—arrived, the hideous truth became known. "Yay-ay-ay, Patrishuh's stuck on Southworth!"

"Patrishuh says Southworth is her beau." "Lookit Pieface. He's blushing, he's blushing, he's blushing. Pieface is blushing."

The most vicious teaser in the lot was Gladys Merriam. She danced around Southworth, yelling:

"Southworth Brown, so they say,
Goes a-courting night and day.
Sword and pistol by his side,
Patricia Jacobs for his bride."

Southworth gave Gladys an "Et tu Brute" look. He could not understand why Gladys, his girl, should so relentlessly and venomously link his name with Patricia Jacobs. "You jest shut up, Gladys, you jest shut up," Southworth growled, catching his beloved by the wrists and forcing her to her knees with a wicked *ju-jitsu* twist. But as soon as Gladys was released, she danced about, yelling:

"Southworth's mad and I am glad,
And I know what will please him:
Bottle of wine to make him shine
And Patricia Jacobs to squeeze him."

Yet when Patricia whirled on Gladys and said, "Now, stop it, Miss Merriam smarty. You shouldn't tease Southworth," the boy was loyal to Gladys.

He said:

"Aw, I guess she can tease me if she wants to. You're an ol' smarty yourself. All the time using a lotta big words."

This loyalty Gladys rewarded by jerking Southworth's cap down over his eyes and running off. He gave chase, the others following pell-mell with much whooping. Southworth caught his lady-love near the alley gate and forced her to her knees in a pile of cinders with another *ju-jitsu* hold. She discovered upon arising that the knees were out of her silk stockings. Her lovely eyes were frightened at thought of what her mother would say, but she proved her admiration for Southworth by slapping him not very hard and saying: "You don't have to play so rough, Southworth. Look what you did to my stockings."

The situation had become very tense by the time Mrs. Brown summoned the children for lunch.

Southworth, seated on half of the sweet roll and the rawhide football-lace and the love-poem, felt secure. At least he had saved himself from later agonies at the club meeting. To keep conversation from becoming personal at the table, he behaved outrageously. He balanced baked beans on his nose. He poured a spoonful of water down Gladys' back. He shot Bum Hildreth in the eye with a bread-ball moistened. He ignored Patricia Jacobs desperately.



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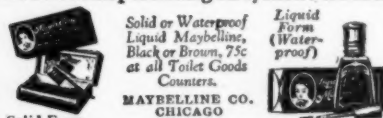
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But his mother sounded the knell of doom. "Children," she announced, during the lull wrought by ice-cream and cake, "our little guest of honor has given to you boys and girls of Sunset Heights a wonderful present. She has written a poem about a Sunset Heights boy whom you all know."

Southworth choked on a mouthful of angel-food cake.

"I'll bet it's about Pieface," declared Bum. "It is about Southworth, Arthur," Mrs. Brown corrected firmly. "And Mrs. Jacobs tells me it is one of the nicest sonnets Patricia has written."

Patricia said: "Shall I recite it now, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. Brown said: "No, I think it will be nice to wait until this afternoon, Patricia. You might recite it as the very first poem on your program."

Mrs. Jacobs said: "Yes, that is better. You need perfect calm to do your best, Skylarkins."

The word "recite" struck Southworth like a blow. Doggone that girl! Doggone her! She'd gone and memorized the poem. She knew it by heart. She didn't need the paper. Southworth slid off his chair.

"I got to speak to Bum Hildreth in private, Mom. Can I be excused? Can I, Mom?"

"Why—yes, if it's very important, dear." "I got nothing to talk about in private," said Bum. "I aint finished my ice cream yet."

"I wanta tell you something, Bum."

"Well, wait a minute, cantcha?"

BY the time Bum had finished, all the other children wanted to come too, but Southworth very mysteriously ordered them back. Flattered by thus being singled out as confidante, Bum willingly followed his host out to the garage.

"Bum, that ol' crazy girl thinks she's gonna say a pome about me this aft."

Young Mr. Hildreth grinned unfeelingly. "I bet it's a hot pome, Pieface. I bet it's sure a hot one. I'm gonna go to the meeting and hear her recite it."

Southworth gripped Bum's arm.

"You want those bike-rides, Bum?"

"Say, looky here now, Pieface, you aint gonna go an' back out on your 'greement. I been as nice to that little ugly-face as any kid could be, and you aint—"

"Listen, Bum! We gotta get that girl down to the shack an' make her promise not to say that pome about me."

Bum gasped.

"You mean—give her the works?"

"The works. We gotta scare the life half outa her. We gotta make her promise."

"Aw-w, that aint no good, Pieface. She'd run bawling to her ma, and we'd both catch it."

"Naw, she wouldn't, neither. Not if we scare her bad enough. She's a little smarty 'fraid-cat. If we get her alone where all those crazy big words don't mean a thing, we can make her promise."

"Yeh, but she'd blab on us—"

"Not if we told her we'd cut her stomach out if she did. Not if we scared her hard enough."

Bum reflected upon this. He was secretly delighted at the prospect. But his eyes narrowed, and he shook his head.

"I done all that eight bike-rides is worth already, Pieface."

"Ten bike-rides, then."

"Nope. You gotta promise to let me take your bike home an' keep it to ride on a whole week."

Hard lines, these, but Southworth knew Bum too well to argue long.

"How we gonna get her to go there, Pieface?"

"I know a way. Now you let me do the talkin', Bum. You jest stand around and act tough and fall in with everything I

say. But don't talk too much, 'cause you got a punk imagination and you'll spoil it."

The boys emerged from the garage to face a curious semicircle of party guests.

Southworth said loudly to Bum: "Aw, let's not take none of them with us, Bum. We don't want any girl along, anyway."

"Where you going, Southworth?" asked Gladys Merriam, promptly.

"Aw, jest down to our club-house. Come on, Bum, we don't want any girl along. You kids stay here an' play till we get back."

"Huh! I guess I can go if I want to," said Gladys.

"No, you can't, Gladys. There's something down there Bum wants to show to a girl—sort of ask her advice; but I don't want any girl along."

Patricia pushed forward.

"Please take me, Southworth. Is it something about interior decorating?"

"Yeah, but I don't—"

Patricia tossed her straight, greasy Dutch bobbed hair in artistic arrogance.

"Why, certainly you'll take me if I request it, Southworth. I'm your guest. This party was in my honor. Besides, I know a lot about interior decorating."

"What d'ya say, Bum—shall we take her?"

"No. Take me, Southworth."

"Let me go too, Pieface."

Bum said carelessly: "Aw, let Patricia come along if she wants to."

Patricia smiled triumphantly at all the other little girls and linked arms with Southworth. Just then her mother appeared at the back door.

"Skylarkins, it's just an hour until the meeting. You must come in now and rest. It's time for your silent hour."

"I'll be back in a few minutes, Mother dear. Southworth is going to show me his club-house. Isn't that sweet of him?"

Mrs. Jacobs beamed, said, "But hasten back, darling," and turned into the house.

Gladys Merriam bit her lip in some unfathomable feminine rage. Several children proposed that they all follow Pieface and Bum and Patricia. Gladys said: "No, let the smarties go. Come on, let's play out in front."

The "club-house" was a shack constructed of a piano box, three packing-cases, an old bed-spring and much tar-paper at the rear of a sunken vacant lot across the alley from the Brown home. Cries of anguish, if quickly muffled, would be lost in the waste spaces of lot and alley.

THE Child Study Club of Sunset Heights had assembled to hear Miss Patricia Jacobs recite from "The Under Side of Sidewalks" and other poems. The child prodigy sat with her mother and the lady President on the platform. Miss Jacobs looked a trifle pale and was obviously nervous and apprehensive. Her big brown eyes roved over the audience in restless anxious glances.

In the third row of chairs sat two small boys. They sat very straight with faces shining. It is difficult to say whether Master Southworth Brown looked more angelic than Master Arthur Hildreth, although he possessed the advantage of a naturally cherubic countenance. A goodly crowd of mothers, many of whom had youngsters in tow, filled the room.

The President arose:

"Club members and children: Our distinguished little guest this afternoon is appearing under difficulties. Her mother tells me she has suffered some psychic shock which makes her very nervous. This condition is not unusual to one of her delicate sensibilities and highly developed genius. She has gallantly consented to go on with her program, nevertheless, and will recite as her first number 'Angeworms' from her book 'The Under Side of Sidewalks.' There has been a change in her program, as you will

see from consulting your leaflets. She will follow 'Angleworms' with a new sonnet entitled 'Cherubim in Knickers' instead of reciting 'Cherubim' first. I now present Miss Patricia Jacobs."

Miss Jacobs came forward, curtsied with puppet-like abruptness, folded her thin hands across her stomach and in a reedy quavering little voice said: "I will now recite 'Angleworms':"

In what tenebrious adytum
Plies the angleworm his trade?
His gloomy geononics
Give the faintest auscultation
A creature ever made.
But I love his quaint harmonics,
As he sings his song of toil,
And his anatriptic phonics
Call me to the soil.

There was polite applause. Miss Jacobs curtsied again and looked at her mother. Mrs. Jacobs nodded emphatically and beamed. The child prodigy turned to face her audience. The President of the Child Study Club arose, smiling, and said: "Before Patricia gives us her next little masterpiece, I wish to say that it was inspired by a Sunset Heights boy. A splendid little fellow whom you all know. After Patricia has finished, I will tell you who he is, if you have not already guessed."

Miss Jacobs became a bit paler. She tried to avoid glancing at her audience this time. She began: "I shall now recite 'Cherubim in Knickers.' I—will now—it goes:

His kibitka is a—

Her own scream broke off the sentence. The scream ended in a loud, sobbing wail. She pointed a skinny finger at some one in the audience.

"My heavens, Patricia, what's the matter?" gasped her mother.

"It's Southworth Brown!" cried Miss Jacobs. "He's making that face at me again—he's making that face. Oh, Mother!" She dived into her mother's arms, sobbing in terror: "Stop him—he's going crazy—he's going crazy just like he told me he would—he just got out of an insane asylum. Stop him, Mother, stop him—"

Panic in the club-room. Several women ran to Miss Jacobs and her mother. The child was led sobbing into an anteroom. Here she continued to gasp out incoherent sentences: "He went crazy in his clubhouse. Bum had to hold him. Bum said—he'd just got out of an insane asylum—his mother didn't want anyone to know it—he threatened to kill me—cut my stomach out and cut my ears off—if I told. He said not to recite the poem. . . . I was afraid. . . . But he looked all right—so I started. . . . Then the most terrible expression came over his face. . . . Lock the door, oh, lock the door—don't let him come in here after me! Lock the door, lock it, lock it—oh—"

A few minutes later the President announced:

"Miss Jacobs has suffered a nervous breakdown. She will be unable to continue her program."

IN the living-room of the James Southworth Browns that evening, there was a distressing scene.

Mrs. Brown read the indictment in complete detail. She finished the horrendous record of her son's iniquities by saying: "Of course, Southworth cannot have his bicycle. But that is not sufficient punishment. My ears are burning yet from what that awful Jacobs woman said to me. I will leave the room now, James, and leave Southworth to you."

Southworth began a preliminary snuffling. Solemnly, his mother closed the folding doors between living-room and dining-room. Sadly she handed her husband the strap.

With mournful pace she moved out of the room by the hall door, shutting it after her. Southworth was alone with his father.

Southworth began to cry quite loudly. James S. Brown regarded him quizzically for a moment. He laid the strap on the living-room table.

"Did your mother overlook anything, son?" he inquired. "I'm not quite clear about all this. Just why did you scare the little girl half to death with that yarn about the insane asylum?"

"Well—uh—she was gonna go an' read a crazy goofy ol' pome about me. She was gonna read a ol' goofy pome about me. I couldn't stand it—I jest couldn't stand it. . . . I don't care—she had no business tryin' to read a pome about me."

"A poem? You mean—one that she—er—composed?"

"Ye-huh-huh-es! That one she wrote last night. That goofy ol' dirty, lousy ol' mush pome. I asked her politely not to read it, but she said she was gonna do it anyway. And I don't care. . . . She had no business to read any."

"Where is this poem? Did she take it away with her?"

Southworth remembered the paper in his pocket. He removed the sweet roll and the football lace and extricated the poem. It was, fortunately, still legible. He handed the manuscript, sweet-scented with cinnamon, to his sire. It occurred to him that a renewed outburst of sobbing was good strategics, since James S. Brown appeared to be in a lenient and contemplative mood.

His father spread out the paper and held it under a table lamp, while Southworth howled. The poem:

CHERUBIM IN KNICKERS

By Patricia Jacobs

Dedicated to Southworth Brown

His kibitka is a scooter-bike,
His plume a cowlick fair;
He hurls prodromous challenges
Into the nascent air;
But oh, his metoposcopy
Deceives me not at all:
He wooed a maid in Araby
And loved a lass in Gaul,
Yet kept his kiss incarnadine
For me in his mother's hall.

James S. Brown cleared his throat and frowned. He turned to Southworth.

"And did you, son?"

"What?"

"Kiss this young poet in the hall?"

"Kiss her? Kiss her? Huh—I'd just as lief kiss a ol' polecat. That ol' ugly face? Huh! She makes me sick to my stomach jest to look at her. Did she go an' say in that ol' pome that I kissed her?"

James S. Brown fingered his upper lip and thus kept a smile away.

"It isn't altogether lucid," he said, "but I would hazard a guess that this poem does make such an accusation."

"Why—she's a dirty ol' liar!" screamed Southworth. "Jest a dirty ol' ugly-faced liar."

His father took a turn about the room. Then he lifted the strap off the table, pulled open a drawer and dropped it in. Shut the drawer. Southworth stopped snuffling.

"Now—about this bicycle, Southworth. Er—until the matter of poetry came up, did you keep your promise about being nice to Patricia?"

"Yes, I did."

Mr. Brown glanced again at the poem. "Son," he said, "you needn't repeat this to your mother, but it is my humble opinion that you deserve a motorcycle. However, since you are too young for a motorcycle, I'll have to see what can be done in the way of a snappy racing bike."

"Gee, Dad," said Southworth, man to man, "you don't like that kind o' poetry either, do you?"

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MARY T. GOLDMAN'S

MERMAID AND CENTAUR

(Continued from page 97)

He never sat on the shore and followed her with his eyes.

The people going by in the road stared at her, but she didn't mind now. She took up diving again and reveled in the deep draughts of air and the postures and the fierce embrace of the water. She led Susanne out on the board with her, and they plunged in together. The emulous baby seal crawled once to the end of the board, peered over and tried to gather courage for the drop, but could not quite bring himself to the launching point.

After he had hung there for a long while one day, with his head down and his flippers waving, Zarna gave him a little shove. He shrieked and twisted and landed on his back, then swam ashore and sulked and hobbled away when she tried to get close enough to apologize. But the next day he was out, peering over the edge again. Before she could get to him, he pushed off into space, got his head down first, and made only a moderate splash. His mother watching on shore applauded him with her flippers.

After that he had to be restrained. He wanted to dive all day and all night.

Rita watched from the porch and was prouder of her child than he was of himself, which was all but impossible. Jason, however, never watched, never praised. Nor did he ever try again to learn to swim alone.

IF Jason avoided Zarna's aquatic life, he made up for his neglect by his interest in her domestic career.

He loved her furiously of evenings, holding her in his lap, petting her right in front of Rita, and crushing her with a familiarity that annoyed Zarna more and more.

She knew that Rita was embarrassed. She knew that Rita was aware that his behavior did not entirely please Zarna, and that Rita was afraid lest her brother might shatter the precious devotion Zarna felt for him. Rita had time enough to realize what it would mean for Zarna to dislove Jason. For her sake Zarna tried to pretend a delight that she was not actress enough to carry off.

When she was badgered beyond enduring, she would make excuses for leaving the room, but Jason only followed her, all too willingly.

If she failed to respond to his roaring fires, he was bitterly hurt and sulked, or he raged. He could not seem to understand that even a wife—indeed, a wife even more than a sweetheart—likes to be wooed, revered, approached with awe and appeal. To be stormed and pillaged with the rage of a conqueror was too much like warfare, at least for Zarna's proud and equal spirit.

But Jason believed that a wife had no rights to coquetry or courtship, and his wife's moods of coolness seemed to him nothing but hypocrisy or spite, laziness or a form of torment.

Now and then when she spoke with pity or disgust of farm wives who kept adding to their overlarge families more stupid and useless children, he would take her up with a sharpness that argued a deep resentment.

"It's a wife's duty to have children," he would say, and once he added wrathfully: "What else is she for?"

"What else is she for? My God, is that all a woman's good for? To add more burdens to her husband's home? To destroy her own beauty and youth, if she's got any, so as to fill a house with noisy brats?"

"Well, I think a woman is never as good-lookin' as when she's got a lot of children around her and one on her lap."

"Yeah? Well, tastes differ."

They went over the same ground again and again. Sometimes Zarna would wonder

how long she could live with no change of scene, society or conversation. Their talk went round and round like an old circus horse padding the same ring eternally. But the circus horse had a different audience every time, while Jason and Zarna and Rita were always there, always putting on the same show for each other.

Sometimes she would cry out to Jason after hearing the *nth* repetition of some idea: "Good Lord, Jase, change your act! Change your act, or they'll walk out on you."

But he did not know what she meant, and when he asked, "Who'll walk out on me—walk out where?" she wanted to say, "I will! And I don't care where so long as it's out!" But she could not fight with him as she had fought with Querl. He did not know how to fight or how to make up. Querl would pull off a whirlwind quarrel and then a whirlwind reconciliation, with the exhilarating effect of a lively thunderstorm on a sultry day. But Jason simply moped.

He grew more and more earnest in his glorification of motherhood as he grew more and more resentful of her inability to match his ardors at all times.

The farmers that came to call or paused in the road to talk often had with them children so ugly, so stupid or so unfortunate that she was constantly saying to Jason afterward:

"I may be a sinner, but leastways I never committed a sin like that brat."

But never would he applaud or approve or even laugh at her self-congratulation. The kindest thing, and the most alarming, he would say, was:

"Aw, you'd have beautiful babies. You and me with our stren'th and health—why, ours would be the prize-winners of the county."

"Mebbe so!" she would answer. "But we'll never know."

SHE tried to be an ideal wife for him in every other way. She did her share of the housework. She studied the few books he had on agriculture, and the market prices in the paper. She got a good many hearty laughs out of him when she made idiotic blunders in her ignorance of farmers' terms. When he betrayed his lack of information of the technicalities of the show world, she never saw anything funny in it, but if she looked at a rye field and called it wheat, he would whoop and whinny with inextinguishable laughter.

He was a tender-hearted man in many ways, yet he had the mercilessnesses of his trade, and he was vastly amused by any squeamishness of hers in the line of his duty.

The apple-trees that had been canopies of rosy color when she first visited the farm had been stripped by wind and rain by the time she came back as a wife. In their place many of the trees were acrawl with long caterpillars and odiously abloom with dirty webs bearing in their meshes a sickly yellow powder. This was her first encounter with the grisly battle a farmer wages with his multitudinous enemies.

Jason was always killing things in order that others might live: weeds to save crops; insects, birds of some sorts, gophers, field mice, moths, snakes. He murdered wholesale, and he had to or starve, for everything on the farm had its enemies, every fruit its worm, every tree its scale, every grain its fungus or its destroying insect.

Zarna tried to steel her nerves to the universal ruthlessness, but it marred the beauty of everything. She would walk the fields with Jason, and her heart would be lifted up by the splendor of a field where the golden growth was a wind-winnowed sunshine, or by green miles of gleaming enamel.

The music of blades breeze-rustled was æolian. The air was flavored with promise. But underground, all about, overhead, everywhere, there was an inaudible gnawing, nibbling, murdering.

But he was so used to the wars that they were as unconscious as his breath. The sun that made her faint or, worse yet, freckled her white skin, wakened him to life. When she was wilting in the furnace, he was merely warm.

He loved her in the fields. When he would pick her up and fling her to his shoulder to carry her through knee-deep wheat or would toss her up to the top rail of a fence and fairly cudgel her with kisses, he ridiculed her protesting, "Some one will see us" with a, "What of it? We're married, aint we?"

She grew afraid of him at these times, for a madness seemed to change his whole nature. More than once she had to trick him to escape him. More than once she ran, and by her superior skill in dodging and dipping made home in safety, pretending to laugh but really afraid. He did not pretend to laugh.

THE heat and toil of the ferocious summer and the cool aloofness of Zarna quickly wore away the bridegroom chivalries of Jason. He made little effort now to hold his temper in check or to strive against his rages of gloom. When he was discontent, he let it be known.

The seals began to wear on his nerves. It plainly irked him to observe Rita's unflagging enthusiasm for Prince. He was still all gentleness to his sister, but he protested that the seal was growing too big to be kept in the cradle. It might hurt her. Its teeth were too sharp. It might attack her. It was old enough to be weaned from the bottle. He kept finding excuses for putting it out of the house, and Prince made no objection to being dismissed.

For Prince had to be coaxed now to go to Rita. She had to hold him hard to keep him after he had finished a nap in her arms. He was always wriggling out of her clutch, gliding to the door and beating on it, whimpering to get out and, with increasing authority, demanding to be let out.

If Delia turned the knob, he sludged past her, to her unending alarm, and went hobbling out to the porch and down to the pond before he could be checked. He spent hours now every day, improving his swimming, racing his mother, diving from the board, and juggling anything he found in the pond.

Susanne taught him to fight, and gave him boxing lessons and biting exercises. They carried on tireless sham battles, dodging, chasing, fencing with their teeth, seizing flippers and throats and hauling and backing. When Susanne was too rough, the baby yelped at the foul. When he was too rough she punished him in earnest.

Rita spent most of her time watching from the porch, but her arms were empty, and she told Zarna again and again:

"I'm losing my baby. He's growing up." She was not spared even that helplessness.

By and by Prince began to sniff at the bits of fish thrown to Susanne. He swallowed a morsel once, and after serious consideration, called for more. He forswore the bottle forthwith and Rita lost another claim upon him.

That question of fish began to assume household importance too. Jason had never protested openly against the expense, but when more had to be ordered for Prince, he raised an eyebrow.

The poison of money was seeping into the family soul. Zarna had brought no funds with her and had needed none. Her wardrobe was good enough for the farm and the

visitors, and she never returned calls. She never went to town and had no need of cash.

But Moe had to drive the truck in incessantly for fish, since it had to be fresh or Susanne would not touch it. Moe was always forgetting and postponing, and then he had to be sent in at the most troublesome times when he was most needed on the farm.

The fish bill and the extra gasoline made themselves felt more and more. The monthly bills were big during the summer with extra hands at work, everything going out and nothing coming in, and Jason let slip the fact that he had had to go to town and put up another note at the bank.

"Worst of it was," he told Zarna that night, "they got a new president. Mr. Greble has sold out his interest and gone East, and the new man is a tightwad. He made me sweat before he would let me have a cent. Then he cut in two what I asked. I would have slapped the money in his face, if I hadn't 'a' had to have it."

"I wish I was earning my old salary," said Zarna. "I'd 'a' lent it to you." She meant well, meant the best in the world, but Jason took it the wrong way.

"I may be poor," he growled, "but I ain't reached the dep's where I got to live off a wife. I can still buy fish, too."

If he had whipped her across the mouth, he could not have stung her more. She started to snap back that she guessed she could pay for seal-food, but she caught herself in time. She had not a penny on earth, nor the means of earning one. She would have to trouble Jason soon for money for new clothes.

It had been a long, long while since she had asked anybody for money except her overdue salary. The sudden understanding that she was a pauper and must be a beggar or go bare, dazed her, suffocated her.

For a woman who had been celebrated, in her little realm at least, there was sharp humiliation in having to choose between going shabby and asking for cash.

She found it easier to go shabby. As her clothes wore threadbare, her spirits faded with them. By slow degrees she grew used to inelegance, and her attitudes of mind and body lost crispness and pride. She neglected her hair, her nails. She stood with arms akimbo, stomach protruding, knees bent. She sat with knees apart and her straight back slumped.

Once she caught a flash of herself in a mirror and was horrified to see herself with her shoulders fallen, her chest caved. She flung herself erect, head aloft, shoulders square, bosom high, knees straight.

But her soul said: "What's the use? I'm only a farmer's hag. Who cares?"

JASON certainly never heeded the change until one day when there were callers whom he respected. He had brushed his hair and washed his hands, and was about to lead Zarna to the parlor when the scales fell from his eyes. He paused to demand:

"Why'n't you put on some decent clothes? You can't go in there lookin' like a tramp. They'll think I don't buy you anything."

"Well, do you?"

"O' course."

"When?"

"Why—why—when did I ever refuse?"

"You never got a chance."

"You never asked me for a cent, come to think of it."

"Did you ever ask me to ask you?"

"Well, for— Why, only the day we was married I says to you: 'Don't you want to buy some things?'"

"How long we been married?"

"Good Lord! I supposed, o' course, you'd let me know if you needed anything. I want you should have the best there is. Go get it."

FAMOUS FEET

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ALICE WHITE'S

Famous Feet

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"What with?"

"Why, I'll give you the money."

"Where is it?"

"Well, I'm kind of short just now, but—"

"You been that way, Jason, ever since the honeymoon turned to green cheese. How could I strike you for money when you was always tellin' me about the cost of machines and labor and repairs and fertilizer? I've heard a heap about fertilizer."

"But you got to have nice things. We'll go in town tomorrow and get you all they got."

"All right, for your sake. I admit that as a front, I don't give you very swell advertisin'. We need a new banner, but this is all I got today. Tell 'em I'm sick or something."

"I will not. Come along."

"They went into the parlor, and Jason was in a sweat of humiliation."

THE next morning it rained, and he forgot the problem of Zarna's wardrobe until the next Sunday, when he had resolved to carry out his ancient plan to take her to the family pew. She dressed in her Sunday best, but he refused to appear with her in such garb, and they stayed at home. Monday he took her to town and made the grand gesture of telling the shopkeepers to give her the best they had.

He drew money at the bank and put it in Zarna's hand. His munificence was pitiful in a woman's eyes, but she made no complaint and did the best she could. The shopkeepers were polite; yet she made as much of a sensation as if she had been ordering Paris confections for Susanne. . . .

The leaves began to turn on the trees, the fruit to thud to the ground. The crops were scraped from the fields and came home in dripping, high-piled wagons to vanish in bins and barns and the root-cellar, or on the road to town.

Jason had made a good year, and so had the other farmers. Consequently prices were low and hard to collect. Europe also had a year of abundance, and while people starved in luckless parts of the world, in other regions grain was burned because it could not earn its own travel fees.

Wages were high; prices were steep for everything Jason had to purchase, and he had to give away what he had to sell.

He shipped his crop of apples neatly barreled, and after a long wait, received a check that nearly paid for the barrels.

Zarna knew nothing of economics, but she was no more barren of remedies for farm-ills than the greatest statesmen.

"It's a riddle that God forgot to make up an answer for," she said. "I thought the carnival business was a losin' game, but compared to agriculture it's a science."

The farmers saved themselves from acute melancholia by occasional outbursts of festival, celebrating nothing, but celebrating it hard. Zarna would not go to the dances, the weddings, the funerals or other diversions. She gave as an excuse the fact that she had quit exhibiting herself. But she consented to take an interest in the county fair because Jason had so much to say of the prizes the Bradford place had always taken for thoroughbred cattle, poultry, grain and melons.

He showed her pumpkins that were being reared like fat ladies for a museum, squashes of the most painful contortion, and ears of corn that had to be supported on the stalk.

Mrs. Gumbert made the kitchen a Turkish bath while she prepared jellies and preserves, and Delia neglected Moe as she worked night and day on a piece of heroic crocheting that was to be a bedspread.

Zarna contributed nothing except exclamations of praise for everything. She played audience and lived up to her ideal of an honest hard-working audience. She tried to store away memories of how things were

done. Some day she would learn to cook for farmers and put up preserves and pickles and do fancy stitching.

Her callers had not left her ignorant of the fact that farmers' wives, even when their husbands were well off, were expected to do the cooking and waiting on table and nursing the sick. Everybody was surprised to find that Jason was still hiring Mrs. Gumbert and Delia, who had, of course, been necessary when he was a bachelor with a sick sister. Women wondered how Zarna spent her time. They made little effort to suppress their sympathy or their contempt for Jason, who married a show-woman and let her sit around all day while all his money went into wages.

Zarna supposed that she must some day come to the point of turning off Mrs. Gumbert and taking her place as chauffeur at the cookstove.

She looked at her hands. She saw them gabled for the dive. She thought of her slim body hurled like a lance into the gleaming tank. She compared her past with her future as another Mrs. Gumbert, spending her days frying pork, peeling potatoes, shell-ing peas, preparing fowls, hammering steaks, sprinkling flour, opening blistering oven-doors and banging them shut, peering into hot boilers, poking firewood into the stove. If that was Zarna's future, let her die now.

SHE did not visit the county fair until the third afternoon. Jason had to carry his exhibits into town the first day, and on the next Delia and Mrs. Gumbert had to go in to see their contributions. Some one had to stay with Rita.

On the third day she rode in with Jason. She had on a new dress, and the crowd-thrill awoke old zests.

Jason took her through the exhibits and pointed out the amazing features: the word "Welcome" spelled in letters made out of ears of corn! Pyramids of tomatoes, avalanches of lima beans, colonies of immense melons, so many and so huge that the Bradford melon was a dwarf and did not get even an "honorable mention." This shocked Jason, and his joy ebbed. He was dazed to learn that none of his farm products had been awarded a prize this year except one jar of Mrs. Gumbert's spiced gooseberries (which beat the raspberries, to her surprise), and Delia's bedspread, which won a red ribbon.

The major honors were carried off in the women's field by "Miss T. C. Tanner." Jason and Zarna were stunned by the sight of that name repeated on label after label. Their only distinction just now was that they knew Miss T. C. Tanner.

Jason felt called upon to justify the claim: "Two Cents learned all she knows from my mother. Ma used to win lots of prizes before Rita was born."

"I suppose she was trainin' Two Cents for you," murmured Zarna.

"I suppose so," said Jason, and this startled Zarna. He would never have admitted so much a few months ago.

WHEN Jason had made the rounds and discovered what miserable exhibits had won the prizes over his, and realized that not even a compliment had been conceded to a single thing he contributed, not a thing from the incubator chicks to the colossal Holstein bull, he turned white with shame and rage and openly alleged favoritism or bribery.

"You farmers have got your dramatic critics too, eh?" said Zarna.

Jason did not hear her. He said: "Can you look after yourself for an hour?"

"I've done it a lot longer than that."

He was gone, and she was free to visit the Fun-Farm.

She saw the banners whooping in the air, filled out like spinnakers in a following

wind. She heard bands playing, hoochy-coochie pipes, the voices of the ballyhoo. Her heart quickened its pace with her feet. She was a prodigal on the way home.

AS she strolled along the dusty way, her eyes feasted on the shimmering wheels, the whips, the rides, her ear loved the gales of laughter, the shrieks of excitement they caused.

A woman ballyhoo checked her with a new line; a lorgnon and swell words meant to appeal to the farmers' yearning for fashionable emotions. Behind her slouched the star, a solo dancer, a stupid hussey not half as pretty as Delia and probably no nimbler on her feet; yet the barker in the sports-dress was saying:

"I asshaw you, ladies and gentlemen, that La Belle Beauty was the dahncing triumph of the lawst season at Nooport, at Bah Hah-bah and in the most excloosive suckles of Noo Yawk sussietah. Believe me, please, and I repeat, that no social function was considah'd complete on Fi'th Avenya lawst wintah without La Belle Beauty. Millionaires, clubmen, and excloosive clubmen at that, proposed for hah hand and begged hah to spend this summah on their yachts, but La Belle Beauty, being undah contract to us, was a lady of honah and could not be bribed with love or lucre to disappoint hah public."

At the end of her speech Zarna handed up a quarter. It brought down on her a withering stare through the lorgnon, and a haughty rebuke:

"My good woman, the ticket takah is ovah thah."

"The coin is for you, dearie," said Zarna. "Your oratorio is worth it. If you don't want it, Bridgie, you can feed it to your python."

Bridgie put away the lorgnon, gave a real look and gasped:

"My God, Zarna! What on earth are you doin' down there?"

"I'm what you're pretendin' to be, a lady."

"Well, for— Say, kiddo, how long's it been since I seen you? It was with the Superlative Shows, wasn't it, or was it with Kinkel's Karnivals?"

"It was with Kinkel's. What became of your snakes?"

"They wouldn't eat and I had to; so I took up opera. But the boss is givin' me the glare. I gotta shoot my stuff."

Then lifting her head and resuming her drawing-room accent, she cried her wares:

"Only lahst wintah, whilst dahncing a cotilyong with Reggie Ahstah, he said to me: 'My dyah, I considah La Belle Beauty quite the most captivativing dansab of the season, quite!' This is your fahst and lasht oppatootnity to see hah, ladies and gentlemen, for next season will indoobatably find hah the wife of a certain English lawd whose name I am not at libahty to mention."

"Swell, Bridgie, swell!" Zarna said. She loved everything with a love that she had never realized till now.

Bridgie said with an air of condolence: "I seen by the papers you was married, but I neglected to send flowers to your funeral."

"Was it published in the p'fessional papers?" Zarna asked with a strange elation.

"Sure. There was quite a nice article. They got it in the obituaries by mistake—if it was a mistake—but it was quite an ad. But how come you broke with Harry Querl, the handsome devil? I was readin' about his terrible accident."

Zarna explained that she had fallen in love with a rich farmer—she put in the *rich* with a shameful eagerness to take the curse off her folly.

"Ts-ts-ts!" was the only reproach she had. "Well, it will make it all the pleasanter for you when you come back."

"Come back? I'm never comin' back."

"Don't fool yourself, dearie. We always come back. Gawd gave us our beautiful figgers and our art, and He never meant for no one Reub to monopolize you. Pardon my cattiness, but you're consid'able stouter, aint you? You ought to be struck dead for lettin' yourself go to seed. Too bad the Spivey Shows are closed, aint it?"

"The Spivey Shows closed! Why?"

"Because of the only thing that ever could have closed 'em. Sheriffs couldn't; bad weather couldn't; no-business couldn't. The undertaker done it."

"The undertaker?" Zarna maundered.

"My Gawd, don't you read the news any more? You heard about Napoleon dyin', didn't you? And Lincoln? Well, so did Uncle Tom."

"Uncle Tom Spivey dead?"

"It was in all the papers; the *Billboard*, *Varity*, all of 'em."

Zarna sank down on the edge of the platform. The tenderness of her grief for a beloved friend was poisoned with the sense of guilt for a despicable treachery to him.

SHE wandered along past the other people. She knew none of them, but they all stared at her, for the word had been passed along the line that this frump had once been the great Zarna.

She saw before her a front gay with banners filled with diving girls, and heard a barker railing at her and the rest of the crowd:

"Don't miss the greatest attraction of the Fun-Farm. The most beautiful diving girls in the world, six in all, filling the air with beauty, cleaving the water with fearless skill. Among them is Zelna, lovely Zelna, the diving Venus, universally conceded to be the most beautiful, the most graceful diver that ever dove."

Her muscles threw her forward for a rush and a cry of protest:

"You lie! She lies! Zarna is universally conceded—Zarna is the most beautiful! And I am Zarna, lovely Zarna. I'm not a farmer's fat hag! I'm not dead! I'll show you!"

Her hands actually went to her throat to tear off the cheap dress, but they froze there; her voice stuck in her throat; her heart ceased to leap under her breast and resumed its slow thump.

She plodded with the crowd, her feet dusty, her throat parched, and she gnawed at popcorn. It was sickening with the salt of tears on the molasses.

How could she go back? Uncle Tom Spivey was dead. Harry Querl was crippled, and she had broken with him. And the season would be over in a few weeks more.

The long winter was ahead of her. In the spring the carnivals would go out again. But where would she be then?

She saw Jason waiting for her. He was as forlorn as a tall pine that has been burned. His season was over, too. He had worked himself to death and had lost every prize, and for consolation he had a wife whose heart did not beat with his.

As she drew near, a group of men walked toward him with grim earnestness and cut him off from Zarna.

One of them, a tall man, well-dressed for Midfield and with the look of small-town dictator, spoke with acidity:

"Braftord, what's this I hear you're saying about the awards being crooked?"

Jason hesitated before the man's prestige, then let him have his answer:

"I'm sayin' just that. They are crooked."

"Do you dare impeach the integrity of the judges?"

"You bet I do."

"What evidence have you for such outrageous insinuations?"

"The exhibits are evidence. It's the awards

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that's outrageous. I'll leave it to any farmer."

The tall man was not used to defiance, and he breathed hard. It hurt his stiff neck to look up to a taller man, especially a man he could not discharge.

One of his henchmen, a fat jug of uncton, came to his support with a laugh:

"You'll leave it to any farmer, you say? Well, Brafford, what the devil do you know about farmin'?"

Such words to a Brafford were such burlesque that Jason, who had no repartee and was always stupefied by nonsense, simply dropped his jaws and let his eyes pop. He was hog-tied.

Zarna thought of a flock of come-backs but she could not get to him past the broad bulk of his tormentor, whose face she could not see, though his cheeks stuck out like parentheses around his ears. The fat man took advantage of Jason's stupor:

"I'll admit you used to know something about farmin' and you won heaps of prizes. But you've changed your trade lately and gone into the show business. Now if you'd sent in trained seals, for instance, we might 'a' made a special class for you.

"Your wife, too—she didn't send in any sweet pickles or needlework, but if you'd 'a' made the suggestion, we'd 'a' added a divin' contest to the events and she'd 'a' won hands down—and feet up! Why, she wouldn't 'a' had no competition."

Everybody in the group that had flocked about Jason roared with laughter. Even the tall thin man was so palsied that his eyeglasses fell from his icicle of a nose. None laughed harder than the fat man.

He was blurred before Zarna's tormented eyes, and if she had not been so devastated by the foul attack on Jason through the use of her name, she would have leaped on his back and torn his ears off.

Jason's face frightened her. It looked green, dead. His big lips sagged and shivered. His nostrils worked. Only the whites of his eyes showed as the irises went up under the lids in his agony of shame and wrath.

He made to strike, and the fat man, shrinking visibly, turned aside to escape that maniac look. Jason's arms hung limp, but one of his long legs came up in a tremendous savage kick that caught the fat man where he was fattest and sent him stumbling, then reeling back again.

He would have fallen, but Jason's other foot came up and caught him and he went over backward with a bleeding mouth as the crowd broke back.

And Zarna, to stop further punishment, flung herself on Jason.

(The concluding installment of this extraordinary novel appears in the next, the July, issue.)

"THE COMMONEST THING WE DO"

(Continued from page 59)

a year ago than there was the year before that.

"If beer and light wines, or booze in general, came back, the first effect would be to reduce the wages of the country. Industry has been keyed up to the point where it cannot continue at the present rate of reward if its workers do not keep step with it. A man—and it doesn't make any difference what he drinks in the way of booze—cannot give his best efforts to his job unless he keeps his mind clear. Booze is always a liability, never an asset. I say 'always.' I don't discriminate between the banker and the blacksmith. Some moneyed people in this country drink, but the best minds don't. Yes, wages would at once decrease with liquor."

"How, then, Mr. Ford, do you account for the fact that in 1914, when saloons did exist, you increased your wage-scale from an average of two dollars and sixty, or sixty-five cents, a day to five dollars a day?"

He shot back an answer:

"To protect that increase, we had to develop a sociological organization to see that our workers did not dissipate their money. But when the country went 'dry,' this department was no longer necessary. Prohibition protects the workingman's property."

"Furthermore, we are in a different era than we were eight or ten years ago when Prohibition was first put into effect. We are doing better work in a better way, and we can't go back to the old methods without going back to the old wages. It is natural cause and effect."

MR. FORD then returned to the thought he had expressed in the beginning—the teaching of food values.

"The desire to drink is a false appetite. And that false appetite is created, in the first place, not by liquor, but by wrong combinations of food. Set a man eating right, and his appetites become normal. He doesn't want liquor. If people would learn to eat the things they should eat, there would be no need for hospitals either. Hospitals and jails and prisons would all have less to do if people learned right feeding habits."

"What greater mission can the clergy have than the elimination of sickness, jails and prisons?"

In the development of this thought it can be explained that Mr. Ford is familiar with experiments in foods worked out by Dr. Graham Lusk, of Cornell University Medical School, New York City.

Briefly, Dr. Lusk's experiments were directed at the caloric value of foods. This means, as you probably know, the amount of heat they produce on combustion. In one experiment five grains of sugar are

Menu offerings in the executive dining-rooms of the Ford Motor Company are very similar to food suggestions in any good dining-room, or restaurant. Those who are trying to find a correct diet can choose their food from the regular offering.

Henry Ford does not lay down any hard and fast rules for his subordinates—nor has he ever. In discussing the subject he made this emphatic:

"We have never given out the Ford menus, for two reasons: first, they do not represent the dietetic experiments we are making; second, they lend themselves to misuse by food-purveyors. We do not prescribe for any of the men what they shall eat, but those who are trying to find a correct diet can do so. It is not now so much the matter of calories that interests us, as proper balances."

placed in a small chamber of oxygen and dropped into a known quantity of water at a known temperature; when the sugar is burned, the exact amount of heat generating can be determined by the resulting elevation in the temperature of the water. The combustion is brought about by an electric spark through the chamber of oxygen and sugar.

Following the first successful working of this test a chamber was devised into which could be placed a human being. After a period of fasting the man was placed in the enclosure. The "patient" was given a corresponding amount of sugar, and the amount of heat produced came within one-tenth of one per cent of being relatively the same as that produced by the combustion of sugar in the calorimeter.

Medical men now know there are many factors other than heat-production which must be considered in nutrition.

The preceding two or three paragraphs sound a trifle technical; reduced to a comparison, they work out something like this:

In a motor the fuel is set on fire in the combustion chambers, and the force of the explosions is what drives the pistons and moves the car. When there is "knocking" in the cylinders, it means that the gasoline, converted into a vapor, is not exploding, and escaping, in a proper manner. In the human system food goes through relatively the same process, and the "knocking in the cylinders" is called indigestion, or any other name that chances to hit the passing fancy.

Mr. Ford, being familiar with the mechanics of an automobile, hitches that famil-

ilarity onto his food-experiments. At present he is interested in experiments with meals which give only one element at a time—as at breakfast fruit acids, at lunch starches, at dinner proteins. He believes that harmonious chemical combustions in foods have much to do with bodily harmony.

Looking at the clergy as teachers, he calls upon them to undertake the task of educating people into proper balances. The clergy, he points out, has much to do with the outlawing of the liquor traffic, thereby educating people in what not to drink.

"With that done, let the clergy teach people what to eat," he concluded. "Teach what mixtures constitute food. Part of the lesson towards physical fitness was the elimination of meat on Friday. The clergy developed that. Let it go ahead and finish the job."

Interview with Senator Copeland

"UNINFORMED persons will smile at Mr. Ford's conclusions. Doctors won't. Nor will persons who have had experience in the subject," Dr. Royal S. Copeland, United States Senator from New York, and former Health Commissioner of the City of New York, said as he finished reading the foregoing interview with Mr. Ford.

Continuing, Dr. Copeland illustrated:

"Several years ago, in one of the American asylums for the insane, they began rationing foods—giving patients proper mixtures. Since the inauguration of this plan eighty-five per cent of the sick people coming to that institution have been discharged as cured. You can better appreciate what that really means when I add that the average percentage of discharges from such hospitals is thirty-seven."

"Unless insanity has been brought on by a deeply rooted organic trouble, the chance for a cure, in the institution I have specified, is practically one hundred per cent. Proper eating, plus sunshine, fresh air and exercise has accomplished that."

"Or another illustration:

"On the records of two reformatories in the State are the names of seventy-five thousand boys. A majority, of course, has been discharged, but in those records are the names of two boys—and only two—who were Boy Scouts. No mere chance produced that record. Boy Scouts have, as their most important lesson, the lesson of keeping fit. Keeping fit, mentally and physically, is almost entirely a matter of right eating. Side-issues—but issues that are interwoven into right eating—are exercise, fresh air and sunshine."

"Or again:

"The mortality rate among infants born in Fifth Avenue homes is twice as great as among infants born in the slums. That may be difficult for the casual thinker to believe. It ceases to become difficult to believe when the facts are known. A child born to wealthy parents is usually farmed out to a nursemaid; a child born to poor parents usually has the tremendous advantage of its mother's milk. Nature, through the mother's milk, uses its own sound strengthening methods; farmed out to a nursemaid, a child is very likely to face a hopeless handicap. Better to farm out a dog to a nursemaid, because even a puppy has its natural instincts and will not eat many of the entirely indigestible things offered it. A child, knowing no better, will.

"Then too, mothers of poor children are more amenable to suggestions regarding the health of their children and will take advantage of advice offered. Their greatest possessions are their children, and to be really blunt about it, it is in their children they are most interested.

"I am not inferring that persons, and mothers particularly, in unattractive surroundings are better informed as to values of foods than persons in different classifications. Not that, at all. I am saying this: Most persons, everywhere, are deplorably ignorant in the subject. I recall an experiment of not long ago.

"Several hundred women, in a group, came to me for advice on weight-reduction. The circumstances surrounding the investigation (for that is what it amounted to so far as I was concerned) were especially favorable, because many of the women were unusually well educated. They were intelligent in their discussions of religion, philosophy, books and events of the day, but there was a unanimous ignorance of even the fundamentals of food values.

"One woman told me she had a daughter who weighed two hundred and seventy pounds. 'How old is this girl?' I asked. 'Sixteen,' she answered. I wasn't surprised, because I had learned something of the home training—or shall I say the lack of home training?

"When this group of women had finished the course I prescribed, they, collectively, had lost several tons of more-than-useless fat. It was 'more-than-useless,' it was unhealthy.

"THERE isn't any doubt but we are what we are because of what we eat.

"I agree with Mr. Ford that the clergy can have no greater purpose than teaching people how to live. I agree with him when he says values in right living should be taught from the pulpits. It is a proven fact that an individual who is well nourished will have functions which are normal. If his functions are normal, he is likely to think straight and likely to live straight.

"However, I do not believe Mr. Ford has gone far enough in the expression of the thought. I am much more in favor of taking the subject of proper eating beyond the churches and into the schools. For quite a number of years I have been tremendously interested in the subject of school lunches—and what goes into them. There is far more to them than mere feeding; an informed person should tell the children why they are getting certain foods and certain balances. This should be done not only for the purpose of educating the child, but also for the purpose of educating the parents.

"Every year I receive thousands of letters from mothers who write something like this: 'I cannot get my children to eat spinach, or vegetables, or to drink milk.'

"Each of these letters makes me aware that something is lacking in the way of discipline in that home. In addition, each such letter tells me: 'Here is a mother who lacks imagination.' There are so many ways for fixing food, and making it attractive. There

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are so many ways for inducing a child to eat what is good for it.

"I had an experience with my own son. He didn't want to eat vegetables. I told him unless he grew strong he could not join the Boy Scouts, and he had to believe that I knew what he should eat to grow strong. He ate vegetables, and furthermore, he liked them. He only thought he didn't like them. To influence a child into eating what is good for it is a mere matter of appealing to its pride. Girls want to be slim; they can be slim and normal in their weight by proper eating. Boys want to be strong; they can be strong by eating the proper things. The trick lies in diplomacy aided by a little imagination in dressing food so it will be attractive to the eye.

"In other words, eating is first a matter of eye-attractiveness, and secondly a proposition of taste. That observation, however, is a diversion into the psychology of eating and not a development of the uses of proper foods.

"A few minutes ago you asked me this question:

"Is it possible for wardens of penal institutions to straighten the lives of their prisoners by changing, or improving, food-balances?"

"It is not only possible—it is very probable. The fact that a child grows into maturity and into trouble with the laws because of malnutrition doesn't prevent that child, as a man, reorganizing his life through his intestinal tract. The first thing done for patients in that asylum I mentioned is to clean the poisons from their systems. When that is accomplished, the brain begins its normal functions.

"Everyone will agree that a criminal is diseased mentally. Everyone will not agree that a criminal is diseased physically. It is difficult to associate disease with what appears to be a fine physique—and many inmates of prison cells are strong-appearing, physically. But are they physically fit? I think not—in fact, I know they are not.

"Nor is this an expression of maudlin sympathy. When a man commits a wrong act, he should be compelled to balance his account as the law requires. But the law, in exacting that penalty, should also take into account the development, within the prisoner, of a strength that will—or is likely to—prevent him from another violation.

"There is no question that the feeding of proper foods in the reformatories and prisons would have much to do with reducing crime. I do not believe I would go as far as Mr. Ford has gone and say: 'All crime, if that is what you want to call it, comes from wrong mixtures.' But I do say, and I wish to emphasize it, that there would be a startling reduction in crime if everybody knew, and practiced, proper eating.

"It is somewhat beside the subject of criminal tendencies, the result of wrong eating, but a few years ago there died in this country a man who was proclaimed an emi-

The New Jersey State Hospital, in Trenton, is the institution specifically referred to by Dr. Copeland. The superintendent of that hospital is Henry A. Cotton, M. D.

Dr. Cotton, in referring to the work being done, writes:

"The regular dietary is for patients on the farm; the antitoxic dietary is for new patients under treatment. Formerly patients received a pretty heavy diet, especially meats, but this was found to be inconsistent with conditions.

"In the first place, practically all our patients suffer from intestinal toxemia. We have been working on infections of the teeth, tonsils, gastrointestinal tract and gynecological system in women. We have found by removing sources of infection that patients recover."

Farm patients' menu:

Breakfast: Cornmeal, milk, soft-boiled eggs.

Dinner: Lima bean soup, baked fish, buttered carrots, parsley potatoes, bread, butter, tea.

Supper: Escalloped oysters, molasses cake, mixed fruit, bread, butter, tea.

ANOTHER DAY

Breakfast: Oatmeal, milk, boiled mackerel, bread, butter, coffee.

Dinner: Roast mutton, hot pickled beets, buttered potatoes, sago pudding, bread, butter, tea.

Supper: Baked hash, apple-sauce, bread, butter, tea.

Anti-toxic dietary:

Breakfast: Wheat porridge, milk, baked apple, bread, butter, coffee substitute.

Dinner: Vegetable soup, mashed parsnips, buttered potatoes, rice pudding, celery, bread, butter, coffee substitute.

Supper: Spanish rice, mixed fruit, bread, butter, coffee substitute. (Meat is not given these patients.)

nent statesman. That man died because of his utter carelessness in eating. He was a bitter foe of the liquor interests, and spent freely of his time and his money and his talents in condemning them. Rightfully, he saw harm in alcohol, but he was a food drunkard in the same sense that the men he condemned were whisky drunkards.

"I never knew him as a patient, but I did know him—and knew him well—as a national character. Often, over the dinner-table, I protested to him because of his gluttonous appetite. My protests had no effect.

"Another reason for mentioning this experience is to carry out the point I made a little while ago regarding the ignorance of mothers as to what to feed their children.

Here was a man who was brilliant, who could discuss, entertainingly and intelligently, almost any subject—excepting the single subject of most importance: how to eat, and what to eat.

"The chief cause of all unhealthiness and all crime is functional disorder. Functional disorder is the result of toxic conditions. A toxic condition is the development of poisons in the system.

"How are these poisons developed? Through improper foods going into the stomach and setting up a poisonous condition in the intestines. From infections in the tonsils, or the teeth: infections, in turn, result from a lack of nutrition. A popular slogan seems to be that 'a clean tooth never decays.' That, as any dentist or doctor knows, is untrue.

"A tooth, no matter how clean it is kept, will disintegrate unless the necessary minerals are taken into the system. Those minerals come in the proper foods. Improper eating will break down the tissues of the system, no matter what other regulations are put into force. Don't forget that.

"And don't forget something else:

"Any person fifty years old who is fifty pounds overweight lessens his chance of living a normal span of years by exactly fifty per cent!

"Do not think, either, because I am railing against fatness that I do not prefer, for appearance's sake, a fleshy person over a very skinny one. I'll admit, very quickly, that they look much better in evening clothes or in bathing suits. But my training will also tell me that the skinny person has a much better chance at living out the years the Bible has allotted to him.

"Where fat—and fat, understand, comes under the heading of malnutrition—is found externally, it is also found internally. It disturbs the muscles of the heart, clogs the kidneys, interferes with the liver and obstructs all the vital organs.

"Lessened physical efficiency is a blood relative to lessened mental efficiency.

"So that returns, I think, somewhat naturally to the thought I expressed before:

"The public schools teach everything excepting how to live."

"Mr. Ford, at sixty-five years of age, is in fine health. He is frugal in his eating. He has learned that his system requires certain combinations, that it may function properly. All men are not built alike. Some men require more food; some men may require less; but the vast majority of persons eat far more than they need—and most persons indulge in the wrong mixtures."

"One proof of that is found in the crowded conditions of our jails and our reformatories and our prisons. Speaking from purely a medical viewpoint, there is no doubt about it. I do not quite agree with the sweep of Mr. Ford's statement that, 'Some day people will learn how to eat and there won't be any more hospitals.' But it is so very close to the truth that I have no quarrel with it."

SHE ASKED OF LIFE TWO THINGS

(Continued from page 53)

he waited. "Benny? Drop that Russian business. Yes, quit it cold. Find out for me about Ole Enger's family, who lives with him, how many children he has, if there're any grandchildren, how many servants, whether any of them are foreigners, what's his home life, whether he's a good family man, and so forth, see? Be careful, but give it to me as quick as you can."

He telephoned his Broadway operative: "Hello, Bilkey. Lay off that Russian outfit. Absolutely. They've been tipped off. It's too dangerous. I'll handle them myself."

He called up a friendly official who was connected with the Department of Labor in

Washington. "Clem," he said, "I want you to make a little passport trouble for a young Russian violinist who's in this country as a student. . . . Yes; just as a plant to bring him in to see me. I'll drop down this afternoon and tell you about it. Three o'clock do? . . . Good. How's everything?"

And finally he called Dottie Parkins. "You know that young violinist your Princess is ballyhooing? Well, there's going to be some trouble about his passport. As a lawyer, I'm an expert on passport troubles, and I work quite a pull in Washington, see? Recommend me to your little playmate. I'd like to have dinner with you both. Yes.

I'll tell you the whole story and relieve your mind. No. Relieve it of the suspicion that I'm trying to do your young friend any dirt."

THESE maneuvers worked out so well that three days later Dottie Parkins brought to Duff's office the Princess Sipiagin and her protégé Vladimir Khalkoff, the violinist. She brought them to consult Duff, as a lawyer, about Khalkoff's passport. Khalkoff had been admitted to the country, temporarily, as a musical student, and the Department of Labor wished to be assured that he was really studying music; and since he had not been really studying music, he

was in danger of deportation. When Dottie Parkins had heard them discussing that danger, she said: "I know the man that can help you. He's a passport lawyer, and he has a lot of influence in Washington. I'll take you to see him." And technically, she brought them. But from the moment that they opened the door of Duff's inner office, it was in no way evident that the Princess Sipiagin had been brought. She entered the office as if she owned it, with Dottie Parkins in the rôle of an ornamental escort. At the sight of Duff, her little dark face lit up with an expression of delighted recognition. "But it is Baba!" she cried. "Truly, it is my Baba!" She threw back from her arms the long black street cloak that she was wearing, and coming to Duff, with both her gloved hands outstretched, she took charge of him and of the situation and of the interview.

"And who was Baba?" Duff asked as he took her hands—although he remembered well enough that Baba was the deaf mute who had saved her life.

"No, no," she said. "Some day. Not now. Now you must help me again—as Baba did." Her mouth was infantile. Her nose was as delicately waxen as a doll's. She gazed up at the giant Duff, smiling in a child's solemn confidence, with eyes that were anything but childish under eyebrows that might have been drawn, in the single sweep of a soft brush, by some Chinese artist with a passion for the perfect line of beauty. "You must help me, and you must help this baby." She indicated the blond Khalkoff, who smiled and bowed, bashfully silent, because he knew very little English, although he looked as if he had just come from an English public school. "They say they send him back to Russia. If he arrive, he is shot!"

"Sit down," Duff said. "Tell me about it."

HE listened to her account of Khalkoff's difficulties interestedly, although he knew all about them already. He studied the papers that she had brought, and frowned and nodded like a judge. "I understand," he said. "When Miss Parkins phoned that you wished to consult me, I got in touch with a friend of mine in the bureau here, and asked him a few questions." He tapped the papers with a portentous forefinger. "There's more in this than meets the eye."

"But, yes," the Princess agreed. "Surely yes. But what is it we don't know?"

"It's something," said Duff, "that I would like to discuss with you in private."

She spoke a few words of Russian, pleasantly, to Khalkoff. Dottie Parkins had already risen. Khalkoff made a smiling, awkward bow. They went out unnoticed as the Princess leaned forward, innocently expectant, toward Duff; and Duff, resting his elbows on his desk, regarded her with a large inscrutable intentness.

"You have some letters?" he asked.

"Letters?" She did not seem to recall them.

"And a lawyer named Ole Enger has been trying to get them from you."

"But, of course," she said eagerly. "I am stupid. It is those letters, you think?"

"One of his men, a detective, was killed trying to find out who had them."

She opened her eyes very wide. "It is true, then? They did not know who he was. They feared he was a spy from Russia who follow them. It is not safe for anyone to follow men who are so nervous."

"Enger doesn't know who killed him, but he knows it was one of your friends. He doesn't know who has those letters, but he knows it's some one in your circle. This man Enger is very powerful, very determined, very unscrupulous. Starting with Khalkoff, he intends to deport everyone who can protect you, until he has you here alone to deal with."

"But how absurd it is," she protested.

"They are nothing, these letters. They are mere foolish. This man,—this big rich man,—he is dying in his own dullness, and he come all alive to fall in love with me. He write me so pretty, like a boy, and so happy, and he is so well. If I am a doctor, how much does he not pay me for that miracle, because I bring him back to life! And do I ask him money? No. No, never. To me he offer it, and I am meek. I have learn' how it is to be humble. I accept the helps for those others who need helps. Like Vladimir, these poor children, they must have foods. And then I find it is an insult, this money. He has a fear of me. It is the price of this fear he pays. He sends a man to buy from me his letters, and I am in a rage. I say: 'Very well. For that insult he shall pay. He shall pay, every month, so much.' And I keep the letters. And he send this man to spy—"

Duff stopped her by merely reaching out his hand to tap a finger on his desk. "This sort of thing will land you all in Russia—or in jail. Bring those letters to me. We can do better than blackmail with them."

And after regarding him a moment, in a clairvoyant silence, studying him, she said: "Very good. I bring them. Now. Right away."

She went out, without another word.

Duff called up his friend in the local bureau. "All right, Clem," he said. "It worked. Much obliged. I'll be in to see you, in a couple of days, as counsel for Khalkoff. Leave it lay." He phoned his secretary in an inner office: "Get me an appointment to see Ole Enger as soon as you can. Within an hour, if possible. It's important." He filed Khalkoff's papers in a private drawer, and then he went to his book-shelves and got a digest of the law on contracts. With this he sat down as studiously at his desk as a lawyer working out a brief. "I'll have to take a chance," he said to himself. "Enger wont suspect me. He'll think I'm just a dumb detective." And he drew up a written agreement, between Enger and himself, on his official letter-head.

His secretary reported his engagement with Enger. "Good enough." He began to walk restlessly up and down his room. "Enger," he was thinking, "spent his youth fighting the world to defend his mother. That's the key to him. He was a crook for her. He made himself rich for her. And he's continued the hold-up for his wife and his children. He's been a criminal because he's never had any sense of responsibility to anyone but them. All right. That's where we can get him."

DUFF was in this mood of happy confidence when the Princess returned, as placid now as a little Buddha, and produced the letters from an inside pocket of her cloak. She gave them to him without asking any explanations and without exacting any promises. And he made none. "Sit down a minute," he said. "I'm on my way to see Enger."

She sat down like a fatalist, relaxed, defenseless, her head resting against the back of the leather chair, as if all her anxieties were suspended. She saw him put her letters in his pocket. She saw him get his hat and coat. "Wait for me here," he said. "I'll not be long." She replied, merely: "I wait."

He turned at the door, as if to say good-by to her. "Maybe it's what they call being an aristocrat," he said. "I call it being a good sport."

She made a reassuring gesture of dismissal, in silence.

He was not worried by the prospect of confronting Enger. In the first place, his client in the bankruptcy investigation had notified him to drop the case, and that could only be because Enger had found a way to frighten the client off. "Ole wont be afraid



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of me," Duff thought. "He'll think he's tripped me up from behind, and that'll make him feel superior." But it was necessary for the part he had to play that he should appear worried; so, in the interval between opening the door of Enger's waiting-room and being ushered into the inner office, he worked himself into an anxious state of mind, like an actor, in the wings, hypnotizing himself into the emotion of his rôle before he makes his entrance on the stage. He followed the office-boy, and entered among Enger's bouquets absent-mindedly.

Neither spoke. Duff sat down and rubbed the palms of his hands together nervously. Enger cleared his throat. "Well," Duff said, "that's a fine nest of copperheads."

Enger asked: "How so?"

"Why," he complained, "they've all been through the god-awfullest atrocities in Russia, and they think no more of murder than they do of cabbage-soup. Furthermore, they run together like a pack of wolves. A detective has about as much chance among them as a sheep-dog. They were wise to my men the moment they saw them." He raised his troubled eyes to Enger—but Enger was straightening a photograph on his desk. "They're wise to you, too. There must be a leak in your office. They knew you'd put me on this job."

"They did?" Enger just breathed it and no more. "Are you sure?"

"I got a man in among them, and that was the first thing he found out. They'd been tipped off, and they were watching for me."

Enger asked softly: "Are you sure the information didn't come from your own office?"

"No," Duff admitted. "I'm not. That's what worries me."

Enger sighed.

"Well," Duff said, "that doesn't matter. I can take care of myself, but *you've* got to look out for trouble. These people have Oriental minds. They're kind of devilish. They've got it planned out that if you injure them, they're going to hit you where you live."

"Where I live?"

"Yes. They say you've got a grandchild, and they figure that sticking a knife in you wouldn't hurt you half as much as having something happen to that baby. They've got a servant in there, in your house. I don't know which one it is, but it's some one that can reach the nursery. One of their gang's a bacteriologist. He once helped wipe out a whole Bolshevik regiment by infecting their wells with typhoid. They say he knows more about germs than any other man in America. If that baby died of infantile paralysis, you'd never prove it on any of them."

In the sleight-of-hand which Duff was practicing on Enger, this bit of deceit about the baby and the bacteriologist was the cover for the whole trick. It was the bright object on which the audience was to fix its eyes while the magician, unnoticed, did his palming. Enger fixed his eyes on it, fascinated, very still, very pale. "How did you get hold of this?" he asked, under his voice.

"I found that a newspaper woman named Dottie Parkins was working with Sipiagin, writing her autobiography for a magazine. I knew her during the war. I was a major in Military Intelligence, and she did some investigating for us. She introduced me to Sipiagin as a lawyer. One of the outfit, a young violinist, was having trouble about his passport, and I helped him out of it, as his attorney. That let me in, on the inside, and I found that they're going to use these blackmailing letters in her autobiography. It's an ingenious trick. They're not giving the name of your client. They're printing the letters in full without any name, but they're playing up the whole incident humorously, in a way to arouse public curiosity,

so that if they ever give out the name, later, there'll be twice the kick to it."

This also was a pure invention but Enger was too preoccupied to question it. He listened, silent.

"Sipiagin doesn't need money for herself, but she needs it for these people she's helping. They'd starve if it wasn't for her. The funny thing is that this damn-fool client of yours started the whole business. She'd no idea of blackmailing him on his letters. She'd never asked him for a cent. He'd been sending her money, and she'd been using it for these starving refugees, and then he tried to buy the letters back from her, and she considered this an insult that no decent woman could forgive. She started in to make him pay for it, and he went to you, and your detective tried to steal the letters. Then she turned the whole thing over to some of her brigands, and they stuck up your man. They didn't intend to kill him. They were only trying to frighten him, but he put up such a fight that they lost their tempers and knifed him. They think it's a war to the death now. They think you'll probably get some of them in the long run, and they're prepared to take their revenge any way they can. That's where the bacteriologist comes in. He's half crazy, I should say. He'll do anything mad. He's trying to get a job as keeper in the Zoo, where he won't have to associate with anything but animals."

ENGER had listened with his eyes on a framed photograph of his grandchild that stood on his desk; and still regarding that smiling infant, he asked: "Which servant is it?"

"I don't know," said Duff, truthfully enough. "You have six servants in your town house?"

"Yes."

"This is your only grandchild?"

"Yes."

"The mother and father are both dead?"

"They were killed in a motor accident."

"He was your only son?"

"Yes."

"You've two daughters, but this'll be the only child to carry on the name of Enger."

"Yes."

"Well," Duff said, "that's the way they dope it." He sat back with an air of having laid all his cards on the table. "Now, Mr. Enger, if you want to go ahead and fight these people, that's up to you, but I don't want to lose any of my operatives. It's too hard training new ones. I had to withdraw them from the case. It was too damn dangerous. And I had to take on the job myself, to see if I couldn't make some compromise that would let me back out safely."

"It appeared that this Sipiagin woman once had her life saved by a big deaf-mute that looked like me. She fell for me easily. I got her to retain me as a lawyer in the passport case for her violinist, and then, as their lawyer, I persuaded these people that they probably wouldn't make any big money out of their autobiography. All they wanted was money, to keep them from starving till they got on their feet, and I argued that they could sell the letters back to you for more money than they could make in any other way, if they promised not to use them in a book, and not to keep any photographed copies of them. They gave me their word for that, as their lawyer."

He produced a packet of letters from his hip pocket. "And they gave me the letters to turn over to you on these terms." He drew a paper from the package. "This is a contract between me and you to the effect that in return for services received from the Sipiagin woman, you'll pay me fifteen hundred dollars a month for her from now on. I guarantee that these are all the letters she has, that she's kept no copies of them, and she'll make no use of them or reference to them, or to your client, in any way what-

ever, either publicly or privately." He passed the letters and the contract to Enger. "That's the best solution I could find for the situation."

Enger showed nothing more in the expression of his face than a good poker-player shows when his opponent suddenly throws down a better hand than his and says: "All right. I quit. You can have it." He took the letters, glanced through the dates on the envelopes, opened a drawer of his desk, and dropped the package in it. He took Duff's contract, spread it on his blotter, drummed on it a moment with reflective fingers while he read it, dipped his pen and signed it. When he looked up, at last, at Duff, his lips were working in a twisted suppression of a smile. "You're a first-class detective."

Duff nodded grimly. "You don't know the half of it."

"Maybe not." He gave Duff his contract. "I have a case here—"

"Not for me," Duff said, as he rose. "Not till you find out where the leak is in your office. I've just been two jumps ahead of murder, with these Russians, for the past two weeks. I don't need any more of it."

WHEN Duff opened his office door, on his return, the Princess was still sitting, motionless, in her chair, with her eyes closed, as peacefully as if she were asleep. And in fact she *was* asleep, as it appeared as soon as he took a step into the room, for she started up at once, staring, and, "Oh, Baba!" she cried. "I dreamed they kill you." "Not while I have my mouth free," Duff replied. "They'll never kill me unless they gag me first. I can always talk them out of it. Here. Put this in your safety-deposit box."

He gave her Enger's contract to read while he hung up his hat and coat.

"What is it?" she asked when she had read it.

"Well," he said, "Enger probably considers it a scrap of paper. What's a contract between him and me to pay you money? Am I going to enforce such a contract? Why should I? What he has overlooked is this: It's the law in the State of New York that if two parties make a contract for the benefit of a third, the third party can enforce the contract even when the two contracting parties are unwilling to carry it out. Understand? This is no longer a question of blackmail. That document gives you a legal claim on Enger for fifteen hundred dollars a month. You can take him into court at any time and make him pay it. All this, of course, is something that never occurred to me. I'm as innocent as I am simple. When I gave you that contract, I'd no idea that it was anything but a con game. When I find that you've taken it to another lawyer, I'll be so surprised that I'll be funny. Run along, now, young woman. Your troubles are over—your passport troubles with all the rest. I've scared Enger with a wild tale of how you and your friends intend to kill his grandchild if he bothers you any more. He thinks you're a gang of professional cut-throats and blackmailers."

"Extraordinary!" She said it with her mouth as round in wonder as her eyes. "You do this for us? You make yourself a go-between for money that you think is wicked? You make yourself an enemy, perhaps, in this man who is so powerful?"

"Leave that to me," Duff said. "I can handle him."

"Not so," replied the Princess. She tore the contract into little pieces and tossed them into Duff's waste-basket with an imperial gesture. "We have finish' with his money. He have back his letters. It is all." She straightened her hat as if it were a crown. "Tonight, we make a fiesta. We dine, we have musics, we sing. You will honor us?"

"Princess," said Duff, "I will honor you as the gamest woman I ever met."

Keen, clear-eyed health is so easy when you are free from **INTESTINAL TOXICITY**



IT ISN'T as if it were such a great problem these days—the building of health, brimming, weather-proof health. Medical science has gone forward so fast that there is little reason for us to be otherwise than healthy. All too often sickness is the result of neglect.

Take this matter of intestinal hygiene for instance. We know that bad breath, headaches, tired digestion, are usually symptoms of intestinal toxicity . . . warnings that accumulated poisons are at work destroying health. But what do we do? We "cover up" bad breath with some disinfectant—fight the headache with a drug—take a cathartic to "stimulate our appetite"!

Intestinal toxicity is not a condition that can be overcome in a day—nor, with rare exceptions, by drugs. It has been shown that a balanced diet, plenty of water, fresh air and exercise are usually sufficient.

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CLEAR, cold water from an old-fashioned well looks mighty tempting on a hot day. One might naturally think that if the owner of the well drinks the water it must be pure. But the fact that he has drunk the water without apparent harm does not prove that the water is pure. Science has discovered that a few individuals have been able to drink water more or less polluted with typhoid germs without contracting typhoid fever. But it is never safe for anyone to take immunity for granted.

Typhoid fever is a filth disease. It usually kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Until authorities responsible for the purity of drinking water, milk and other foods in cities and towns learned how to guard against typhoid, outbreaks of this disease scourged the country year after year.

There were no great typhoid scourges last year in the United States, yet approximately 65,000 persons were stricken needlessly with typhoid fever and 6,500 died.

Those who recover from typhoid fever are left in such physical condition that for about three years afterward the deathrate of such persons is twice the normal rate for the same ages.

Wherever cities protect their supply of drinking water from sewage or purify their water by chlorination the deathrate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected. But until this protection is general in cities, towns and villages and in country districts as well, typhoid inoculation is vitally necessary.



Why risk typhoid fever when it can be prevented?

The story of inoculation which prevents typhoid fever is a brilliant page in the history of the many triumphs of science over disease.

During the Spanish-American War 281,000 of our men went into service. One out of every twelve contracted typhoid. In the World War there were 4,000,000 American soldiers, nearly all inoculated against typhoid. Although many of them were sent to typhoid-infected areas, only one out of every 3,700 had typhoid.

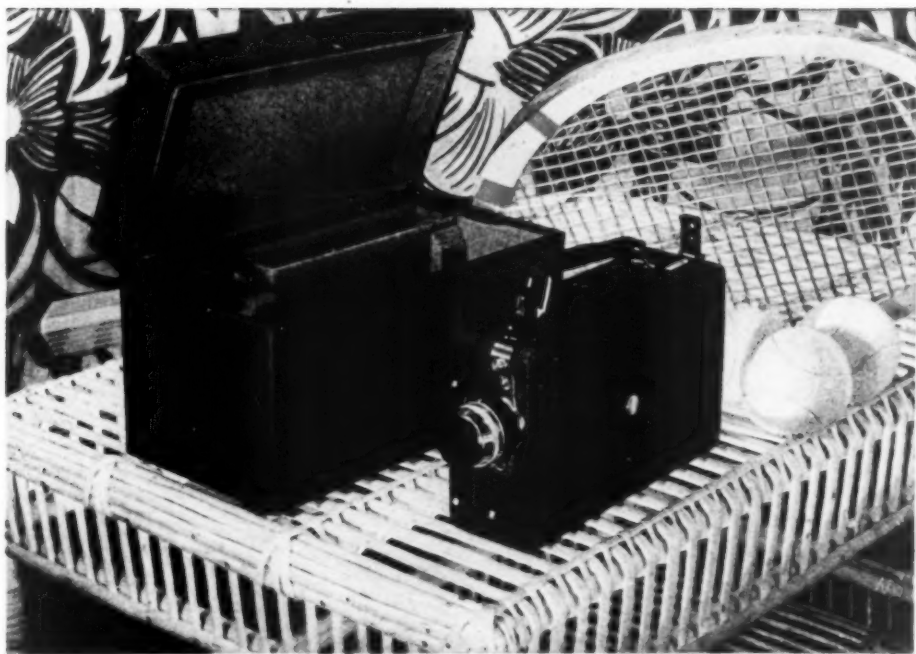
While typhoid fever frequently comes from drinking polluted water, it also comes from infected milk and various other contaminated foods, and from unsuspected "typhoid-carriers"—a few individuals who have recovered from the disease but who continue to carry the germs. When typhoid-carriers are employed as helpers in households, hotels or restaurants there is great danger that they will cause infection among those they serve.

Inoculations against typhoid fever are simple and leave no scar. They protect from two to five years. Why take chances? Be prepared for your motor, camping and hiking trips this year. Go to your doctor for the protection he can give.

Inoculation against typhoid is not the same as inoculation which prevents diphtheria or vaccination against smallpox. All three are necessary health protections at home and especially when traveling. The Metropolitan will be glad to mail, without cost, its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever," to anyone who requests it. Address Booklet Department, 69-R, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York.

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Unparalleled Convenience!

The lighter a movie camera is the more you will want to use it, and the Model BB is the lightest spring-driven camera made in the 16 m/m field, film capacity considered.

It is small and compact. Oblong in shape, its body measurements are only 7 inches long, 4 3/8 inches high, and 2 3/16 inches wide. It is no bigger than a medium-sized Kodak.

A handy carrying case comes with the f.1.9 model. Besides the compartment for the camera, it contains several convenient niches. Into one of them two rolls of film fit neatly; into another the Kodacolor attachments; and into a third, the new lens for telephoto effects which enables you to take close-ups even though you are many feet from your subject.

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Both case and camera win your eye at once. They are covered with rich, lustrous, fine-grained leathers. They come in three smart shades—blue, brown and

gray—as well as black. (f.3.5 model comes in black only.)

Metal fittings are either exquisitely lacquered or gleam with non-tarnishing chromium plate.

Furthermore, these splendid materials are combined with a beautiful simplicity of line and a refreshing absence of non-essential detail.

Improved Operating Efficiency!

This ultra-attractiveness, this graceful

modernity of Model BB, has not been allowed to interfere with the camera's *raison d'être*.

The same simplicity that makes it beautiful adds to its strength and efficiency.

This you will instantly appreciate when your dealer shows you the camera. Sight it for yourself. Press the release. Listen to the quiet purr of the spring motor. Press the half-speed button, a feature which enables you to take portraits, landscapes, and still life with much less light than normal speed requires, particularly when using the f.1.9 lens for Kodacolor films.

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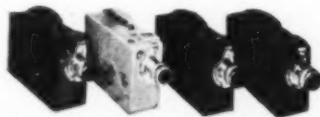
The development of Kodacolor has made the Ciné-Kodak with f.1.9 lens an even more precious possession.

With this camera, a filter and Kodacolor Film you can make the most beautiful living portraits.

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EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Model BB comes in black with f.3.5 lens at \$75 (case \$9 extra); with f.1.9 lens, in three colors and black, including felt lined leather carrying case to match, and with leather shoulder strap, at \$140. Kodacolor filter and neutral density filter (for colored movies) cost \$15 extra. New f.4.5 long-focus lens for telephoto effects is furnished as extra equipment, if desired.

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